# LAUREL SONGS

STUDENTS' EDITION

M. TERESA ARMITAGE

C.C. BIRCHARD & COMPANY

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*"The song is to the singer and comes back most to him."* — WALT WHITMAN

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*UNCHANGED VOICES*

STUDENTS' EDITION

M. TERESA ARMITAGE

BOSTON

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# INTRODUCTION

**The Aim and Scope**

The aim of LAUREL SONGS is to provide a varied and well-selected library of choral music for the use of older girls, or any group of unchanged voices; good music — in a broad sense of the phrase — with texts of literary merit. Its scope is a very wide range of achievement in chorus singing, and the study of music, for these older students.

**The Ideal**

The choruses included in the collection have been carefully selected and edited: Music is more than an incidental pleasure for heart and ear. In conjunction with the "winged word," it may be made a potent factor in the development of individuality. And the development of individuality, or character, is the ideal purpose of the book. Running the gamut of the healthy emotions of youth, its songs cover a wide range of moods. Songs expressive of natural gaiety, humor, action, the dance, the philosophy of optimism, are contrasted with those of devotion, of Nature's beauty, of spontaneous sorrow, etc. The genuine expression of feeling by means of artistic interpretation is the keynote of the entire work.

**Sources of Material**

A variety of sources have contributed to carry out the comprehensive plan of LAUREL SONGS; both grand opera and comic opera; the oratorio and the cantata have supplied their quota. There are stirring choruses, dramatic songs and old ballads, folk-songs from many lands, patriotic melodies and hymns, and a few adaptations from instrumental sources.

**Musical Aspect**

The development of mood and idea in tone is carried out in the music of different epochs: Folk-songs give direct expression to the simple charm of primitive life and conditions; Palestrina and Bach to Debussy and Strauss, the classic and modern masters, (not forgetting American composers among the latter), establish their ideals of musical beauty from the individual standpoint. And if such simple airs as "Love's Old Sweet Song" and Swanee River" have been included in the same volume with Cesar Franck and Tschaikowsky, it has been with intention, and conformably with the liberal principle that any music genuine in feeling, or voicing a real appeal, or hallowed, perhaps, by association, has established a just claim to consideration. And the spirit of uplift predominates throughout, expressed in joy, in devotion to home and country, love and religion.

**The Texts**

The matter of texts has received exhaustive attention. Perfect union of text and tone, each supporting and completing the other, is a powerful influence in that character development which should underlie the mere act of singing. The editor has spared no pains to secure this essential harmony between text and tone.

And quite as much thought has been given to practical technicalities as to the choice of music and text. There is a careful classification of voices with due regard for their limitations. The compass is from low A to high F or G (more frequently F) with an occasional low G and high A. An effort has been made to keep the accented word and the accented note together, and to provide open vowels for high tones; the high tones are never sustained; the low tones are never loud. The numbers are presented in unison, two-part, three-part, and four-part (three-part music predominating), in varying grades of difficulty.

**Technical Features**

Many of the arrangements are in simple chord harmonizations, whereas others are in more complicated form. In the part songs there are frequent solos and duets which can be sung by a number of voices on each part or by single voices. It will be gratifying to the thoughtful supervisor to note that the arrangements provide for variety of compass for all parts while the "melody" is found as frequently in the lower voices as in the first soprano. In these harmonizations, the aim is not merely for correct and scholarly writing, but is, through stimulating the imagination, for development of a properly balanced ensemble with a view to free and spontaneous singing.

**The Harmonizations**

LAUREL SONGS is issued in two editions, — the Student's Edition, and the Complete Edition. The Student's Edition contains only the vocal parts, and the Complete Edition, intended for the teachers' use, contains the full score for both voice and piano.

**Two Editions**

Finally, LAUREL SONGS is sent out in the hope that it will meet the demand of progressive teachers and pupils for a high standard of music, an ideal standard which shall be at the same time a stimulation to growth in thought, a relaxation and pleasure, and an inspiration to the spirit.

THE EDITOR AND PUBLISHERS

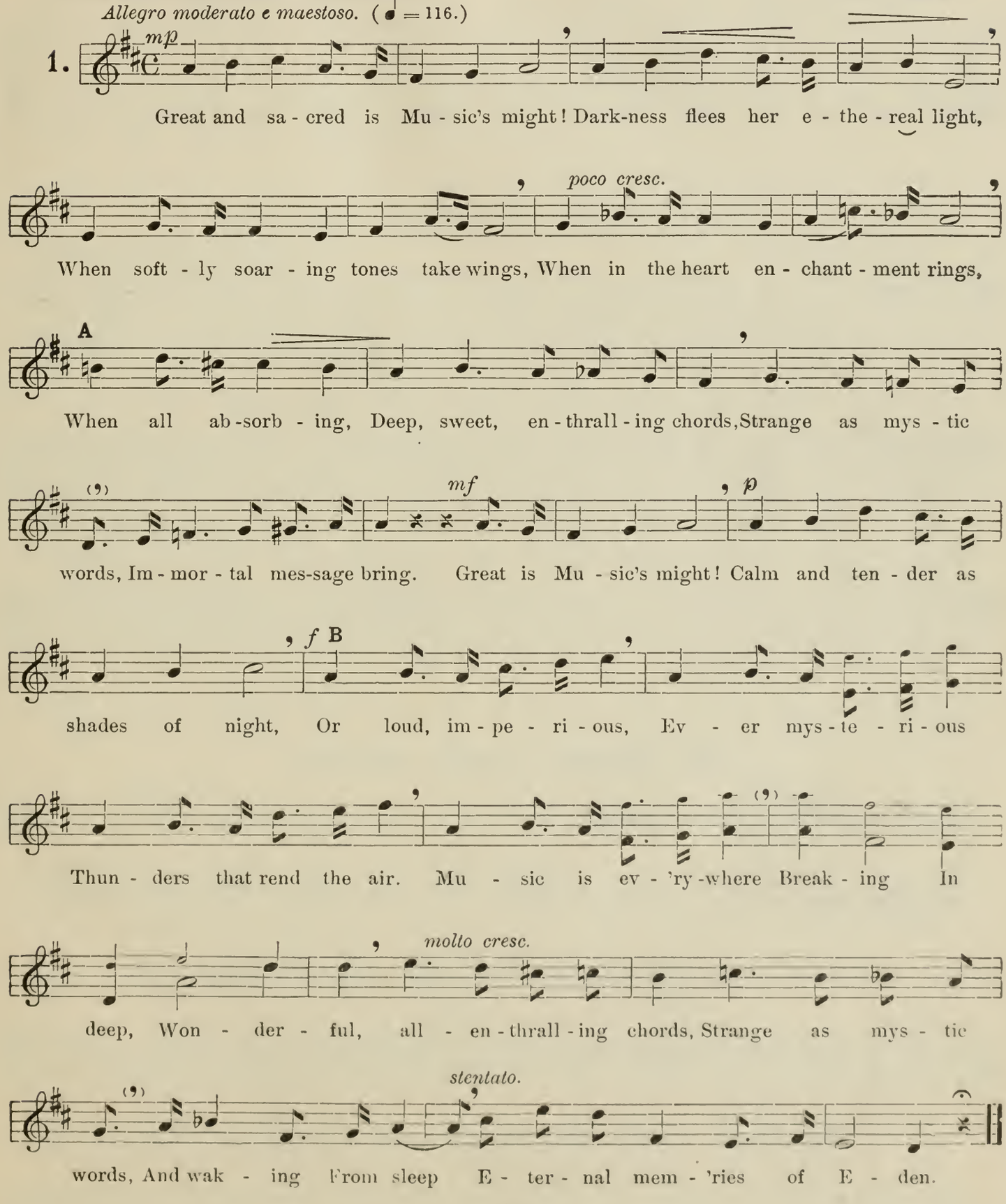
# LAUREL SONGS

## STUDENTS' EDITION

## HYMN TO MUSIC.

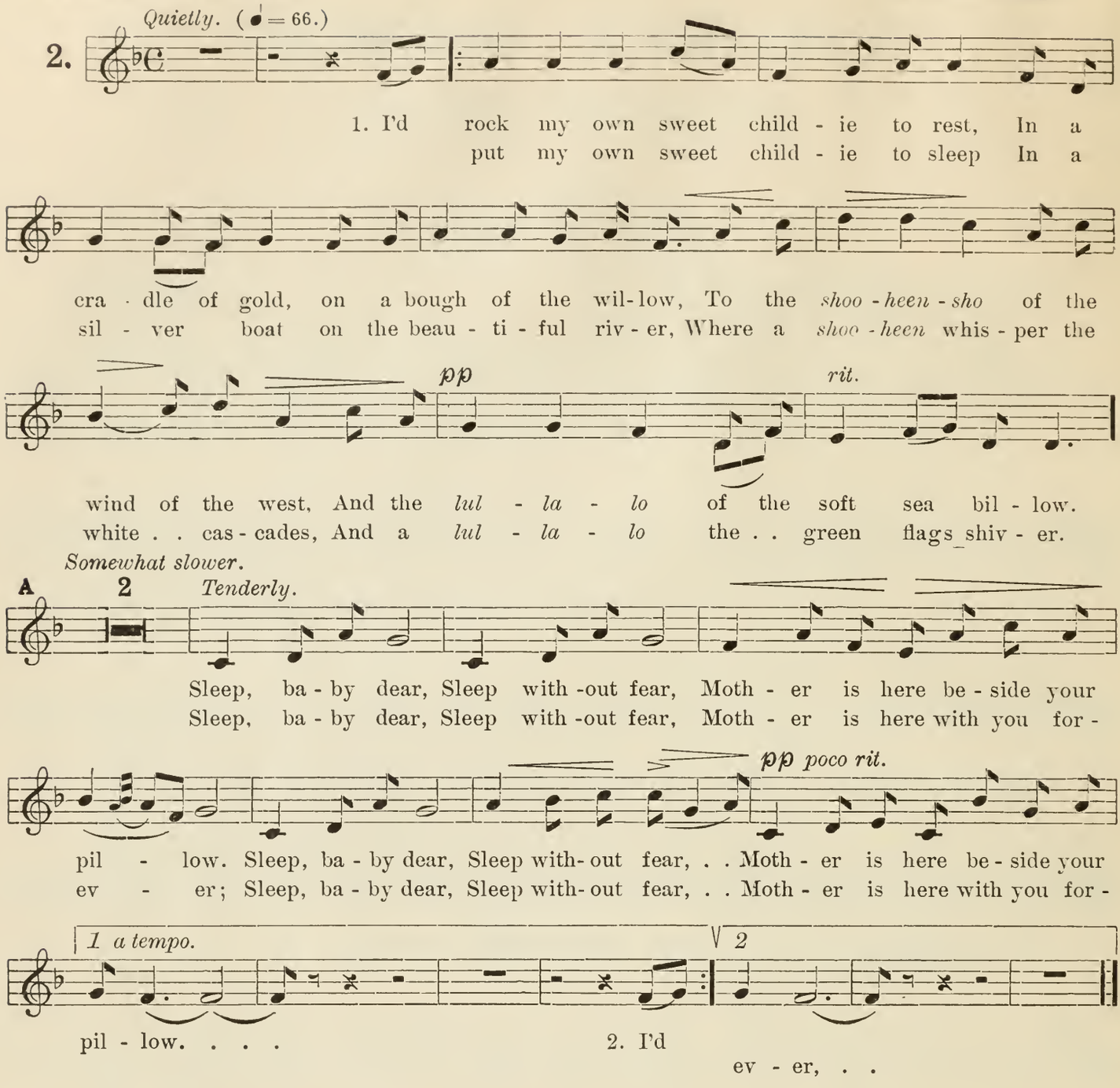
***Words and arrangement by Glen Carle.*** ***César Franck.***

*Allegro moderato e maestoso.* (♩ = 116.)



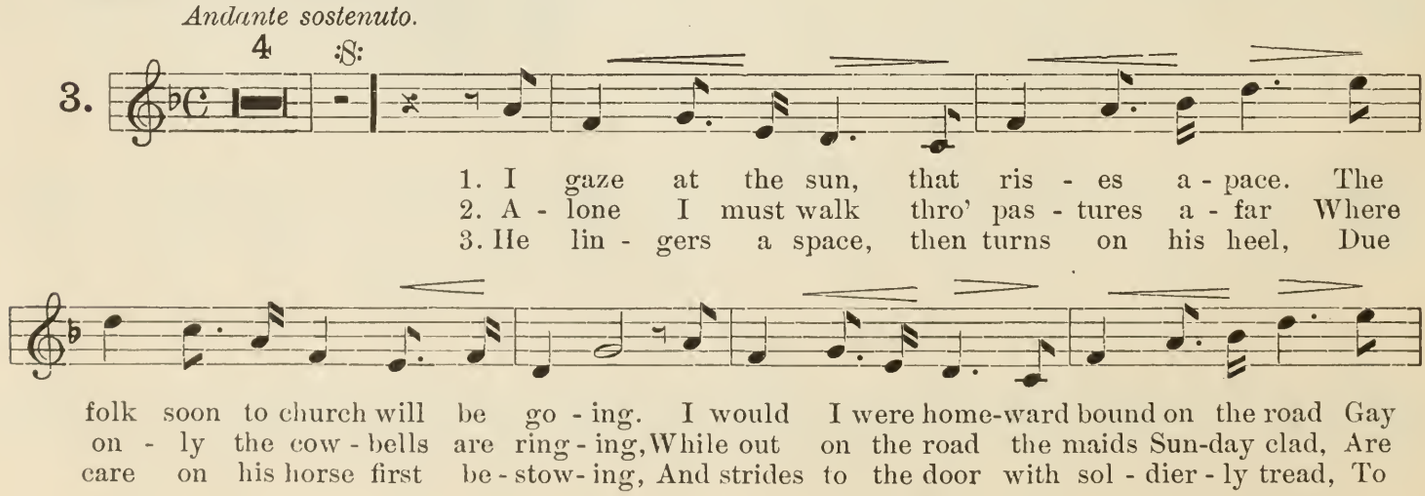
# AN IRISH LULLABY.

*Alfred Perceval Graves.* *N. Clifford Page.*

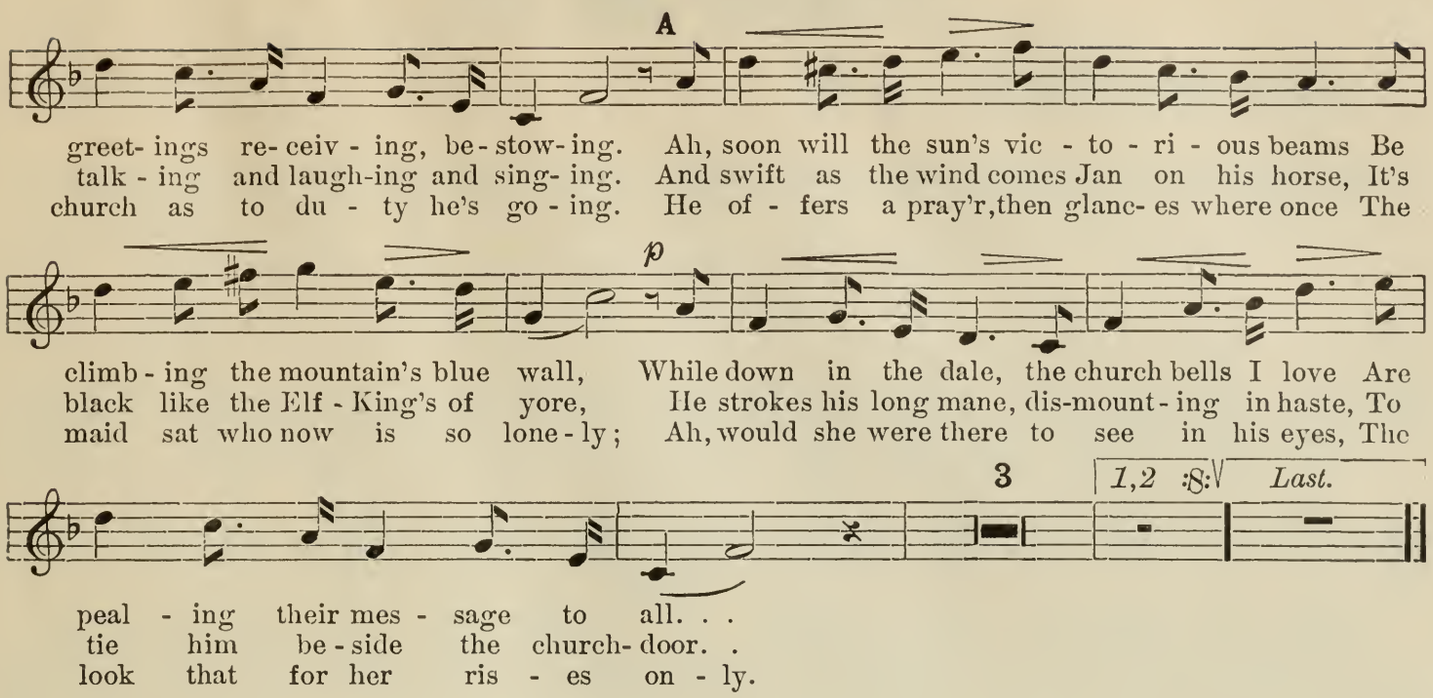



# THE CHALET GIRL'S SUNDAY.

*Jorgen Moe.*
*English version by M. Teresa Armitage.*
*Ole Bull.*




The chalet girl lives for months at a time in a lonely hut or chalet in the mountains, tending the cows. The song pictures her longing as she recalls the happy associations of the village below.




greet- ings re- ceiv - ing, be - stow- ing. Ah, soon will the sun's vic - to - ri - ous beams Be
talk - ing and laugh-ing and sing- ing. And swift as the wind comes Jan on his horse, It's
church as to du - ty he's go - ing. He of - fers a pray'r,then glanc- es where once The

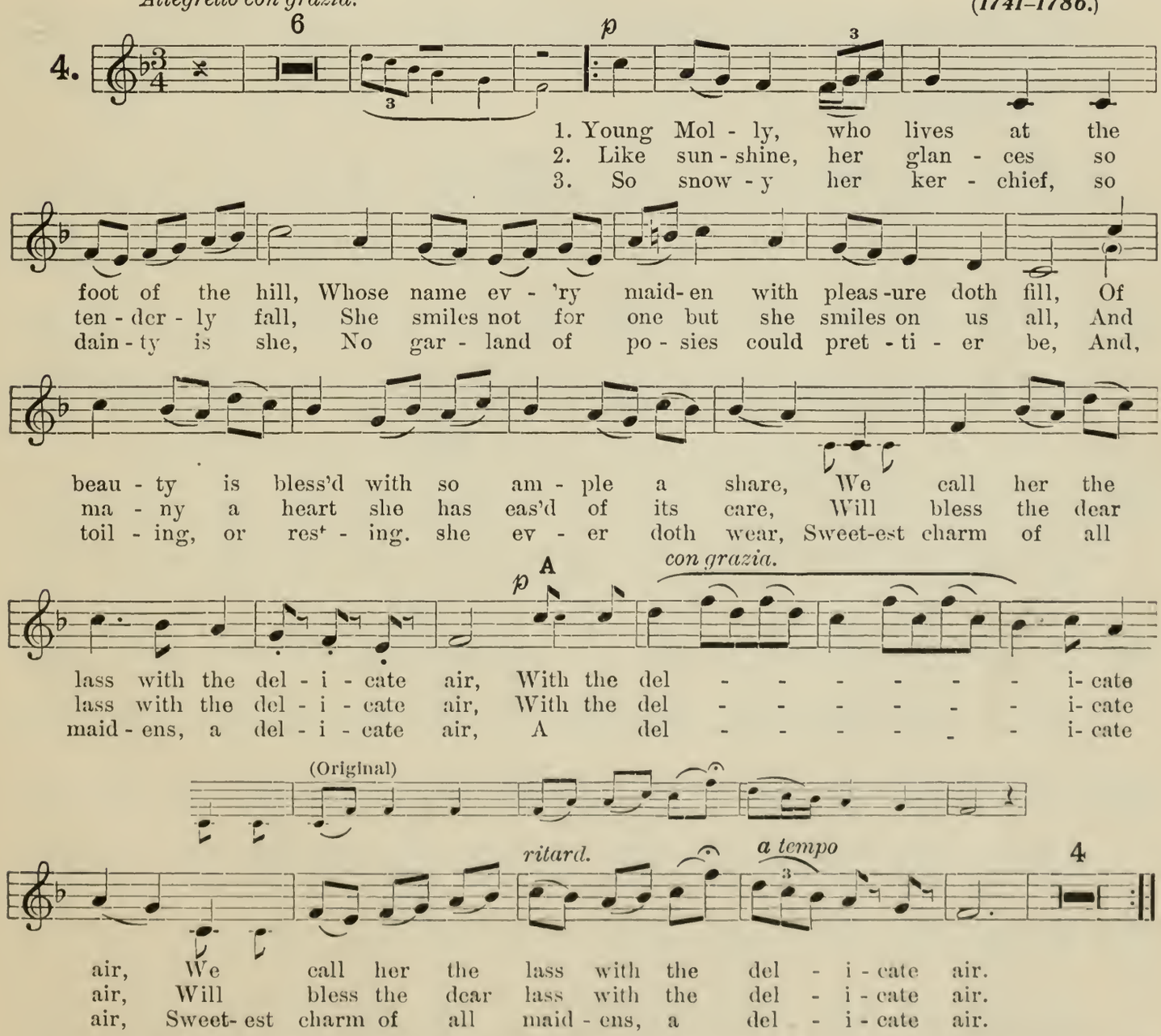
climb - ing the mountain's blue wall, While down in the dale, the church bells I love Are
black like the Elf - King's of yore, He strokes his long mane, dis-mount - ing in haste, To
maid sat who now is so lone - ly; Ah, would she were there to see in his eyes, The

peal - ing their mes - sage to all. . .
tie him be - side the church- door. .
look that for her ris - es on - ly.

## THE LASS WITH THE DELICATE AIR.

***Edited by N. Clifford Page.*** ***Michael Arne.***
***(1741–1786.)***

*Allegretto con grazia.*




1. Young Mol - ly, who lives at the
2. Like sun - shine, her glan - ces so
3. So snow - y her ker - chief, so

foot of the hill, Whose name ev - 'ry maid- en with pleas -ure doth fill, Of
ten - der - ly fall, She smiles not for one but she smiles on us all, And
dain - ty is she, No gar - land of po - sies could pret - ti - er be, And,

beau - ty is bless'd with so am - ple a share, We call her the
ma - ny a heart she has eas'd of its care, Will bless the dear
toil - ing, or rest - ing. she ev - er doth wear, Sweet-est charm of all

lass with the del - i - cate air, With the del - - - - - - - i- cate
lass with the del - i - cate air, With the del - - - - - - - i- cate
maid - ens, a del - i - cate air, A del - - - - - - - i- cate

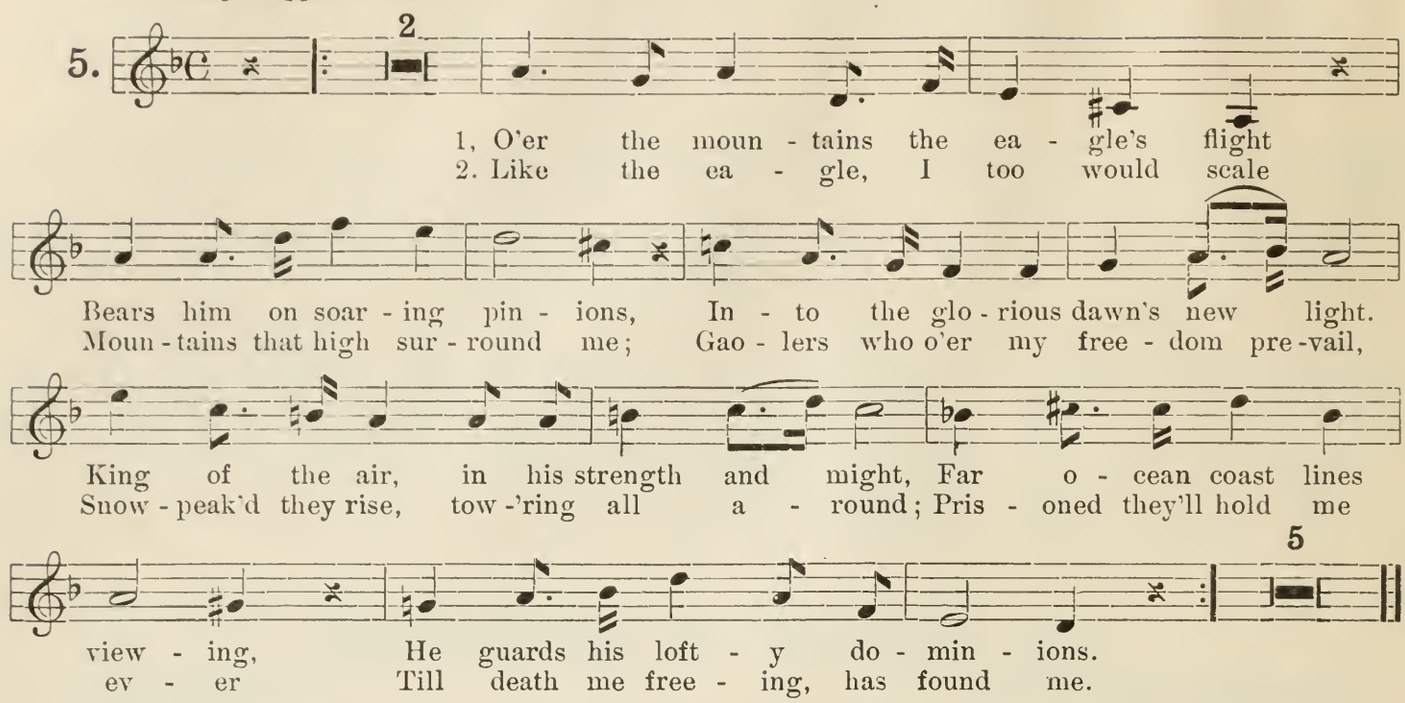
air, We call her the lass with the del - i - cate air.
air, Will bless the dear lass with the del - i - cate air.
air, Sweet- est charm of all maid - ens, a del - i - cate air.

This beautiful old air has been generally attributed to Dr. Thomas A. Arne (1710–1778); but modern authorities, after careful research, credit it to his son. The editor has chosen the version most universally sung, as being more smooth and flowing, the supposedly original notes being given small.

# ARNE'S SONG.

*Bj. Björnson.*
*English version by Frederick H. Martens.*
*Allegro appassionato.*

*P. A. Heise.*

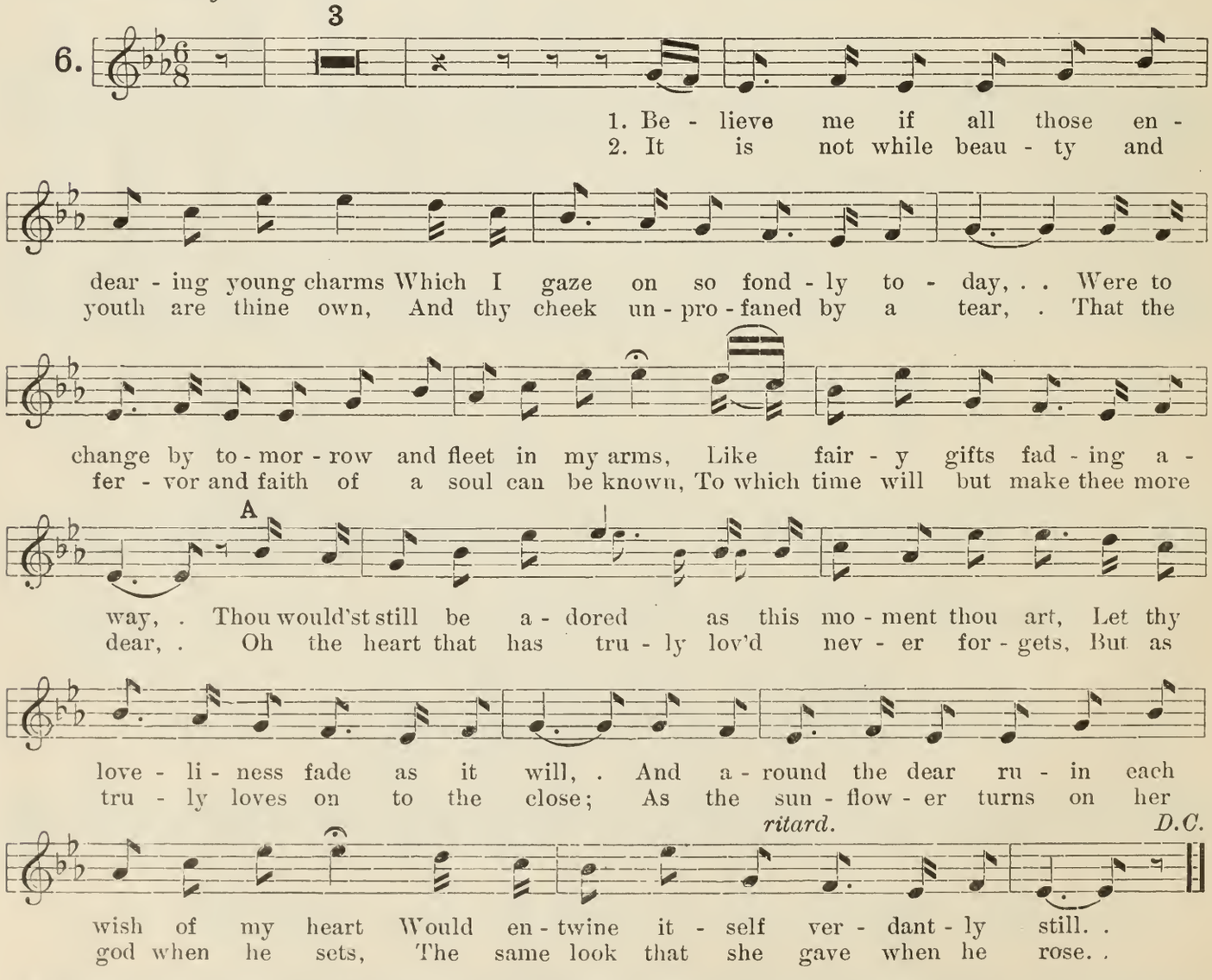



# BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.*

*Thomas Moore.*

*Arranged by J. B. Weckerlin.*

*Allegro moderato.*




* This melody, under the title, "*My lodging is on the cold ground*" was sung in the old play "*The Rivals.*" It is probably of English origin, but is known as one of Moore's "*Irish Melodies.*"

# THE KEYS OF HEAVEN.

*Cheshire Folk Song.*
*Arr. by Humphrey Mitchell.*

*Moderato.*

7.

HE. 1. I will give you the keys of heav'n, I will give you the
3. I will give you a coach and six, . . Six black hors - es as

*poco a poco cresc.*

keys of heav'n, Mad - am, will you walk? Mad - am, will you talk?
black as pitch, Mad - am, will you walk? Mad - am, will you talk?

*mf* A

Mad - am, will you walk and talk with me? SHE. 2. Tho' you give me the keys of heav'n,
Mad - am, will you walk and talk with me? 4. Tho' you give me a coach and six, . .

Though you give me the keys of . heav'n, Yet I will not walk,
Six black hors - es as black as . pitch, Yet I will not walk.

*rall. e poco a poco cresc.* *D.C.*

Yet I will not talk, No, I will not walk or talk with thee.

B

HE. 5. I will give you the key of my heart, And we'll be mar - ried till

*rall.*

death us do part, . Mad - am, will you walk? Mad - am, will you talk?

*poco riten.* C *Tranquillo.*

Mad - am, will you walk and talk with me? . . SHE. 6. Thou shalt give me the

key of thy heart, And we'll be mar - ried till death us do part. .

*mf* *poco a poco cresc.* *f* *poco riten.*

I . . will walk, I . . will talk, I . . will walk and talk with thee. .

# GIPSY SONG.

(FROM "CARMEN.")

*English text by M. Louise Baum.* *Georges Bizet.*

*Moderato.* (♩ = 108.)

8.

1. The cas - tan- ets dry click-ing sound . With it - er - a- tion's cheer-y
2. (The) cop-per ear-rings dan-gle bright, . The sil - ver ban-gles clash and

jin - gle, Has set the gip - sy's toes a - tin - gle, Till a -
spar - kle; While eyes of sloe be - guile and dar - kle, Red and

A

way she dan - ces with a bound. . The tam-bour - ine then joins the
yel-low scarves are float- ing light. . The song and dance are one at

strain, The light gui - tar goes tin - gle tan - gle, With chirr and bang and mer - ry
last, The pace is swift - er still and swift - er, The fly - ing mus - ic seems to

*cres.* *molto rall.*

jan - gle, Runs round and round . the gay re - frain. Runs round and
lift her, As if on wings . she float - ed past. As if on

*a tempo animato.* (♩ = 126.)

*f* B

round the jing - ling gay re - frain! . . Tra - la - la - la, . . . . . .
mus - ic's wings she float - ed past! . . Tra - la - la - la, . . . . . .

Tra - la - la - la, . . . . . Tra - la - la - la, . . . . tra

*f*

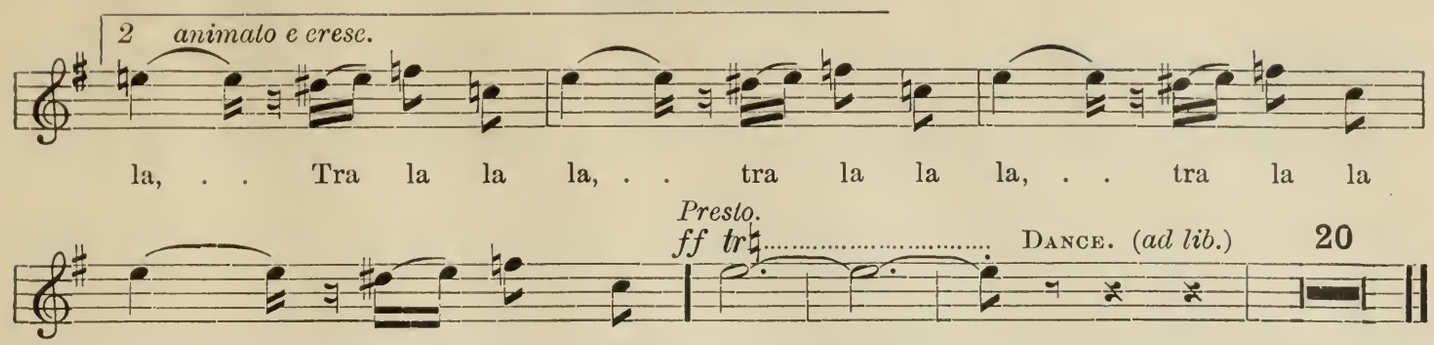
la la la la la la la! . . Tra - la - la - la, . . . . .

Tra - la - la - la, . . . . . Tra - la - la - la, . . . . Tra

1

la la la la la la la! . . . . .

2. The




## THE CRADLES.

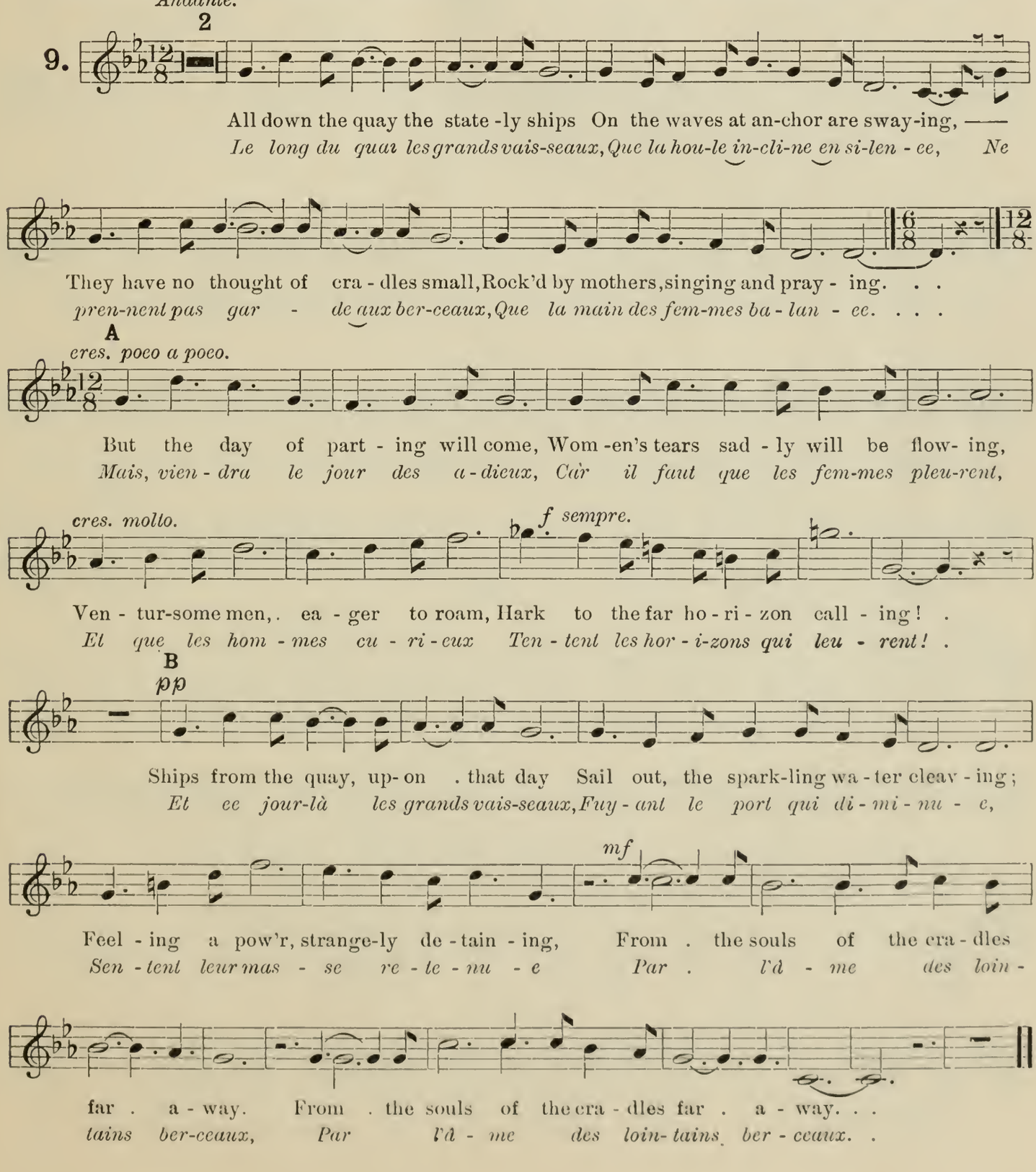
(LES BERCEAUX.)

(MELODIE.)

*A. Sully-Prudhomme.*
***English version by M. Teresa Armitage.***

***Gabriel Fauré, Op. 23, No.1.***

*Andante.*



# SPRING-TIDE.

*Edited by J. Remington.* *Reinhold Becker.*

10.

*Animato.* *mf*

1. When the spring-tide o'er the hills is seen, And the
2. gla-cier to the sun's breath yields, And the

sun's warm rays dis-solve the snow, When the trees put on . . their
moun-tains pour their tor-rents down, When in ver-dure clad . are

*mf*

garb of green, And the vi-o-lets . . their pur-ple show, When thro'
all the fields, And with songs of birds . the woods re-sound; When the

*cresc.* *f rit.*

hill and dale Signs of win-ter fail, Gone is all the snow, Sweet breez-es
breez-es bear Flow-er's in-cense rare, And the sky se-rene A-bove is

*mf* A *f* *ff*

blow. . Then the val-leys all To the mountains call, Ah! in
seen. .

*Animato.*

glad re-frain: "Spring is come a-gain!" Then the val-leys all To the

*poco rall.* *f* 3 1 *mf* B

mountains call: "Spring is come a-gain!" 2. When the

2 *p* C

3. Ah! was this not then the time of year, When our hearts first felt love's hap-py

*rit.* *a tempo.* *f*

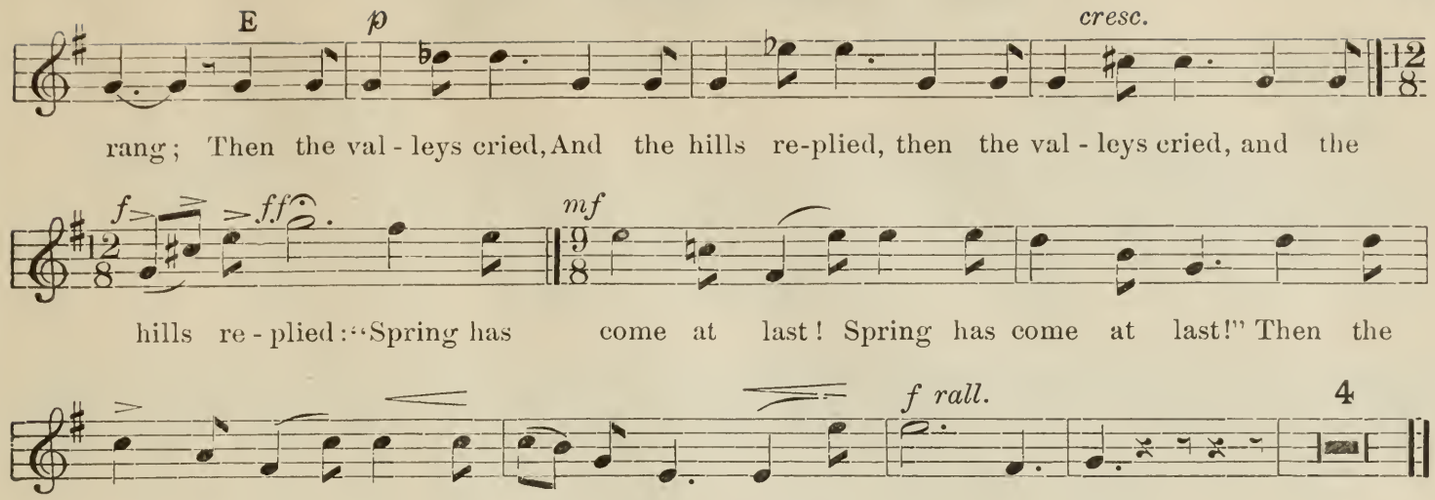
sway? When we knew each oth-er near and dear, And we told our love, that won-drous

*p* D

day? Then the sun came out, As with mer-ry shout; And the

*cresc.* *f*

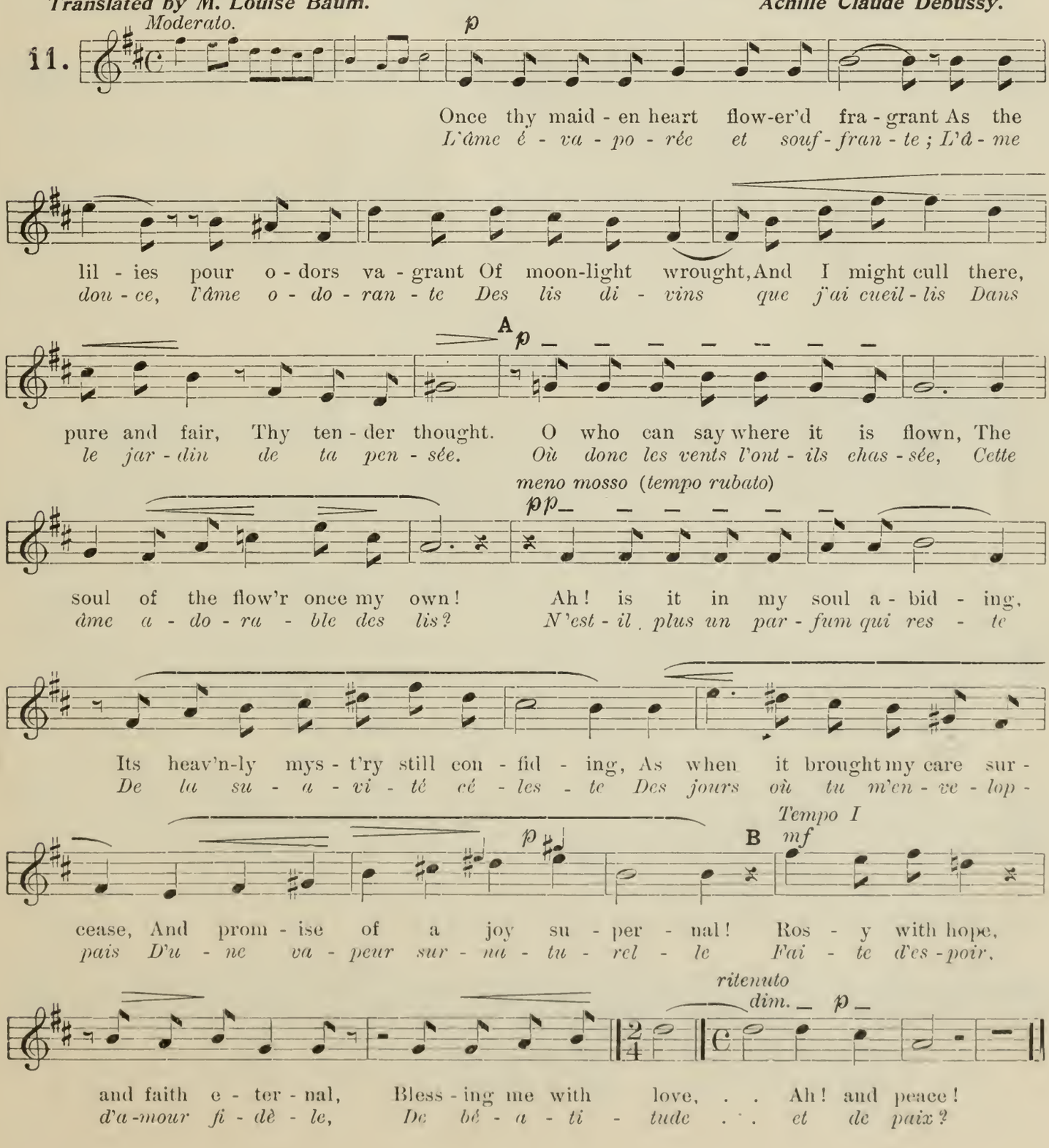
birds then sang Till the wood-land rang; and the birds then sang till wood-land




## ROMANCE.

*Paul Bourget.*
*Translated by M. Louise Baum.*

*Achille Claude Debussy.*



# MARGARET'S CRADLE SONG.

(MARGARETES VUGGESANG.)

*Henrik Ibsen.*
*English version by M. Teresa Armitage.*

*Edvard Hagerup Grieg.*

*Andante tranquillo.* *pp*

12.

Past roof and spire thrust up - ward To touch the star - lit sky, On

A

wings of dream wee *Haa - kon Is car - ried there on high. Up won-drous mys - tic

*f*

lad - der Whose rounds are pure de - light, There, Haa - kon an - gel guid - ed, Mounts

B

in - to heav-en's light. And God's own an - gels watch - ing, Will guard wee Haa - kon's

*poco riten.*

2

rest, And God will keep wee Haa - kon, There with his moth - er blest.

# MARIE.

*English translation by Wilbur Weeks.*
*From the German of Rudolf Gottschall.*

*Robert Franz, Op. 18, No. 1.*

*Andantino.*

*p*

13.

1. Ma - rie, the case - ment frames your face, So pure and fair . and
flow - ers turn with pen - sive grace Their eyes to you . on

A

kind. Be - neath your glance the blos-soms chase Be - fore the eve - ning wind. The
high; Yet not one charm-ing flow - er face With yours in charm . . can vie. Chime,

*mf*

pil-grim pass - ing, sees you there, De - vout - ly bares his head, O love - ly one.
eve - ning bells, for her dear sake With ten-d'rest mel - o - dy: O may no storm

*p*

1 *p* 2 2

you seem a pray'r, That heav'n it - self . hath said. 2. The
break o'er this flow'r The heart of fair . Ma - rie.

* Pronounced *Hak-kŏn.*

# NORWEGIAN MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

*Text by*
*Nathan Haskell Dole.*

*Johan Halvorsen.*
*Arr. by P. C. Warren.*

*Andante moderato.*

14.

*mp*

Oh, the gray fog from the moun - tain Meets the gray fog from the fjord,
Not a ray . . of cheer - ing sun - light Falls on rock . . or yel - l'wing grass:

And, a - las! o'er my heav - y heart The blind - ing mist of tears is pour'd
All a - lone, and with - out the joy of hope The wea - ry hours I pass.

A

Sea - gulls cry - ing, Round me fly - ing, Are they lost, heart -
Leaves are dy - ing, Near me ly - ing On the ground, a

bro - ken, De - sert - ed, e'en as I? Are they lost e'en as I? . .
to - ken Of sor - row, e'en as I! On the ground, e'en as I! .

# SOFT-FOOTED SNOW.

( SCHNEE. )

*Sigurd Lie.*

*Non troppo lento, sempre pp e sotto voce.*

15.

1. There is naught on earth so still . . as the snow! . .
2. There is naught on earth so pure . . as the snow! . .
3. Naught so lull - ing on the earth . as the snow! . .

Shroud - ing all the world in si - lent glam - - - - - or, . .
Swan's-down loos'd from Win - ter's pin - ions spread - - - - - ing; . .
Sink - ing light as slum - ber on the wea - - - - - ry. . .

A

Muf - fling ev - 'ry sound . . On the fro - zen ground, . .
On the hand a flake, . . Doth a tear - drop make, . .
Till the si - lence so . . . In - to sound doth grow . .

*(after 3rd verse.)*

3

Hush - ing ev - 'ry foot - fall's no - sy clam - - - - - or, .
Thro' the crys - tal air white thor'ts are thread - - - - - ing. .
Fine as sil - ver bells, a mu - sic fae - - - - - rie

# WYNKEN, BLYNKEN AND NOD.

*Eugene Field.* *Henry K. Hadley.*

*Moderato.*

16.

*p*

Wyn - ken, Blyn - ken and Nod one night Sailed off in a wood - en shoe—
All night long their nets they threw To the stars in the twink-ling foam, Then

B

Sailed on a riv - er of crys - tal light In - to a sea of dew. ——
down from the skies came the wood - en shoe Bring - ing the fish-er-men home; 'Twas

A *f* *mf*

"Where are you go - ing, and what do you wish?" The old moon asked the three. "We have
all so pret - ty a sail it seemed As if it could not be, And

come to fish for the her - ring fish That live in this beau - ti - ful sea. ——
some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed Of sail - ing that beau - ti - ful sea— But

*2nd verse rit.* *rit.* *1 a tempo.* *2 a tempo.*

Nets of sil - ver and gold have we!" Said Wyn - ken, Blyn-ken and Nod.
I shall name you the fish-er-men three,— Wyn-ken and Blyn-ken and Nod. .

C *Slower.* *p*

Wyn-ken and Blyn-ken are two lit - tle eyes, And Nod is a lit - tle head, And the
wood - en shoe that sailed the skies Is a wee one's trun - dle bed, . . So

*mf* D

shut your eyes while moth - er sings Of won - der - ful sights that be, . . And
you shall see the beau - ti - ful things As you rock in the mist - y sea Where the

*rit.* *a tempo.*

old shoe rocked the fish - er - men three, Wyn - ken, Blyn - ken and Nod, . .

Perhaps one or two high voices.

. . Wyn - ken, Blyn - ken and Nod. . . . . .

# MY LOVE'S AN ARBUTUS.

*A. P. Graves.* *Old Irish Melody.*

17. *Allegretto con moto.* 3 *p legato.*

1. My . . love's an ar - bu - tus By the
2. But tho' rud - dy the ber - ry And
3. A - - las, fruit and blos - som Shall lie

bor - ders of Lene, So slen - der and shape - ly In her gir - dle of
snow - y the flow'r, That bright - en to - geth - er The ar - bu - tus
dead on the lea, And Time's jeal - ous fin - gers Dim your young charms. Ma -

A *cresc.* *f* *dim.*

green. And I meas - ure the pleas - ure Of her eye's sap - phire sheen By the
bow'r, Per - fum - ing and bloom - ing Through sun - shine and show'r, Give
chree, But un - rang - ing, un - chang - ing You'll still cling to . . me, Like the

*1 & 2* *3*

blue skies that spar - kle Thro' the soft branch - ing screen.
me her bright lips And her laugh's pearl - y dow'r.
ev - er - green leaf To the ar - bu - tus tree. .

# SONG OF THE VOLGA BOATMEN.

This melody originated with the *Burlaks*, a tribe of Russian peasants, who sing it in their work of drawing grain boats up the river Volga. Bands of men walk on the shore in a steady gait, and pull on a rope to which the boat is tied.

***Text by A. Bode.*** ***Russian Melody.***

18. *Slowly.* 4 *pp Very softly.* *Slightly increasing.*

1. Pull, boys, pull, Pull, boys, pull, Toil on, toil . on, Pull, boys, pull.
2. Pull, boys, pull, Pull, boys, pull, Toil on, toil . on, Pull, boys, pull.

*Still moderately soft, but with firmness.* *gradually louder.*

Heav'n has pit - y for the poor man's need; Soon the end shall come to crown our deed.
Trust in our Al-might - y Fa - ther's care, He can make the hard - est la - bor fair;

A *strongly and sonorously.* *slightly diminishing.*

Pull, broth - ers, pull, Pull on, . . pull. Pull, broth - ers, pull, Pull on, . . pull.
Pray, broth - ers, pray, Pray on, . . pray. Pray, broth - ers, pray, Pray on, . . pray.

*constantly softer to the end.* *ppp*

Pull, boys, pull, Pull, boys, pull. Far on winds the shore, Pull on ev - er - more. . . .
Pull, boys, pull, Pull, boys, pull! Hold out till we sight Heav'n's e - ter - nal Light. . . .

# SERENADE.

(LA SERENATA.)

*G. A. Cesareo.*
*English version by Wilbur Weeks.*

*F. Paolo Tosti.*

*Andantino.*

19.

1. Wing-ing, oh song go sing- ing, My la - dy dear to pleas-ure, Sweet mu - sic's charm to soothe her soft dreams bring- ing, Clear on each rhyth-mic meas - ure.
2. Wing-ing, oh song go sing- ing, My la - dy dear to pleas-ure, In ten - der strains my vows of love her bring- ing, Charm slumber's gold- en leis - ure.

Weave as her eyes she clos - es, Soft 'neath the moonbeams shift- ing, Ten- der fra-grance of ros - es, Sweet on the dark - ness drift - ing. Rise, lit - tle song, up - on the slum- ber- ing air, My mes-sage to her bear- ing; While bright the moon is gleam - ing, Rise, love's own prom-ise bring - ing, Touch with joy her dream-ing, Love's promise in your sing-ing, bring-ing! Ah! la, . . . Ah! . la. . . . .

Ah, coax her lips to smil -ing, Round her the air ca - ress- ing, All her dream- ing be - guil - ing, My ten - der thoughts ex - press - ing. Rise, lit - tle song, up - on the slum- ber- ing air, My mes-sage to her bear- ing: Stars in their radiance shin - ing, Rise, ev - 'ry tone con - fess - ing, Ten - der love that's pin - ing, Mel - o - dy soft ca - ress-ing, bless- ing! Ah! la, . . . Ah! . la. . . . .

## SHE IS SO INNOCENT.

(ROMANCE.)

"La Fille de Madame Angot," Act II.

*Edited by N. Clifford Page.*

*Charles Lecocq.*

*Andante.*

*dolce.*

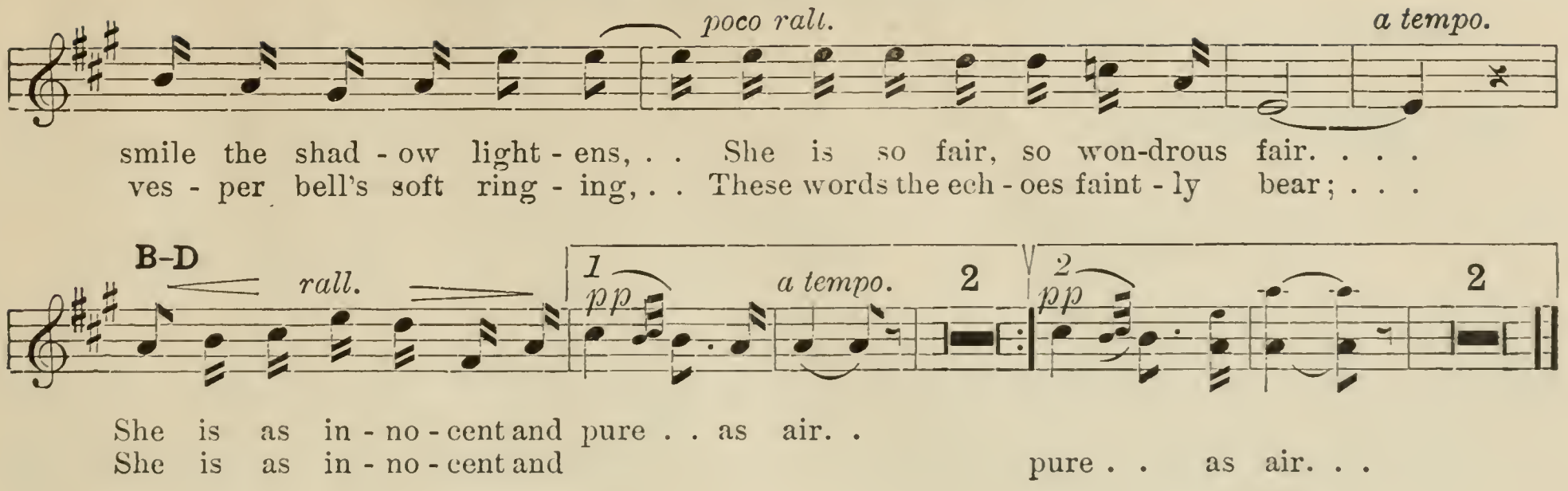
20.

1. She is so in - no - cent and beau-teous, Birds love to come at her fond call,
2. She is so in - no - cent and beau-teous, Snow is not half so pure and white,

Flow'rs ope their pet - als as she pass - es, And at her frown the leaf - lets sad - ly fall.
An - gels a - bove in all their glo - ry . . Sure - ly can - not ev - er shine so bright,

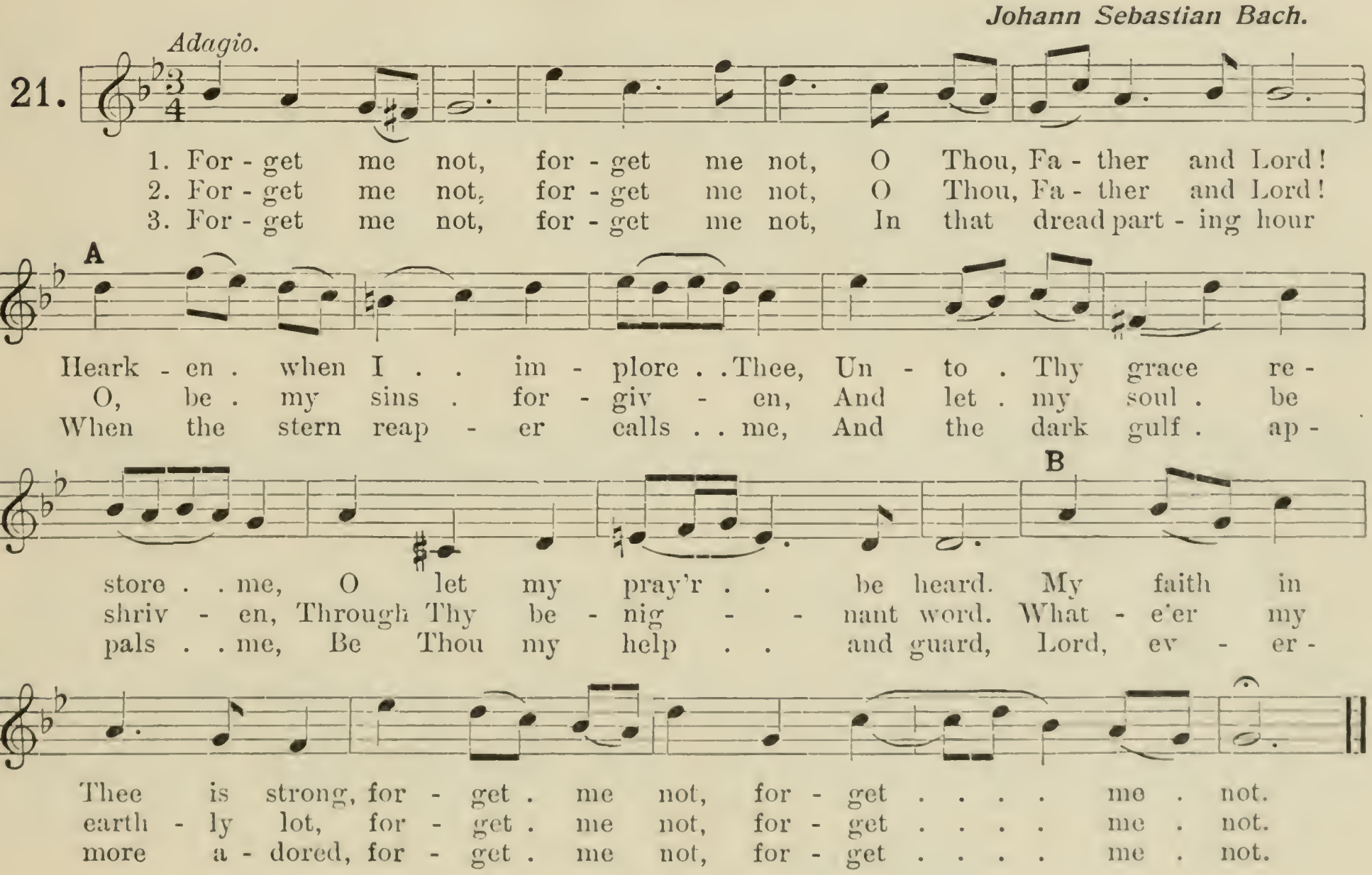
*poco animato.*

. . . . She is so fair, all na - ture bright - ens, . . Her ve - ry
. . . . And as I lis - ten to her sing - ing, . . Like some low




## FORGET ME NOT.

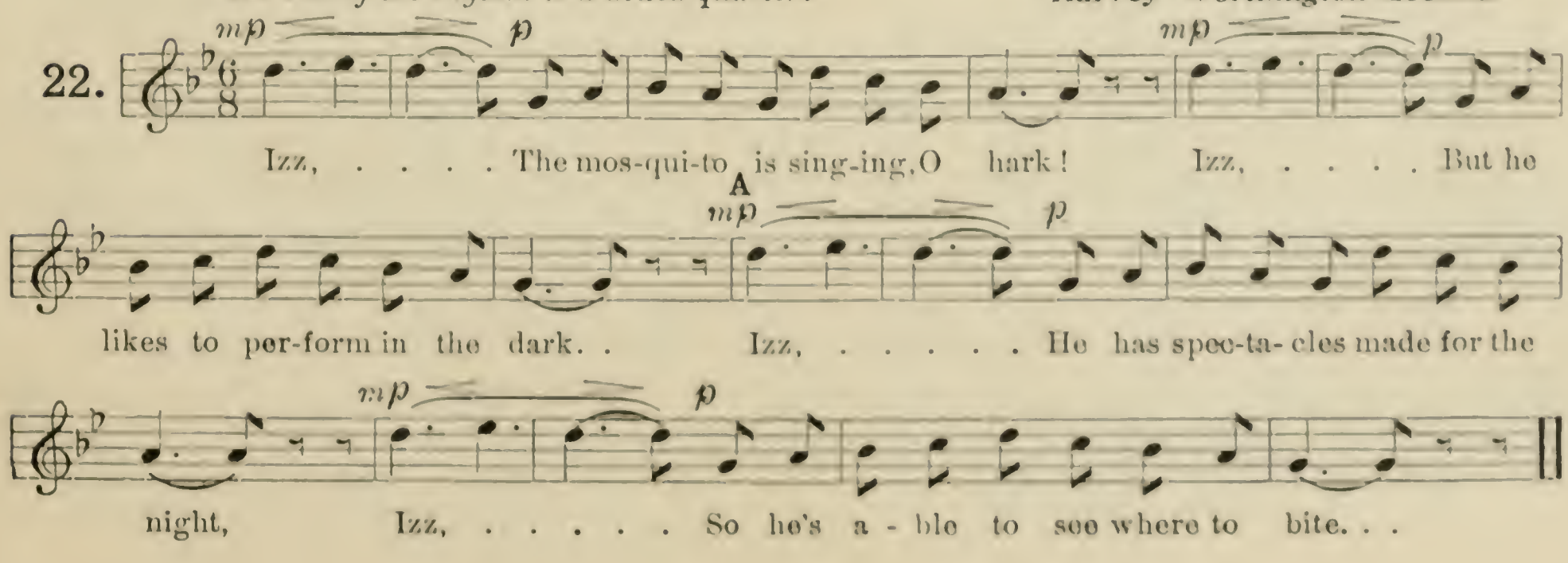
*Johann Sebastian Bach.*




## THE MOSQUITO'S SERENADE.

*Not slowly.*
*The unit of the rhythm is a dotted quarter.*

*Text and Music by*
*Harvey Worthington Loomis.*



# THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

*Francis Scott Key (1779–1843).* *John Stafford Smith (1750–1836).*

23. *Vigoroso.* *f*

1. Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the
3. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be -

proud - ly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the
foe's haught-y host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze o'er the
tween their lov'd homes and grim war's des - o - la - tion. Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the

per - il - ous fight O'er the ram - parts we watch'd were so gal - lant - ly stream-ing?
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis - clos - es?
heav'n res - cued land Praise the pow'r that hath made and pre-serv'd us a na - tion!

**A** *Lower notes ad lib.*

And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave proof thro' the
Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re -
Then con - quer we must when our cause it is just, And this be our

*For 2d & 3d verse if preferred.*

flect - ed, now
mot - to: "*In*

**B** *Broadly.*

night that our flag was still there. Oh, say does that star - span - gled
flect - ed, now shines on the stream? 'Tis the star - span - gled ban - ner; oh,
mot - to: "*In God is our trust!*" And the star - span - gled ban - ner in

*poco rit.*

ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

The measure is generally sung * and may be preferable.

home of the brave.

# PENITENTIAL HYMN.

***Text from Psalms IV and XIII.*** ***Ancient Hebrew Melody ascribed to King David.***

24. 3

1. How long wilt Thou for - get me, O Lord? How
2. Re - turn, O God, de - liv - er my soul! O

long wilt Thou hide Thy face . . from me? Con - sid - er, hear me,
save me, Lord, for Thy mer - cy's sake! O Lord, in Thee do I

Lord, my God; Have mer - cy up - on me and hear my prayer!
put my trust; Have mer - cy up - on me and hear my prayer!

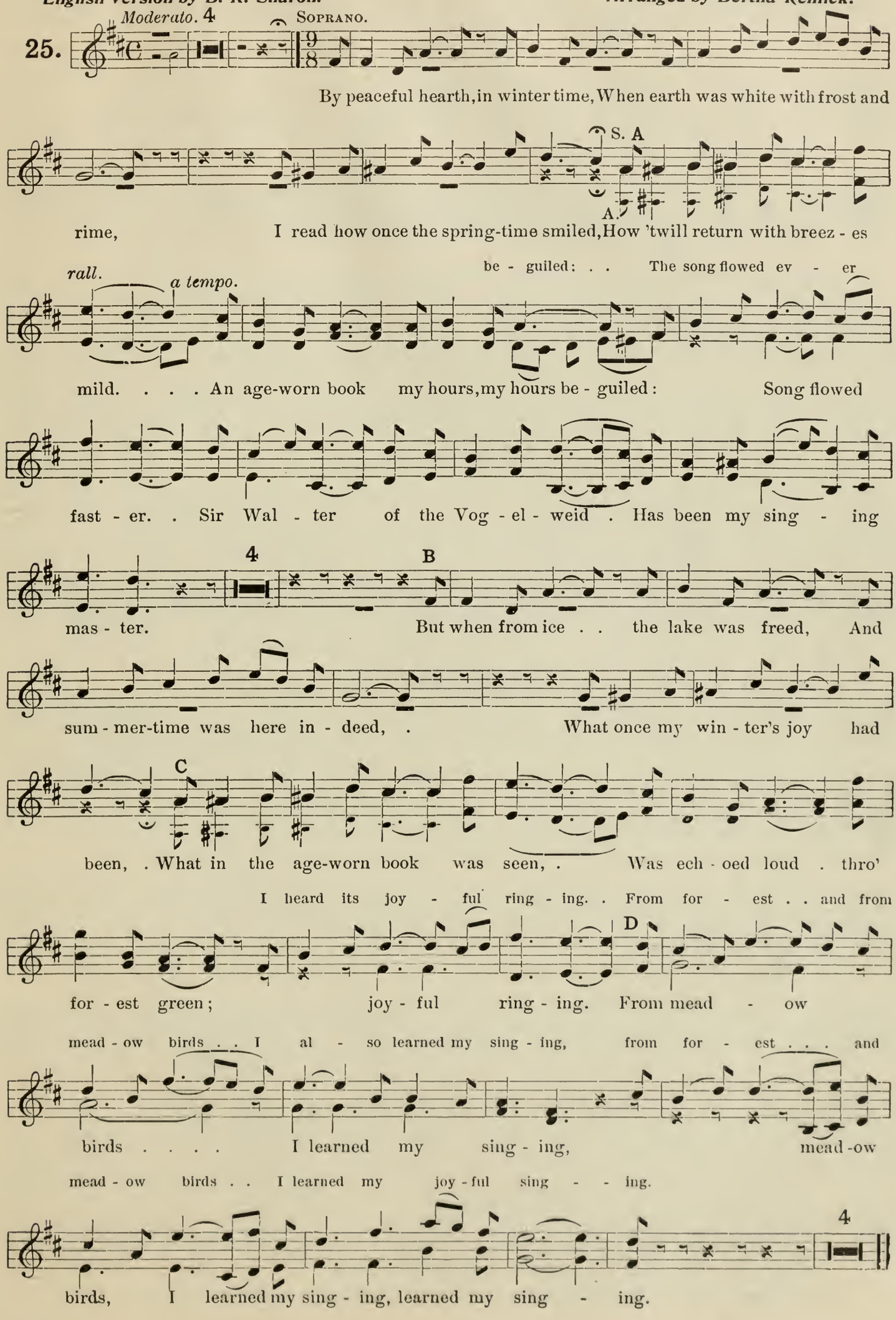
# BY PEACEFUL HEARTH.

( FROM "DIE MEISTERSINGER.")

*Richard Wagner.*
*English version by B. R. Sharon.*

S. A.

*Richard Wagner.*
*Arranged by Bertha Remick.*



# GOBLET OF YOUTH.

*M. Louise Baum.* ADAPTED FROM "GIROFLE, GIROFLA." *Charles Lecocq.*
*Arranged by N. Clifford Page.*

26. 6 *Allegro.* *f* SOPRANO AND ALTO.

Danc - ing and mu - sic, laugh-ter and song, All down the

spring - tide ech - o - ing long! Gath - er the treas - ure, Quaff - ing your pleas - ure,

*ff* *rit.* *animato.* 4

Youth will van - ish, fleet as bright, Gone like the rap - ture of dawn's new light!

A *Allegretto graziamente Meno)* N.B. *p*

(*Humming.*)

*mf*

Yea! for youth is the glass of A - pril, . . That a

smile for a tear doth fling, . . Or the change-ful sweet shades of cloud - land, When the

*f* B *poco animato.*

O haste ye! O taste ye! life's

mead - ows are green with spring! . . . .

meas - ure of joy, . . . . . .

*f*

O haste ye the gob - let to drain, . With the

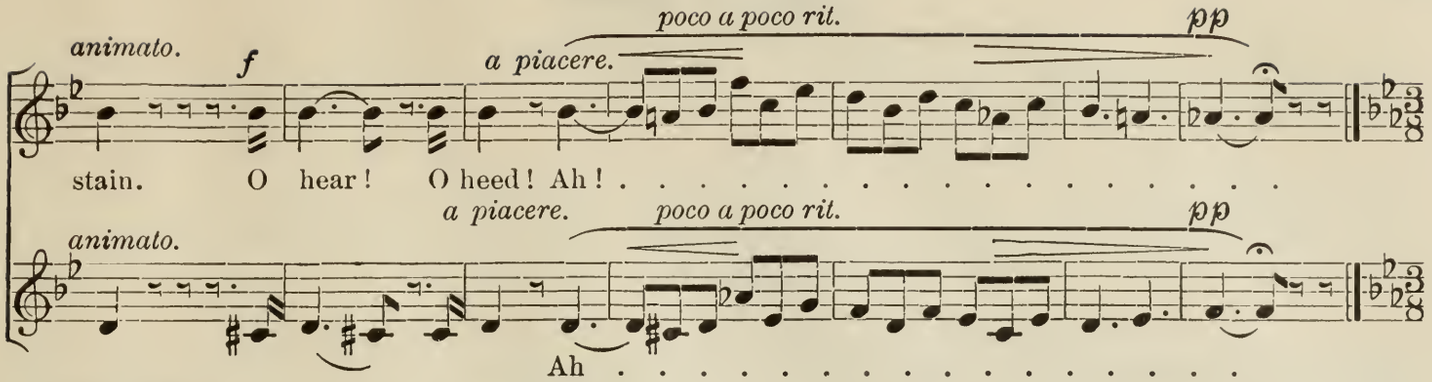
C *rit.*

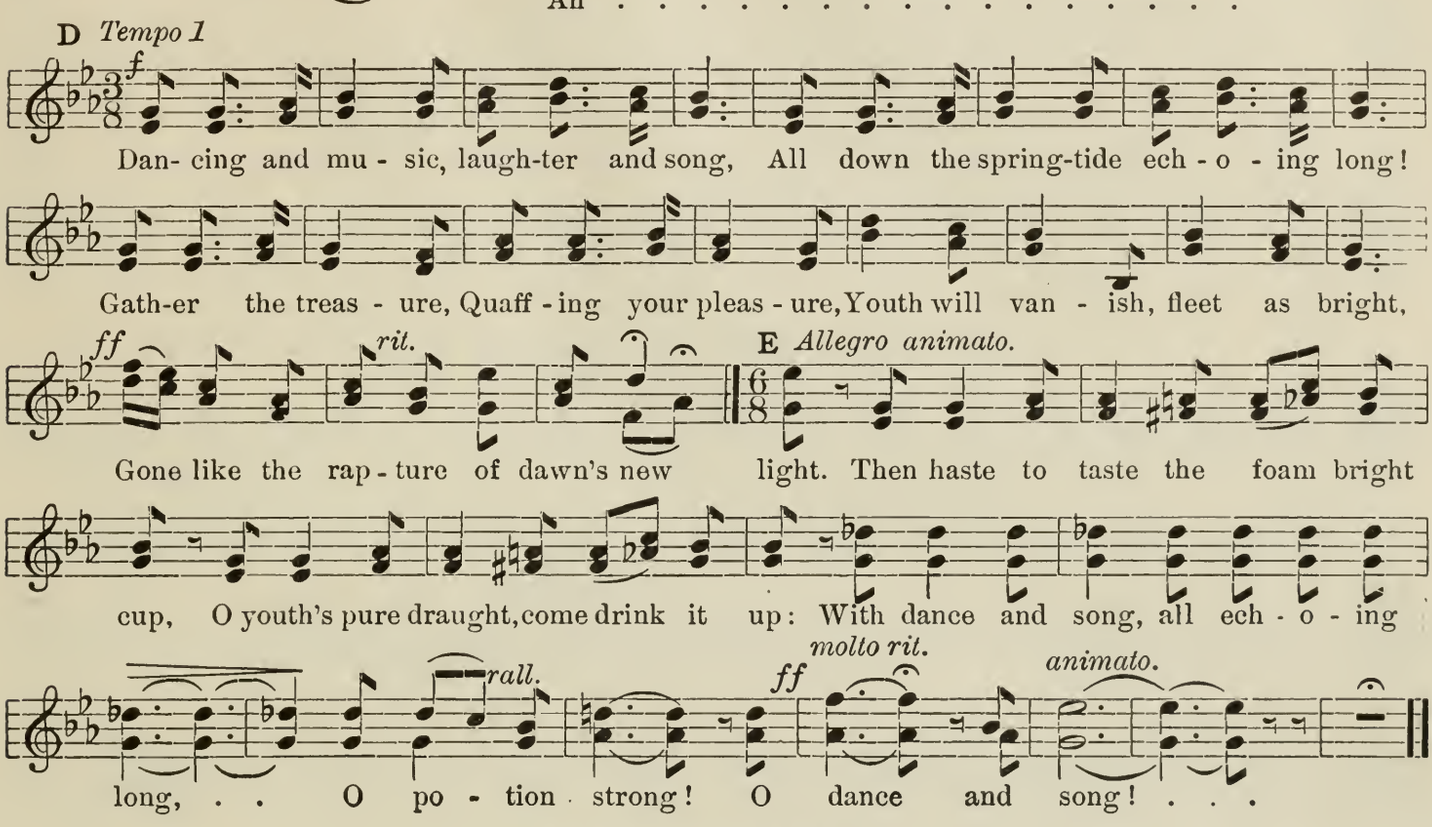
A draft free from pas-sion or

*rit.*

brim bright with foam, at the rim, light that breaks,

N.B. The humming notes for upper voice may be used or not, as desired; they must always be subdued.



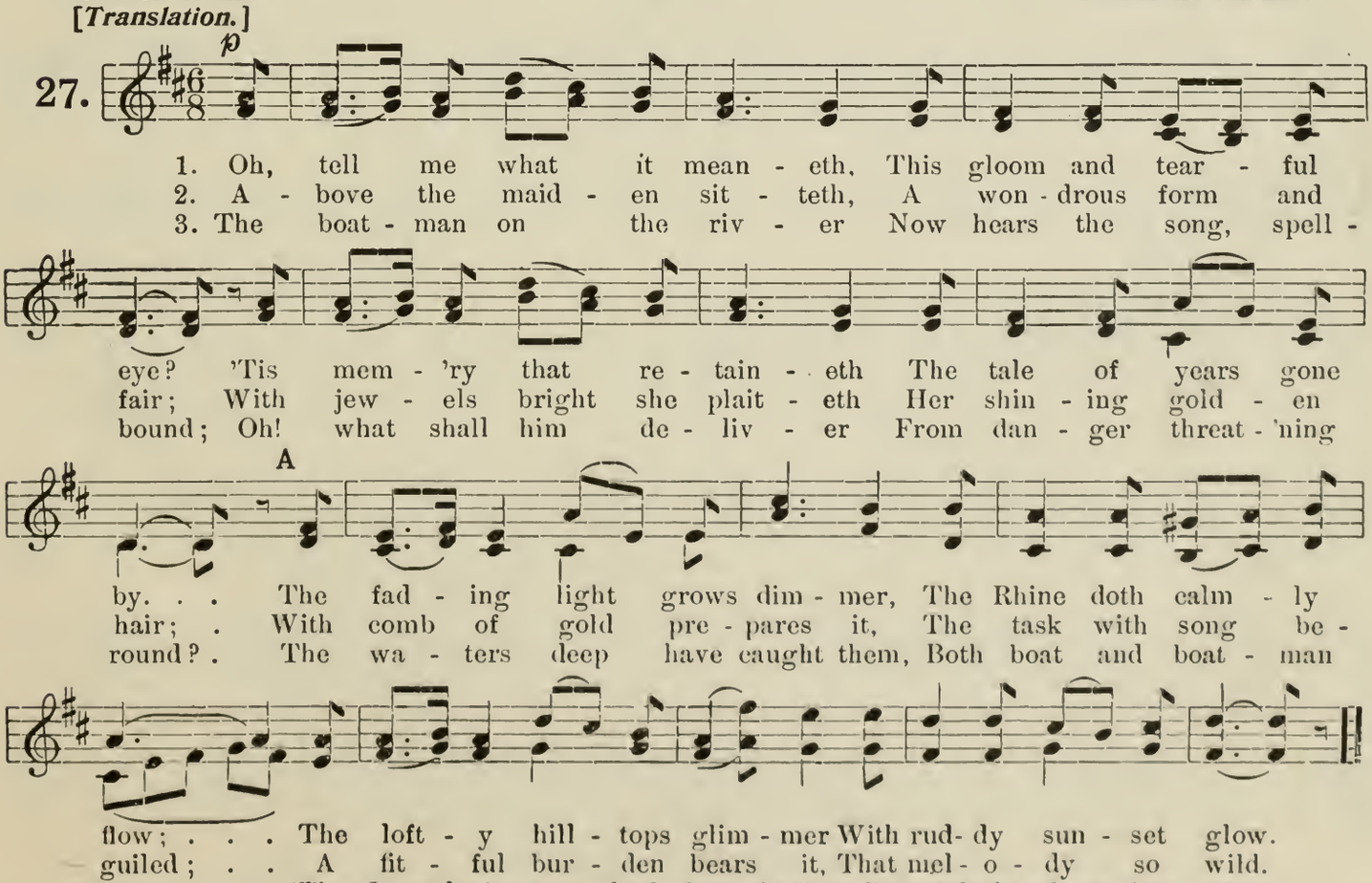




## THE LORELEY.

***Heinrich Heine.***
***[Translation.]***

S. A.

***Friedrich Silcher.***



# GOBBLE DUET.

FROM "LA MASCOTTE."

S. A.

*Text by B. R. Sharon.* *Edmond Audran.*

*Adapted by B. R. Sharon.*

*Allegretto moderato.*

28.

Soprano.

1. When, blaz - ing on his dai - ly course, The
2. When day is o'er, un - to the farm My

Alto.

sun is high in noon-tide glo - ry; When sing-ing birds and hum-ming bees, With crick-ets'
tur-keys go with me be - side them; My sheep I call from near and far, Un - to the

A Soprano.

chirp tell sum-mer's sto - ry; I'm hid - den in the long cool grass, 'Tis
fold I gent - ly guide them; The eve - ning star has wak'd the breeze, The

Alto.

love - ly as a fair - y bow - er; Be - neath the shade tree cool, I
west - ern sky is faint - ly glow - ing; Our path - way winds thro' dark-'ning

B *Moderato.*

Tur - keys cry to me,

*rit.*

sit, And garlands weave of ev - 'ry flow - er. Sheep are
vale, While homeward we are glad - ly go - ing.

Lis- ten while they cry "Gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble,"

mine, you see. Hear them soft-ly bleat "Baa!"

C *f accelerando.* *rit.* *a tempo.*

Ah! . . . . . Tur - keys cry to me, Listen while they cry

*f* *rit.* *a tempo.*

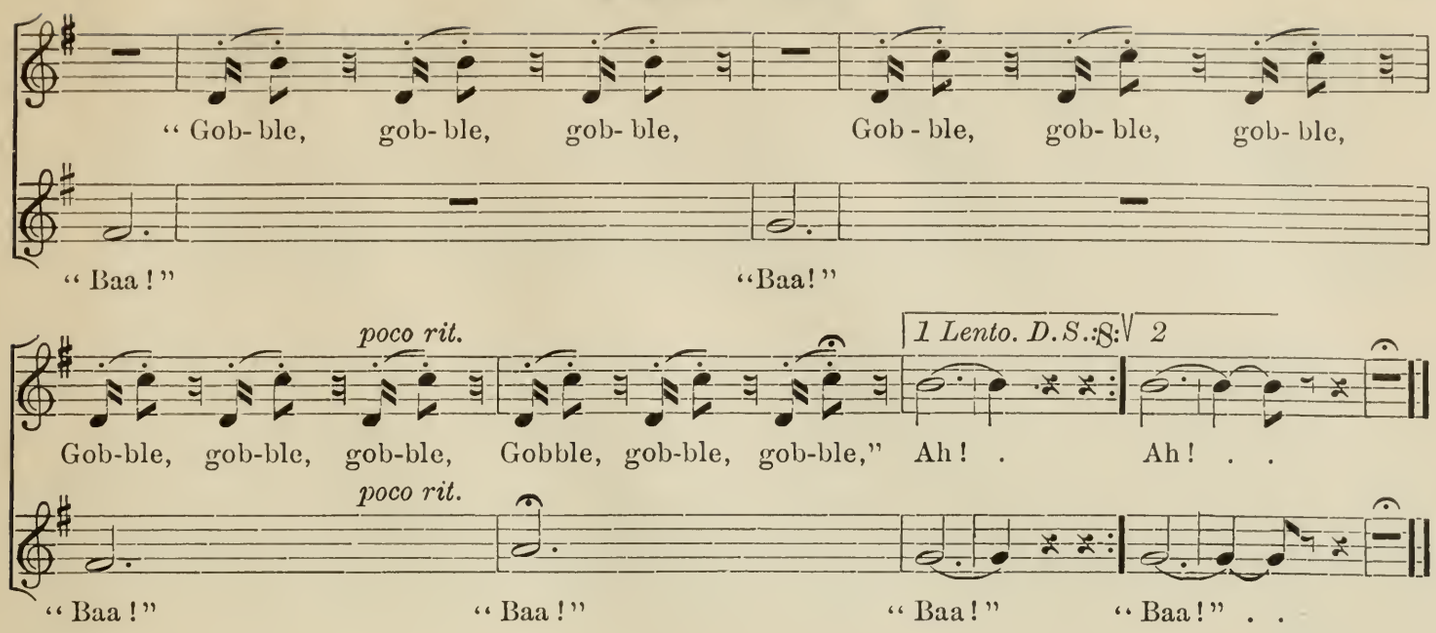
Ah! . . . . . Sheep are mine, you see.

D

"Gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble," "Gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble,"

Hear them soft - ly bleat "Baa!"

NOTE:— The Soprano represents *Bettina*, the keeper of the turkeys; the Alto represents *Beppo*, a shepherd.



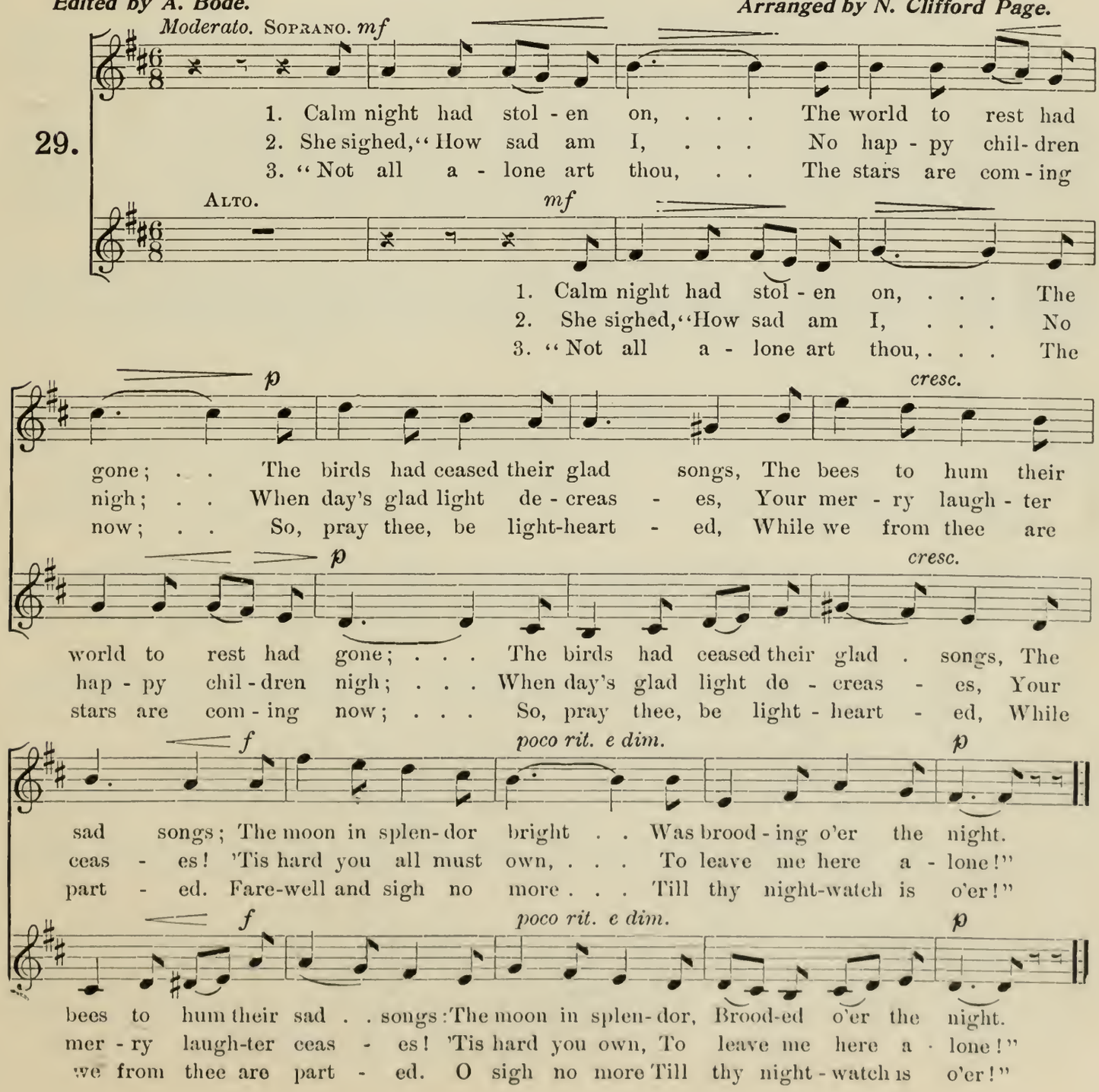

## THE MOON AND THE CHILDREN.

S. A.

*Edited by A. Bode.*

*Franz Abt.*
*Arranged by N. Clifford Page.*

29.

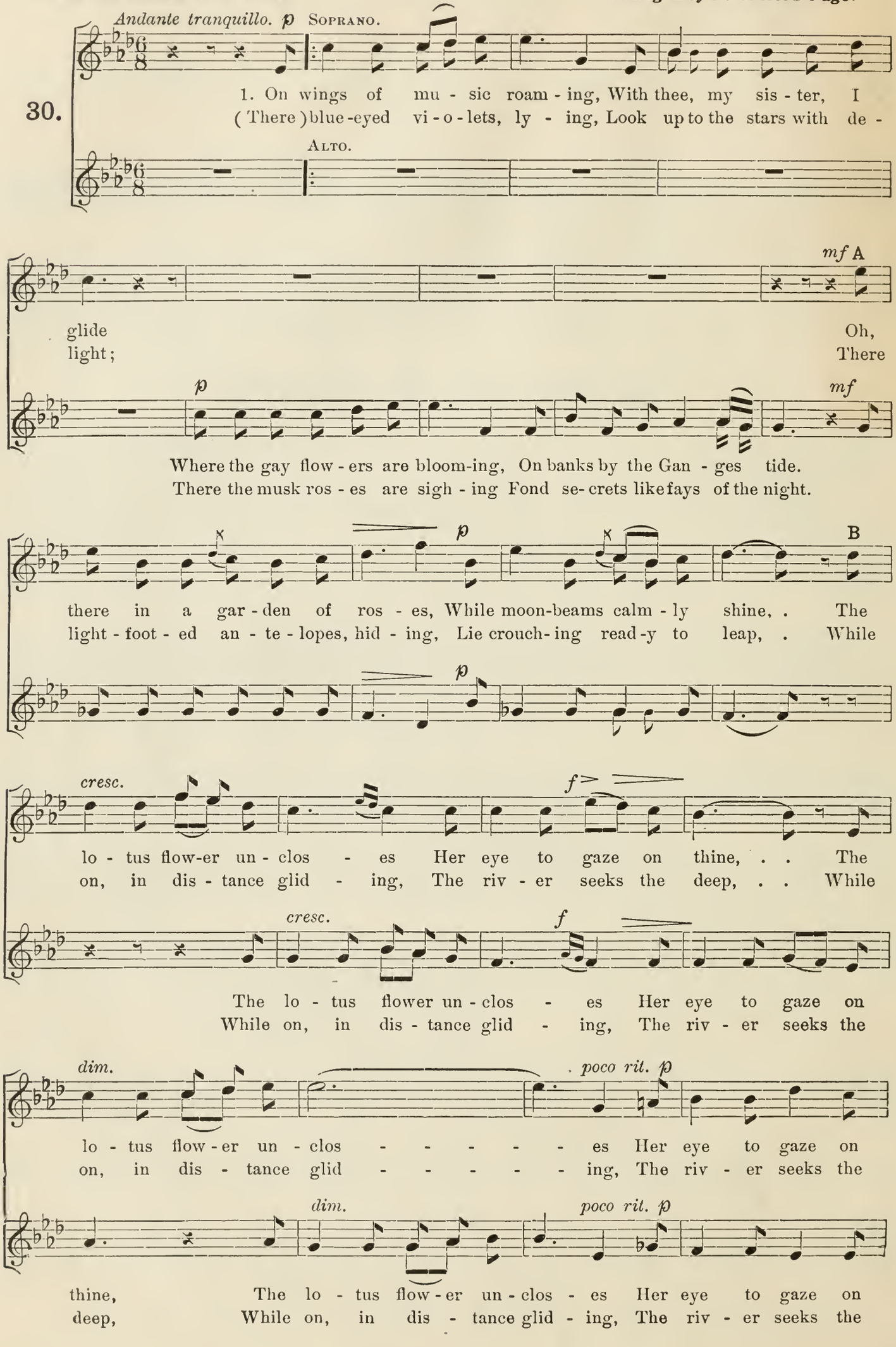


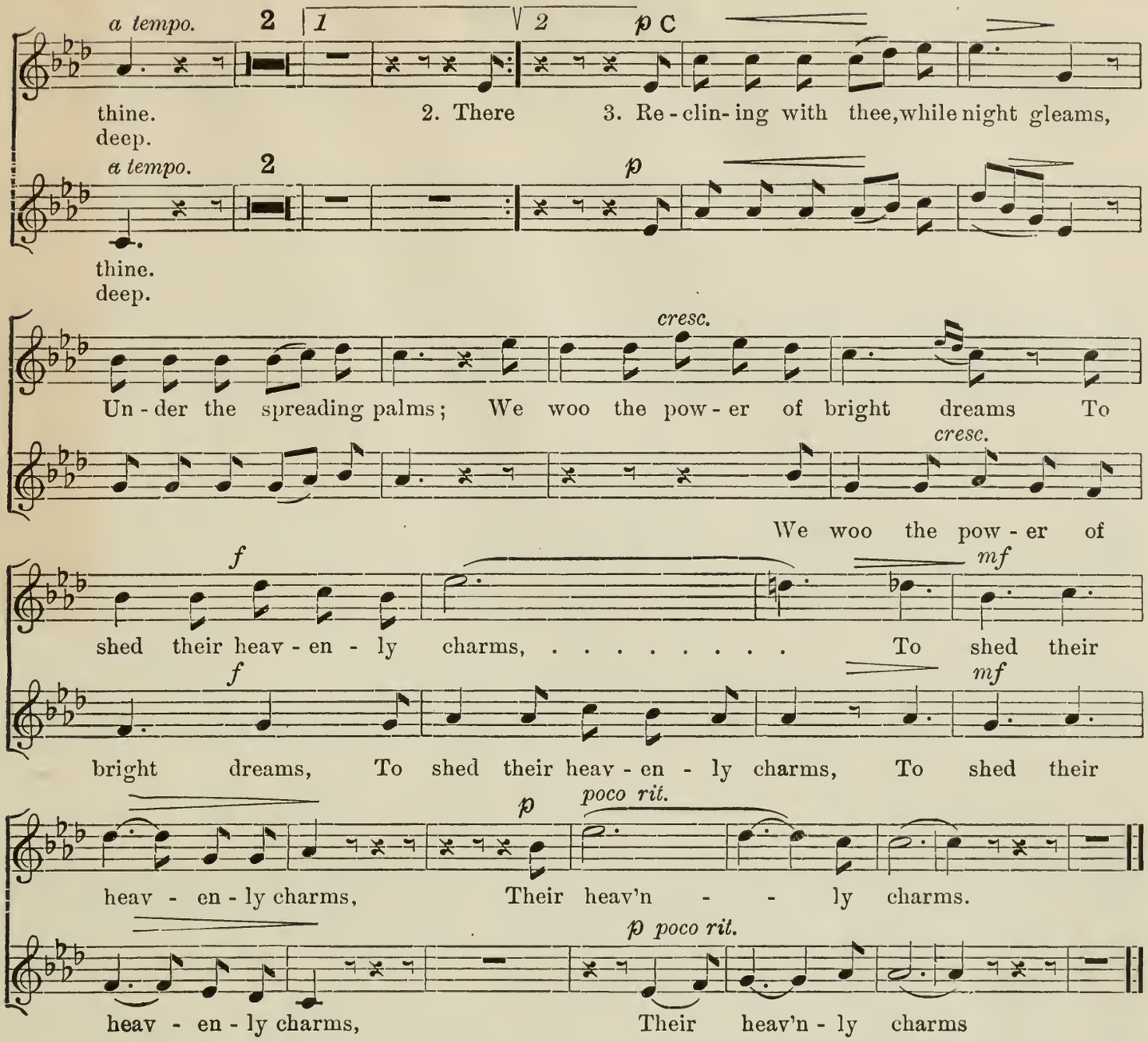
# ON WINGS OF MUSIC.

*Words by W. Bartholomew*
*from the German of H. Heine.*

S. A.

*Felix Mendelssohn.*
*Arranged by N. Clifford Page.*



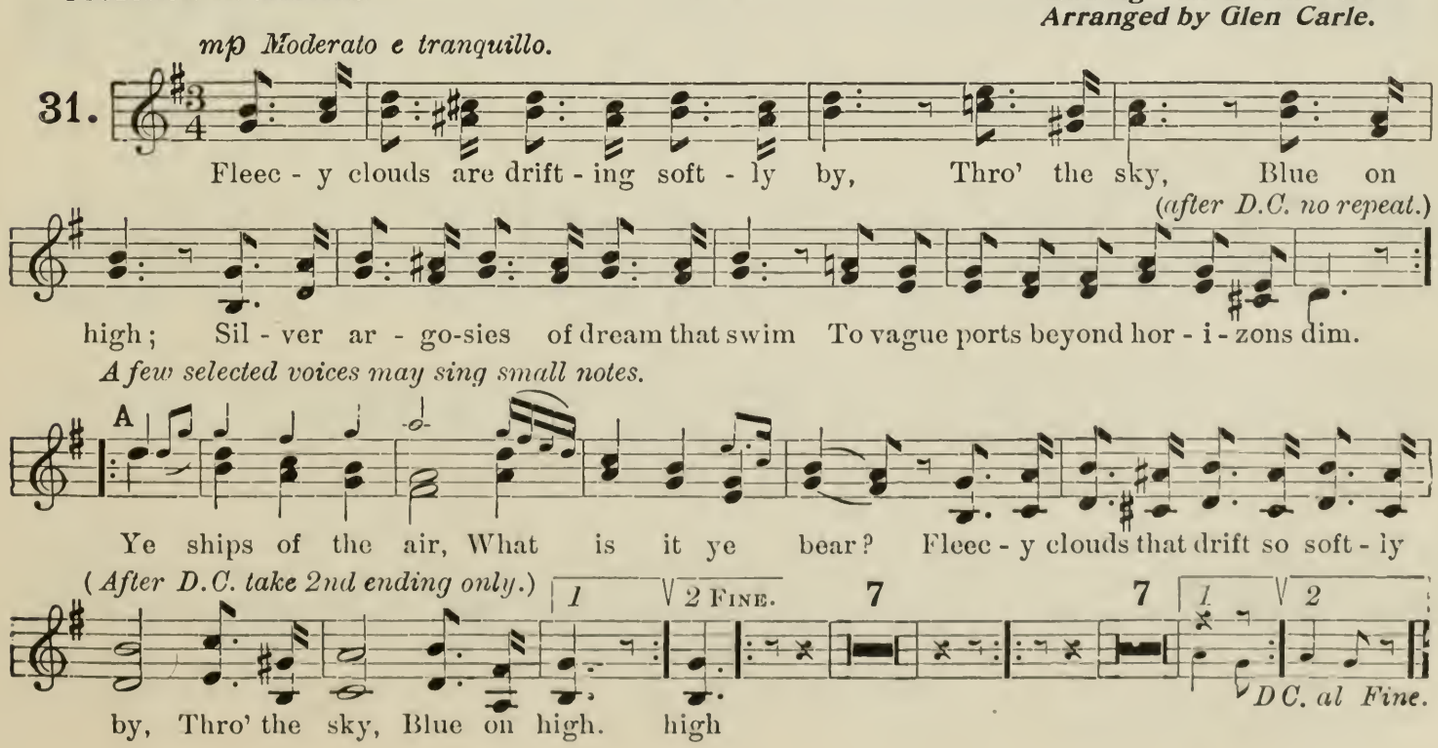



## FLEECY CLOUDS.

(MINUET IN G.)

(*Violin ad lib.*)

***Frederick H. Martens.*** S. A. ***Ludwig van Beethoven. Arranged by Glen Carle.***



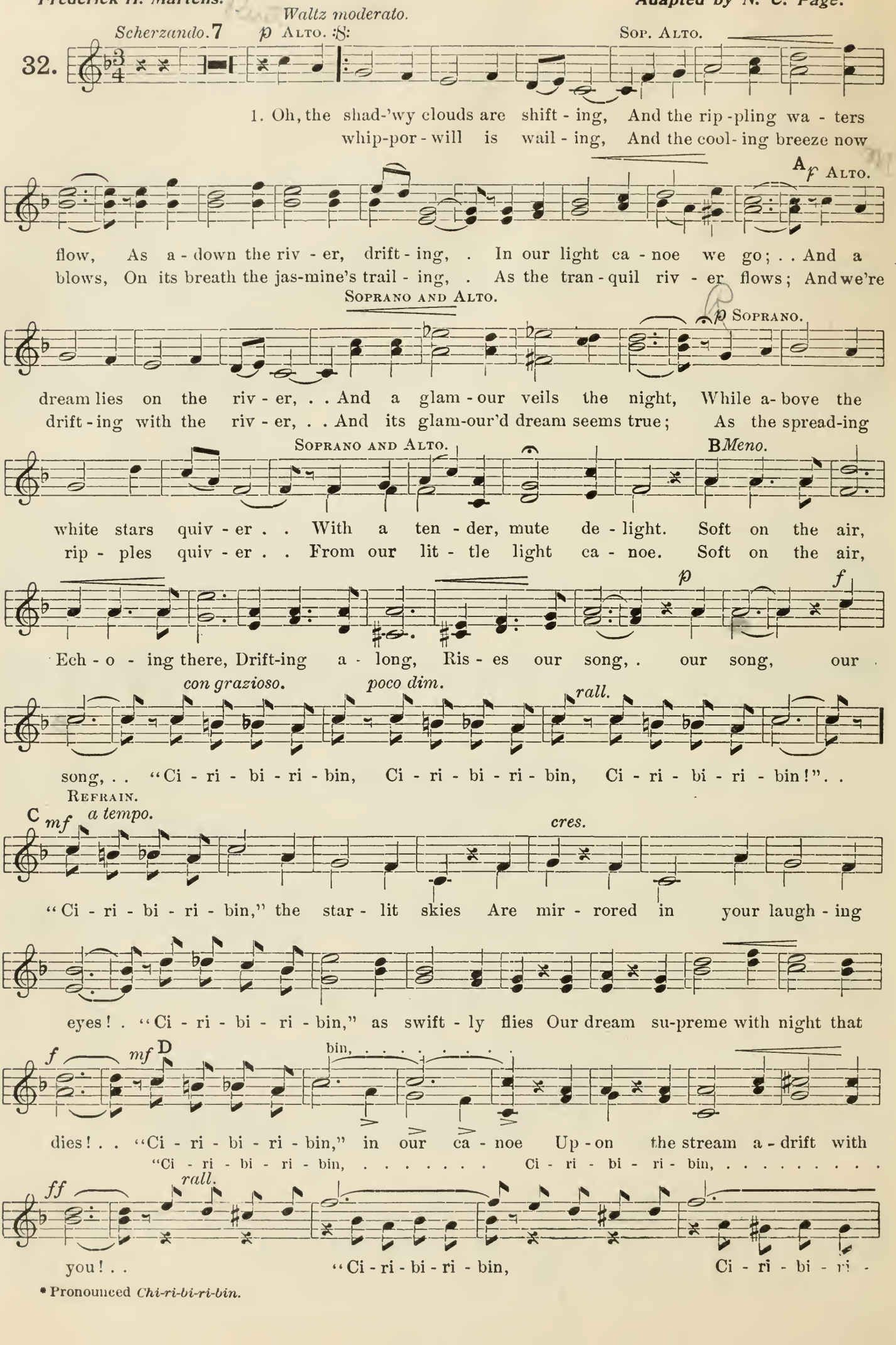
# CANOE SONG.

* (CIRIBIRIBIN.)

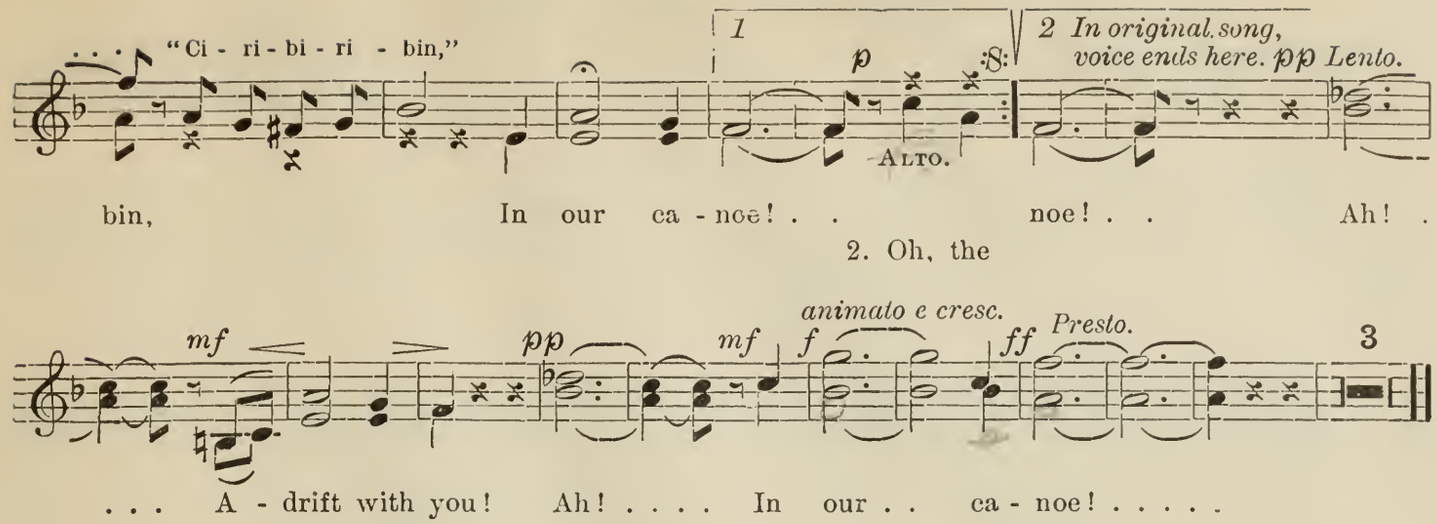
S. A.

*English words by Frederick H. Martens.*

*A. Pestalozza.*
***Adapted by N. C. Page.***




* Pronounced *Chi-ri-bi-ri-bin.*



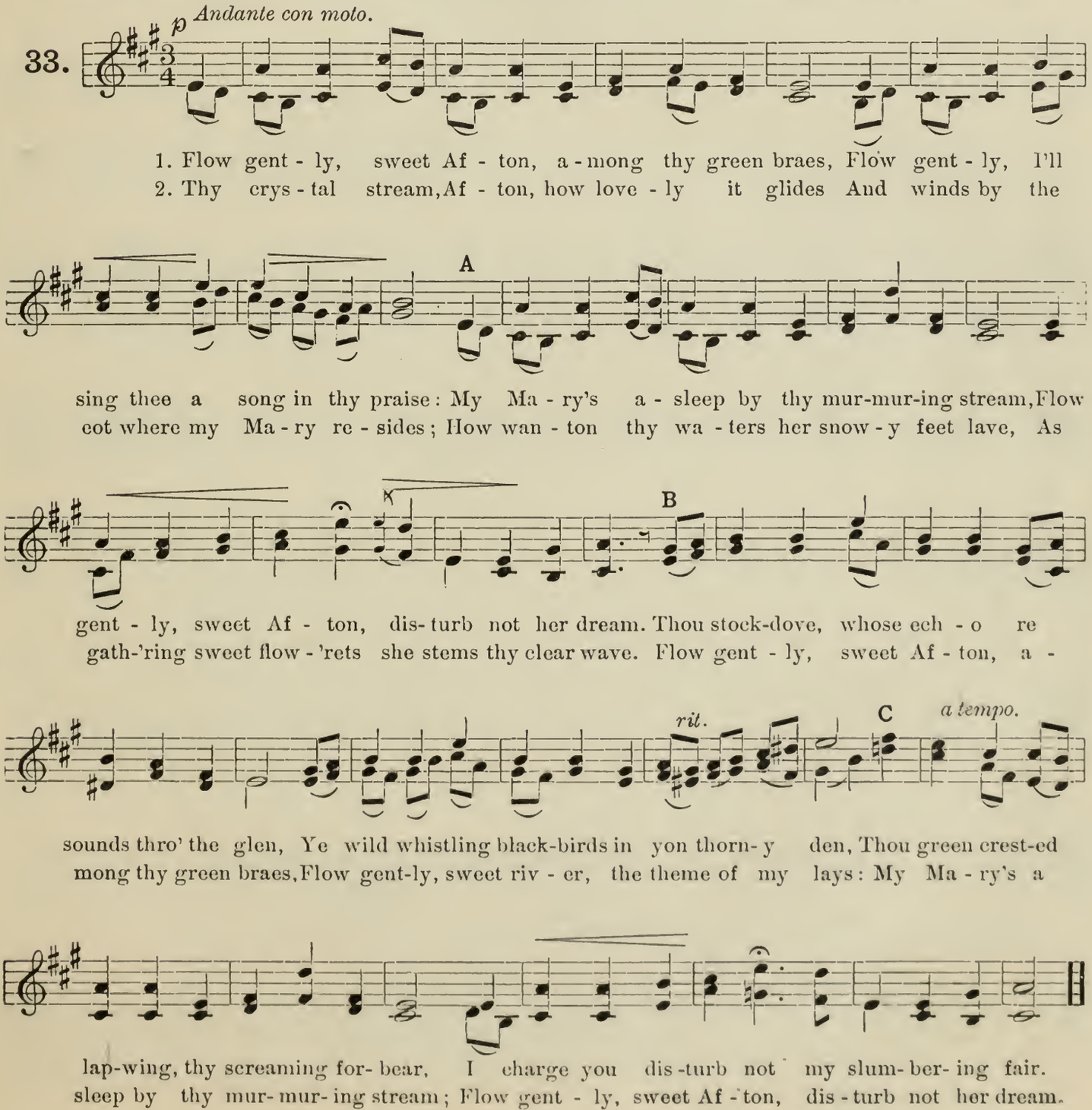

## FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

S. A.

*J. E. Spilman.*

***Robert Burns.***

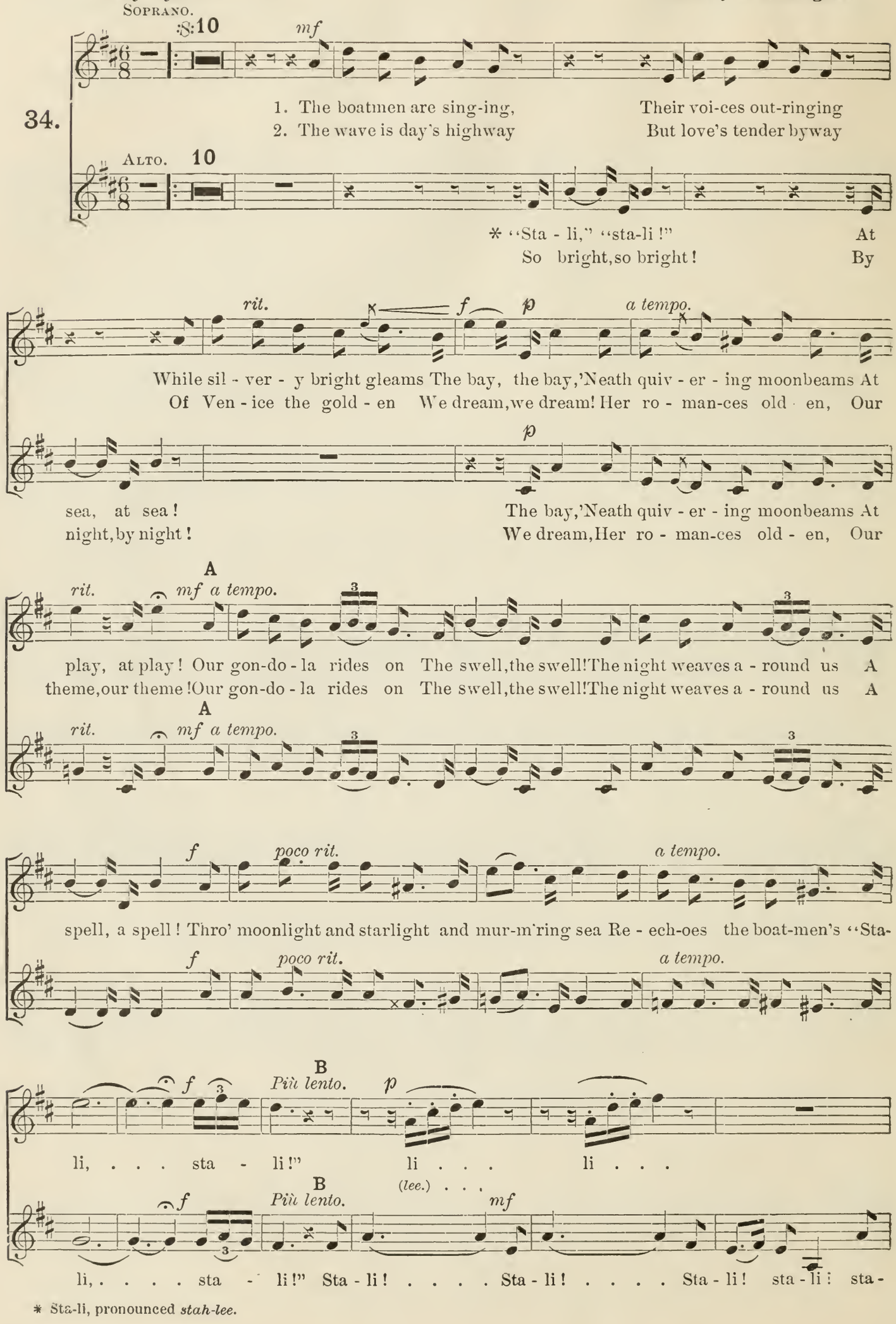
***Arranged by N. Clifford Page.***



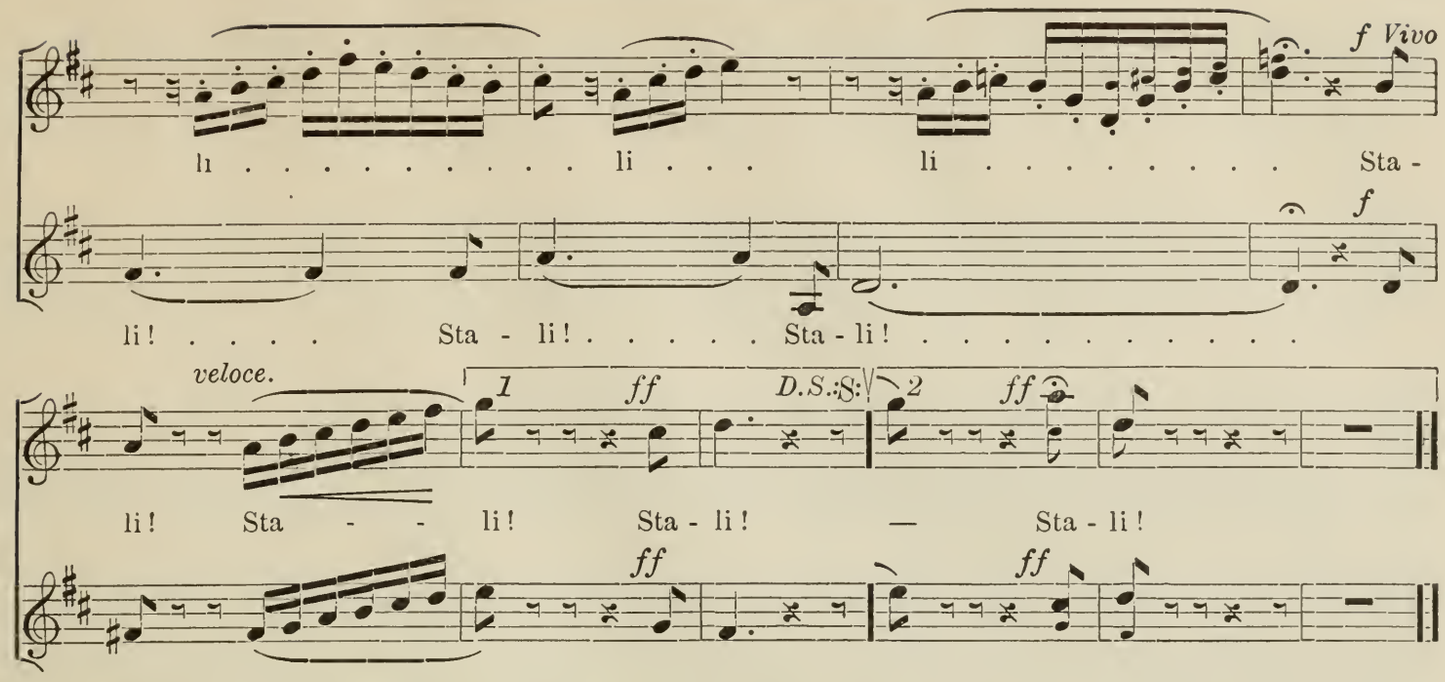
# VENETIAN BOAT SONG.

*Text revised by Wilbur Weeks.* S. A. *Jacques Blumenthal.*

*Allegro giocoso.* *Edited by J. Remington.*




* Sta-li, pronounced *stah-lee.*




# TRIPPING HITHER, TRIPPING THITHER.

FAIRY CHORUS FROM "IOLANTHE."

(Abridged.)

S. A.

***W. S. Gilbert.*** ***Sir Arthur Sullivan.***

*Allegretto quasi vivace.*

35.

6

*f* Soprano.

Alto.

Trip - ping hith - er, trip - ping

A

thith - er, No - bod - y knows why or whith - er, We must dance and we must

sing . . Round a - bout our fair - y ring. Trip - ping hith - er, trip - ping

thith - er, No - bod - y knows why or whith-er, We must dance and we must sing, Round a -

bout our fair - y ring. Trip-ping hith - er, trip- ping thith -er, No - bod - y knows why or

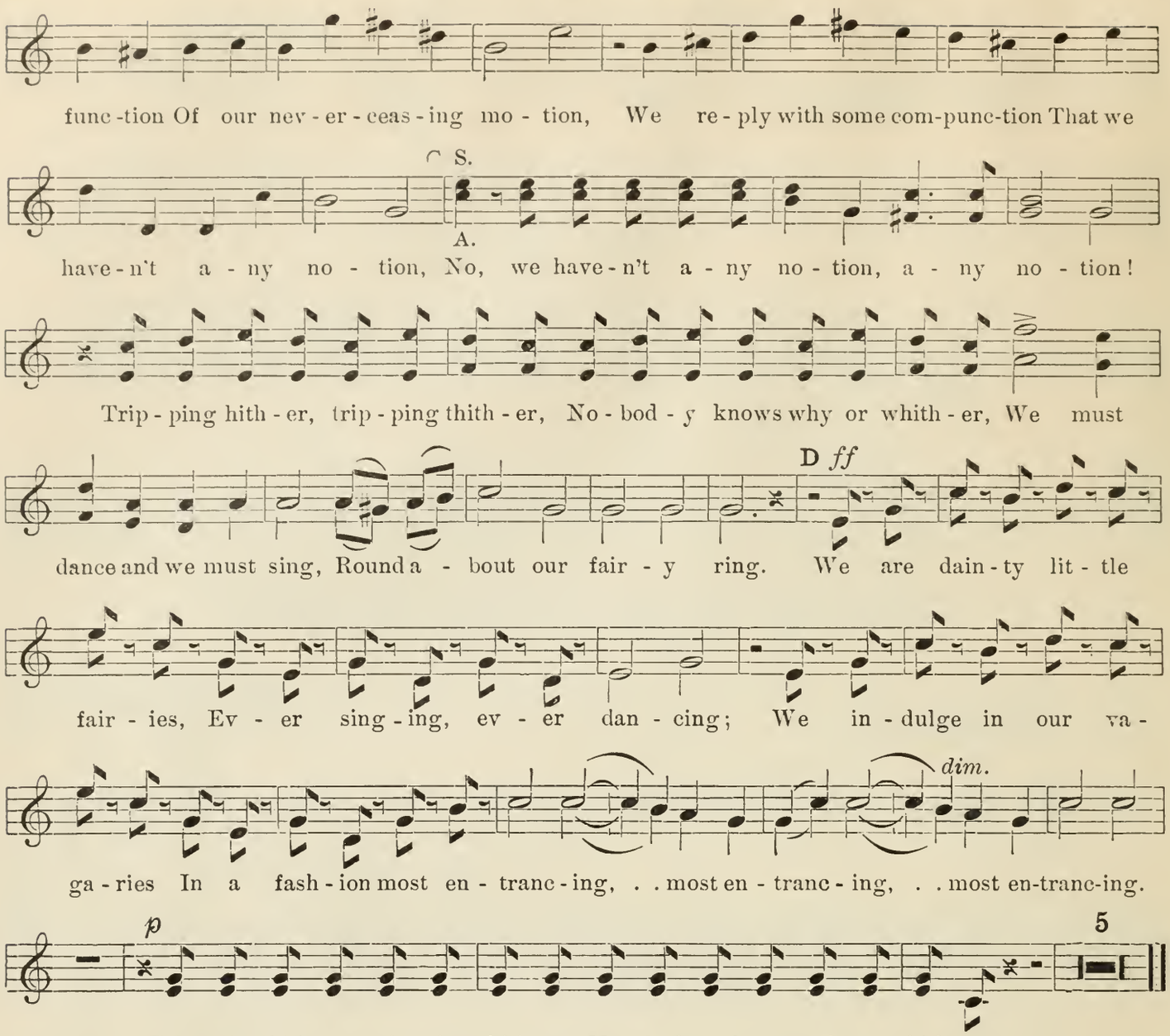
whith - er, We must dance and we must sing, Round a - bout our fair - y ring.

B Alto.

We are dain - ty lit - tle fair - ies, Ev - er sing - ing, ev - er dan - cing, We in -

Soprano. *stacc.*

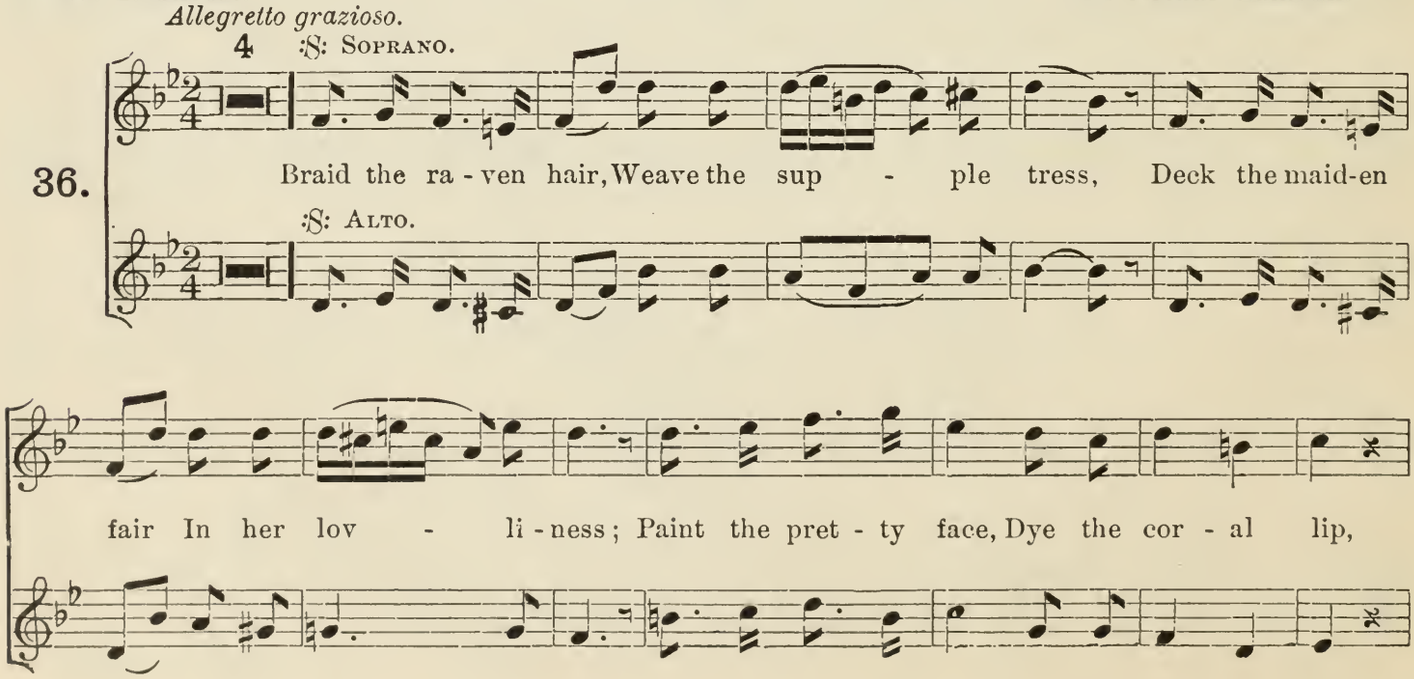
dulge in our va - ga - ries In a fash - ion most en - tranc-ing. If you ask the spe-cial

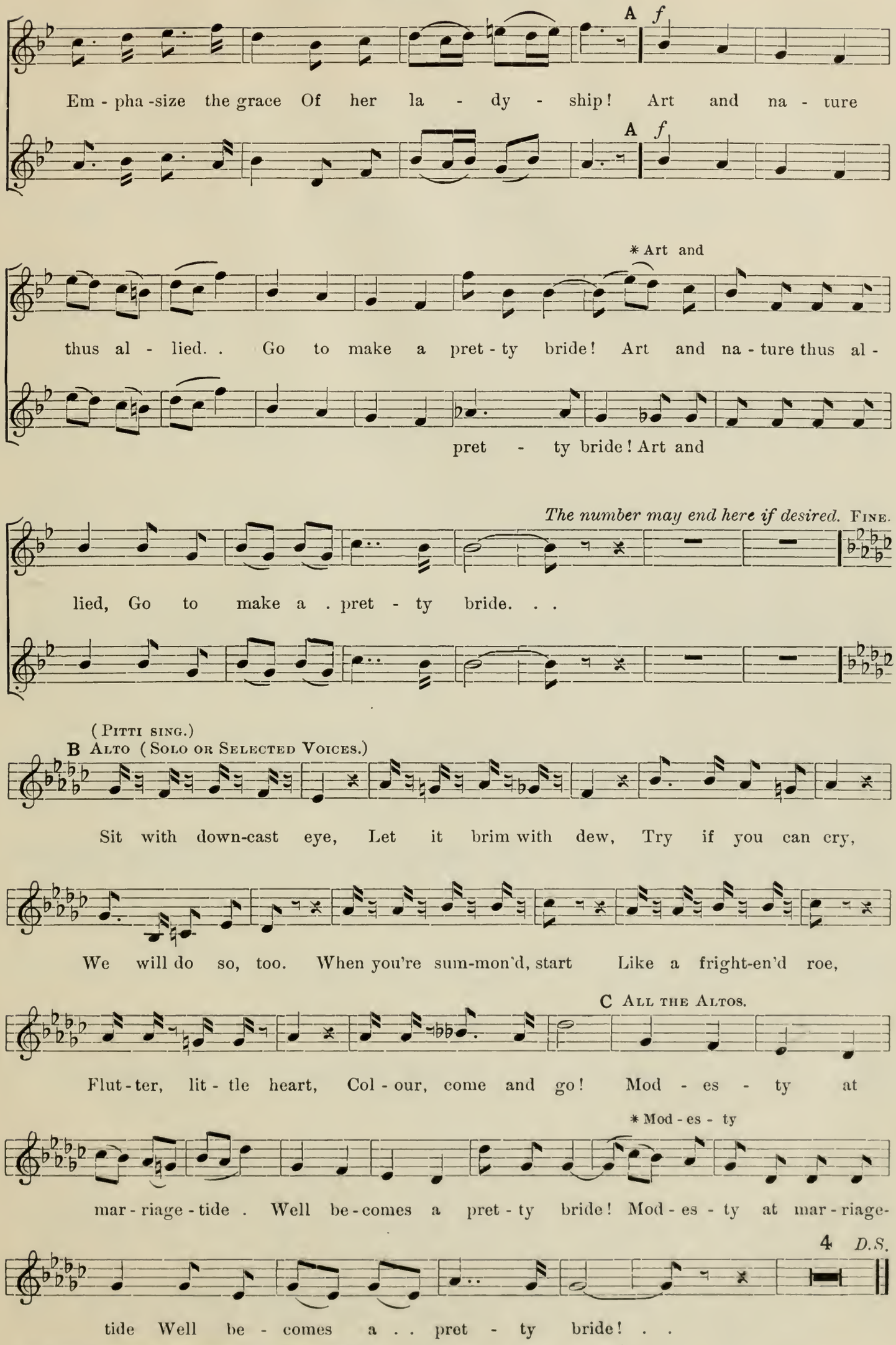



## BRAID THE RAVEN HAIR.

FROM "THE MIKADO."

*W. S. Gilbert.* S. A. *Sir Arthur Sullivan.*






* Upper phrasing may be preferred to original.

# O'ER THE SUMMER TIDE.

(FROM "LAKME.")

*English text by M. Louise Baum.* S. A. *Léo Delibes.*

37.

*Andantino.* 3 *p* Soprano. *a tempo.*

O'er . . . . the tide, Light . . . . we glide

3 Alto *p a tempo.*

O'er the sum - mer tide, Light - ly let us glide

Where the lil - ies are float - ing! Dip . . . the oar, Spurn . . the shore,

Where the lil - ies are float - ing! Slow-ly dip the oar, Spurn the sul -try shore,

A *mf*

Leave all care and come boat - ing! On . . . we drift, Lil - ies lift,

*mf* *p*

Leave all care and come boat - ing! Past the marge we drift, Lil - ies bow and lift,

*mf* *f*

Bird . . . note clear, a - near! O love - ly world of sum - mer!

*mf* *f*

Note of birds is clear, a - near! O love - ly world of sum - mer!

*p*

June! thou fair new - com - er! Lead . . . . us a - long, . . . With thy

*p*

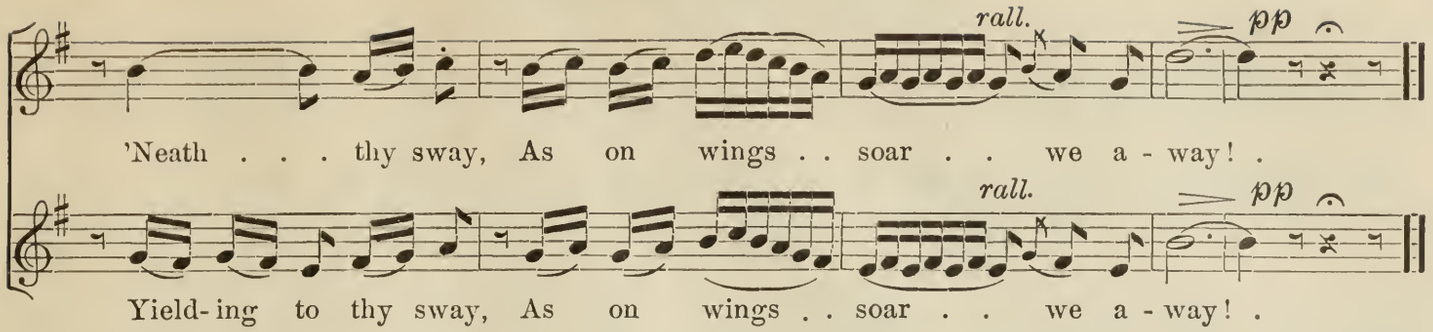
June! thou fair new - com - er! Lead us a - long, With thy song,

*poco rall.* B *pp a tempo.*

song, sing - ing, sing - ing! Ah! thy clear song! We . . . . . are gay,

*poco rall.* *pp a tempo.*

sing - ing, sing - ing! Ah! thy clear song! Till the heart is gay,




## WHEN DAWNING SPRINGTIME.

(NEAPOLITAN SERENADE.)

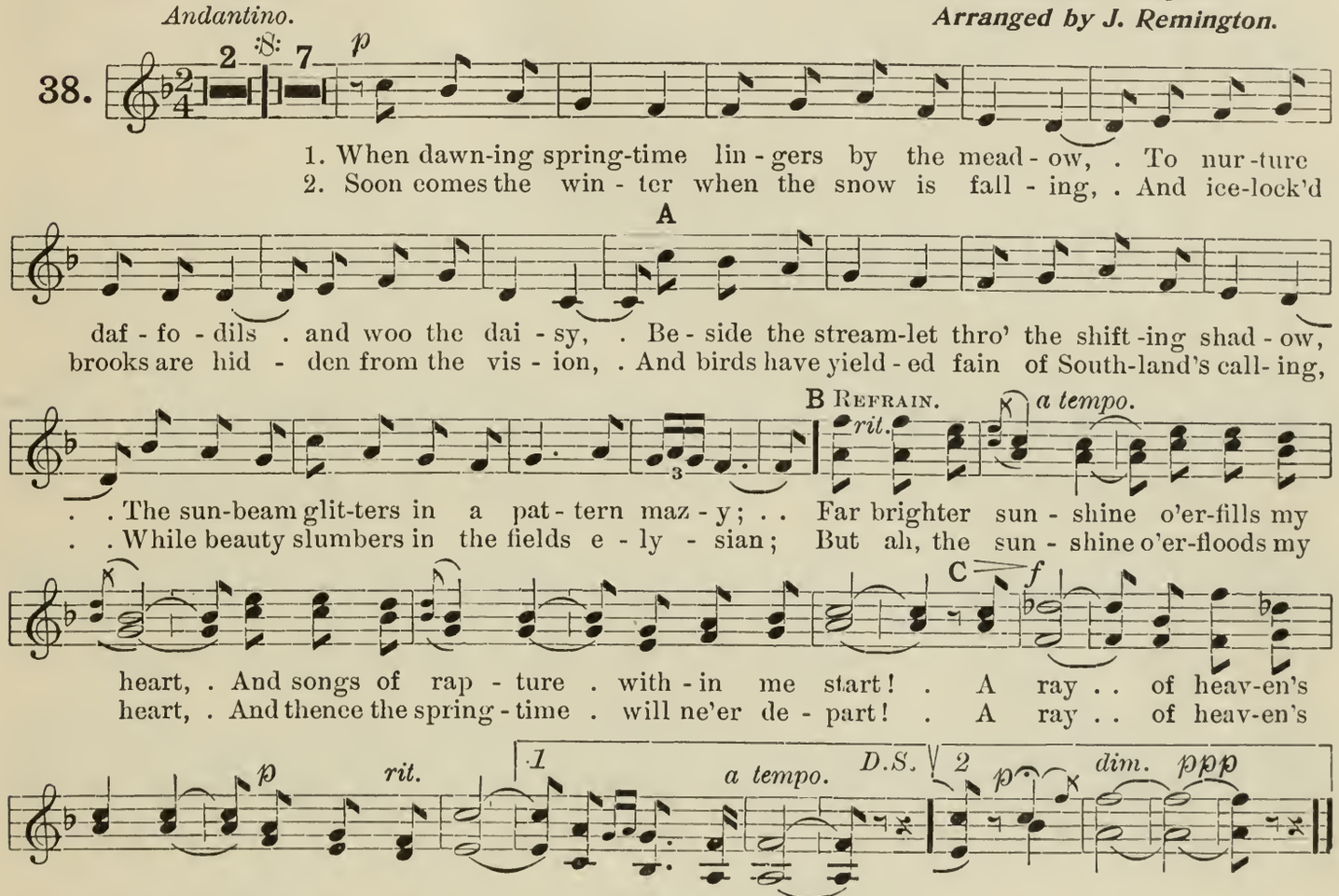
S. A.

*Victor N. Pierpont.*

*Andantino.*

*Eduardo di Capua.*

*Arranged by J. Remington.*

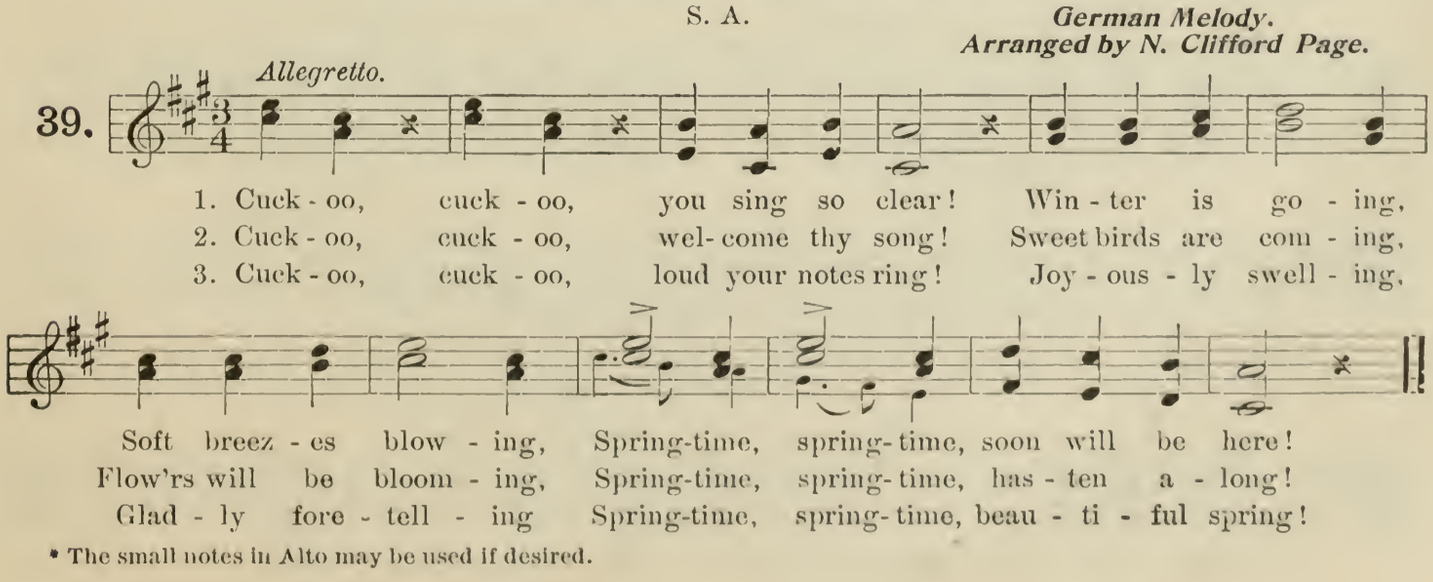



## CUCKOO, YOU SING SO CLEAR.

S. A.

*German Melody.*

*Arranged by N. Clifford Page.*




* The small notes in Alto may be used if desired.

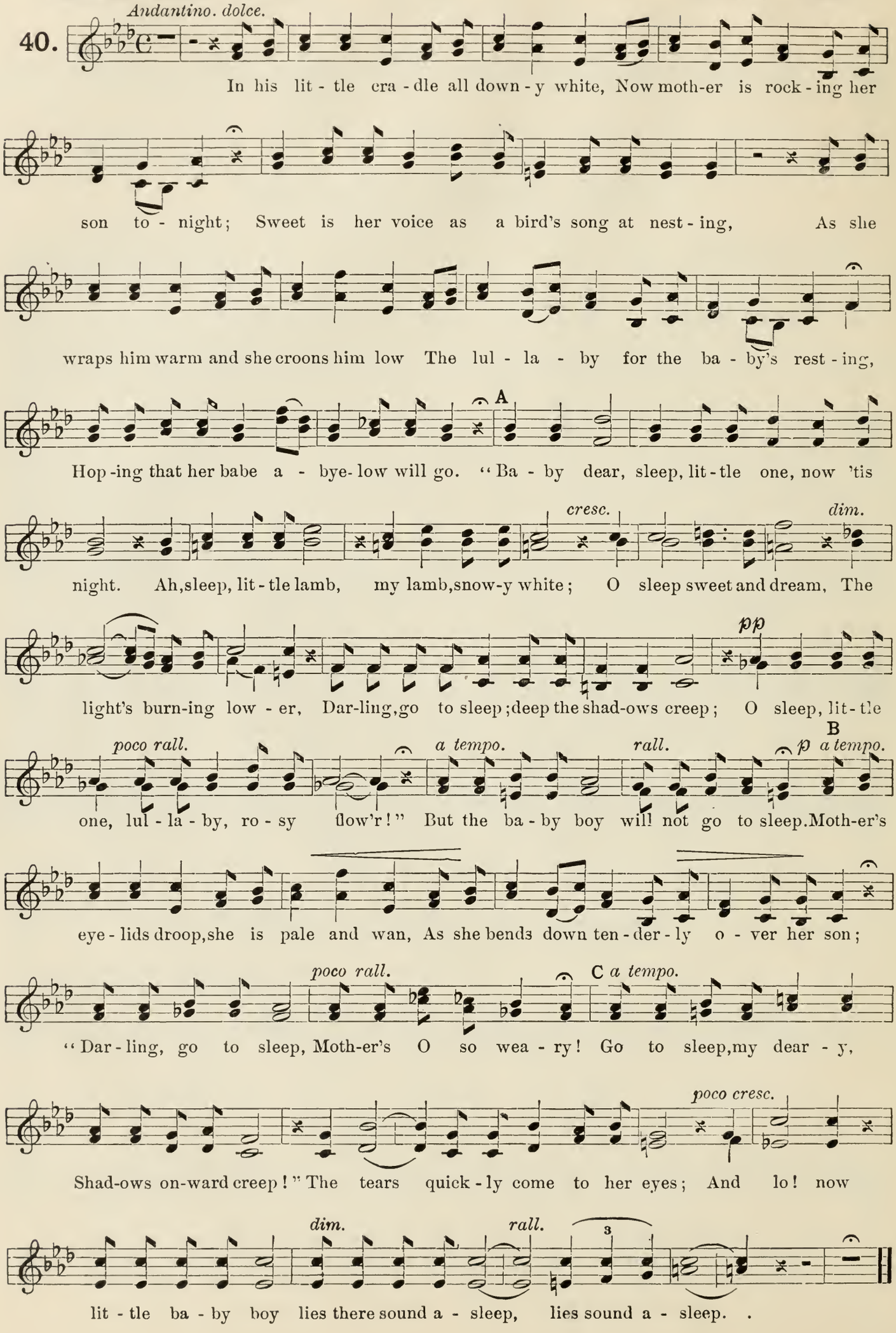
# IN HIS LITTLE CRADLE.

*Alphonse Daudet.*
*English by M. Louise Baum.*

S. A.

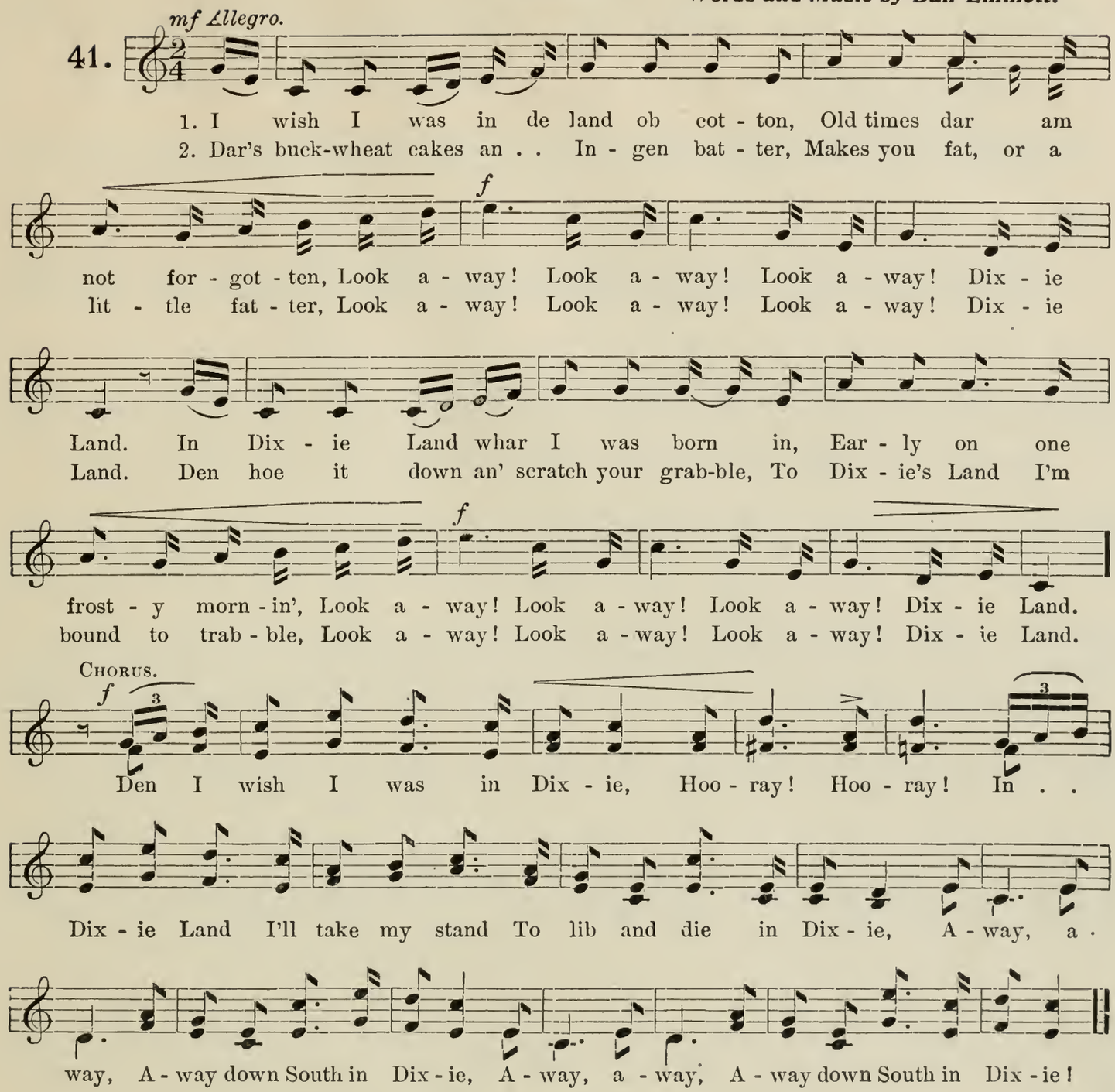
*César Franck.*
*Edited by A. Bode.*

40. *Andantino. dolce.*



# DIXIE.

***Words and Music by Dan Emmett.***




The following version written by a Southern lady, has found favor in many quarters.

1 I wish I was in de lan' ob cotton,
Old times dere is not forgotten,
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land.

'Tis dere we passed such merry hours
'Mid de fores' leaves an' flow'rs,
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land.

2 O gay de times dat we had togedder;
Cared not we for wind or wedder;
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land.

'Twas always gay and pleasant dere;
Ne'er a cloud and ne'er a care,
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land.

Chorus.

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land to take my stand,
To lib an' die in Dixie,
Away, away,
Away down South in Dixie!
Away, away,
Away down South in Dixie!

# AMARYLLIS.

(AIR DU ROI LOUIS XIII.)

S. S. A.

*Transcribed by Henry Ghys.*
*Adapted and arranged by N. Clifford Page.*

*Words by M. Louise Baum.*

42.

Soprano I and II.

*p Allegretto moderato.*

"Am - a - ryl - lis, blithe and gay, You are sweet as mur-mur-ing wind, Fair - er

*p* Alto.

*mf* A

far than flow'r's of May, And than June's own sun-shine more kind. Your low voice is like the

brook, Ech- oed 'neath the sum -mer - y blue. Like the blush-ing rose your look, When it's

Stre - phon stray'd thro' the glade,

B *f*

dai - ly bud - ding a - new." Stre- phon stray'd sing-ing thro' the glade, And he

*f*

He ven-tures near, says "My dear, *poco rit.*

found her 'neath the haw-thorn's shade. He ven-tures near, and he says "My dear, Deign my tale of

*poco rit.*

C *p a tempo.*

love to hear! Ev- 'ry shep-herd, near and far, Pipes your prais-es, pipes them with

pipes with

*p a tempo.*

*f*

art; Tho' they name you 'guid - ing star,' I a - lone am faith-ful of heart."

art; *f*

D *Meno* *pp lightly.*

"Stre - phon, but praise is pleas - ant, pip - ing

*mf* Melody in Alto.

"Stre-phon!" I hear the maid de - clare, "Prais-es are kind and pip - ing is

*rit.*

sweet. Shall I e'er lack a swain at my feet?

*rit.*

sweet; If gen-tle swains are ev - 'ry - where, How shall I ev - er lack one at my feet?

*Tempo I.*

"Stre - phon say" cried she, gay,

E *f vigoroso.*

"Stre - phon say," cried the maid - en gay, To the oth - ers why must

*f vigoroso.*

Each lad, like you, calls un - true;

*poco rit. e dim.*

I say nay? Each lad, like you, calls the rest un - true; Why trust a - ny who

*poco rit. e dim.*

*mf*

F *Meno.*

*very lightly and daintily.*

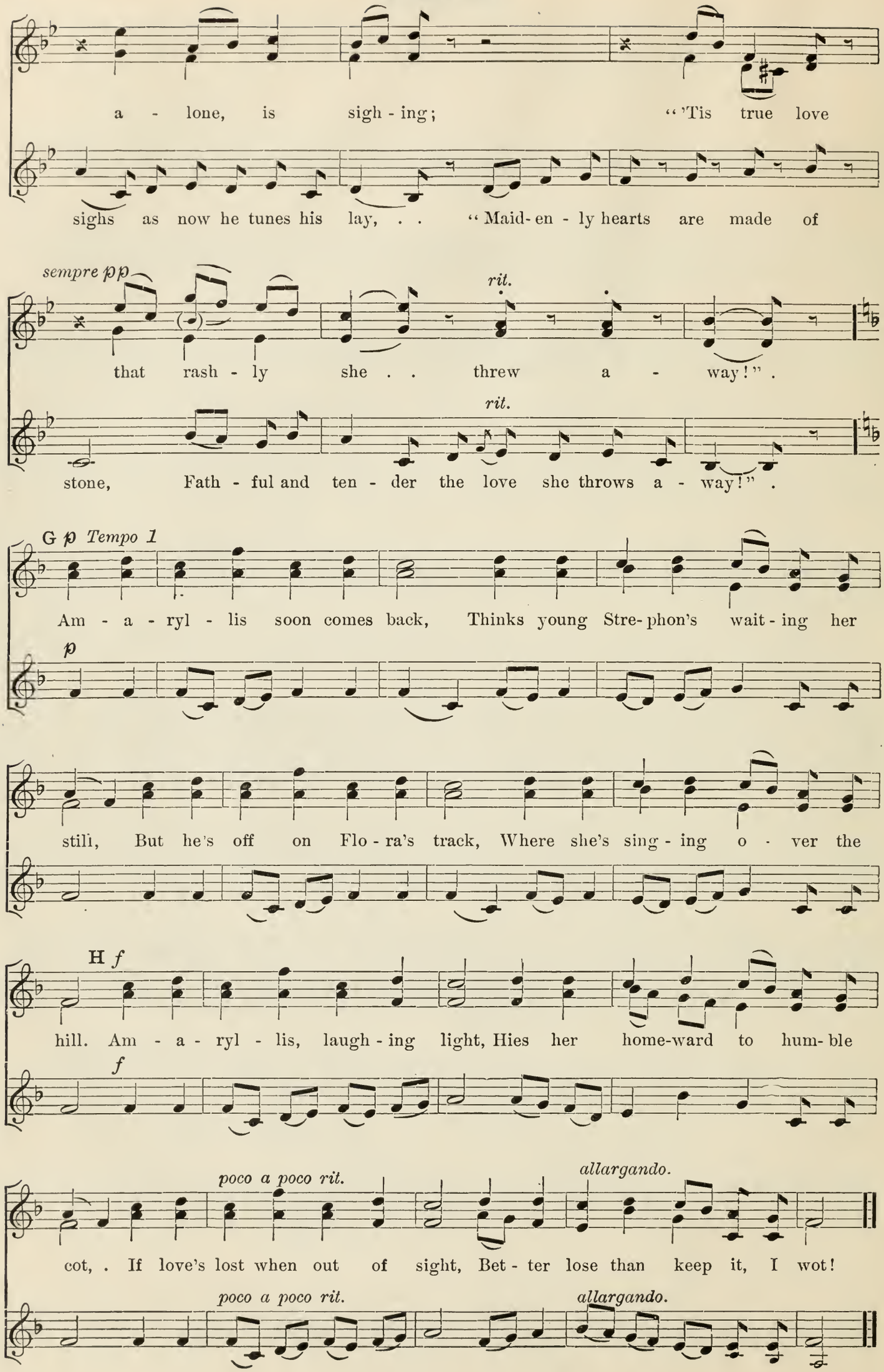
*pp*

comes to woo?" Now Stre-phon all sad - ly

*mf*

*mf marcato.*

Stre-phon is left here all a - lone, Sad - ly he


a - lone, is sigh - ing; "'Tis true love
sighs as now he tunes his lay, . . "Maid-en - ly hearts are made of
sempre pp
rit.
that rash - ly she . . threw a - way!" .
rit.
stone, Fath - ful and ten - der the love she throws a - way!" .
G p Tempo 1
Am - a - ryl - lis soon comes back, Thinks young Stre-phon's wait - ing her
p
stili, But he's off on Flo - ra's track, Where she's sing - ing o - ver the
H f
hill. Am - a - ryl - lis, laugh - ing light, Hies her home-ward to hum-ble
f
poco a poco rit.
allargando.
cot, . If love's lost when out of sight, Bet - ter lose than keep it, I wot!
poco a poco rit.
allargando.

# HOLY IS HIS NAME.

LARGO FROM "XERXES."

*Thomas Williams.* S. S. A. *G. F. Handel.*
*Arr. by Glen Carle.*

*Largo.*

43.

SOPRANO I AND II.

13

I. *p* Fa - - - ther in heav'n,

ALTO.

13

*p* Thy chil - dren hear,

*mp* *mf* Our weak - ness heed; *p* A

As they a - dor - ing bow, O Thou Al-might - y One, Our weak-ness heed;

*mf* *p* Strength-en our

*f* Like un - to

With hope in - spire our hearts, Flam-ing our souls with love, Like un - to

*f*

faith,

Thine. B *pp* *p*

Thine. Then . shall Thy works a-bound, Men . shall pro - claim that God our Lord is

*p* *f*

And ho - ly is His name.

*p*

God a-lone, And ho - ly, ho - ly is His name, . And ho - ly His name.

*p*

Ho - ly His name.

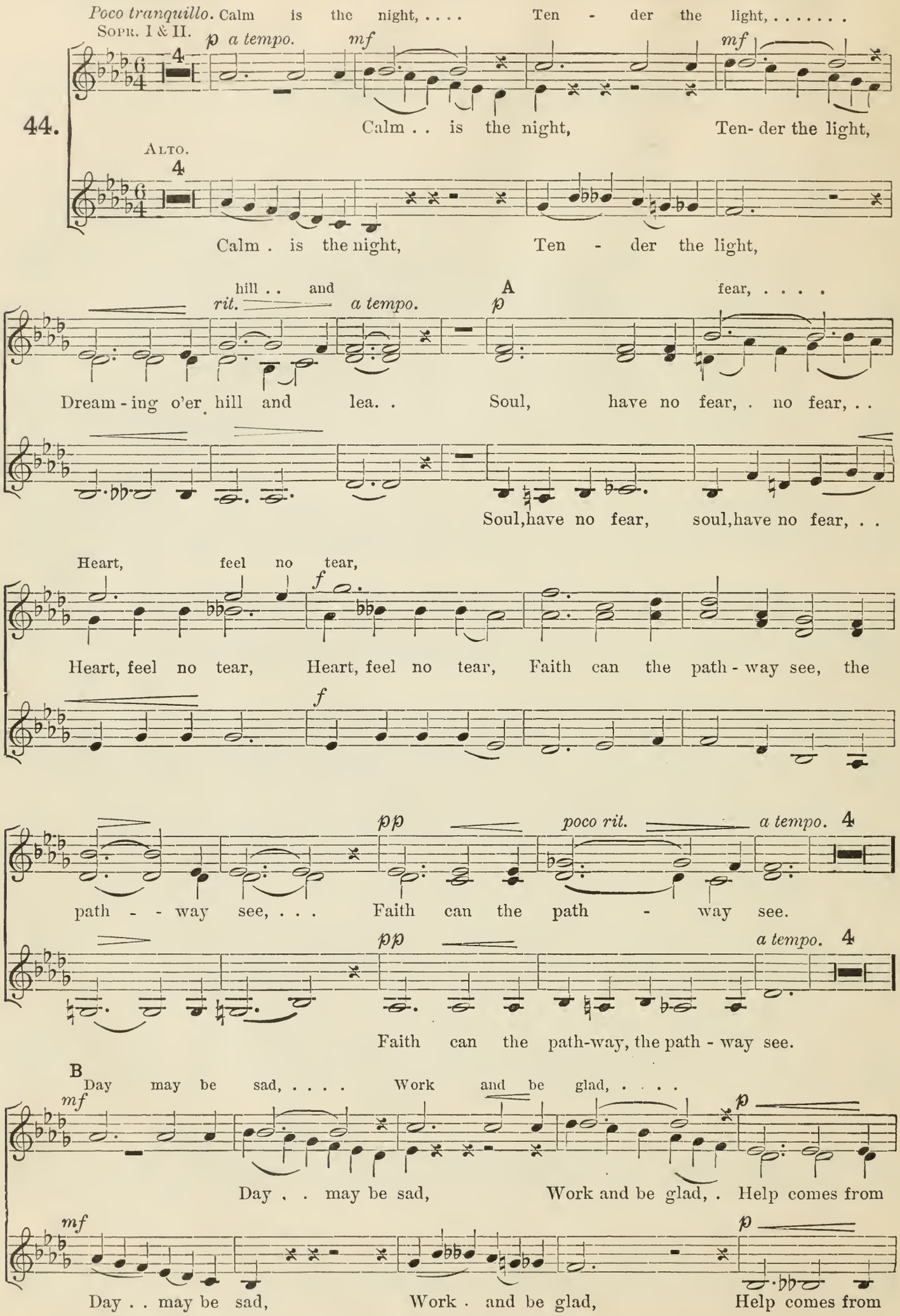
*ff* C *molto allargando.*

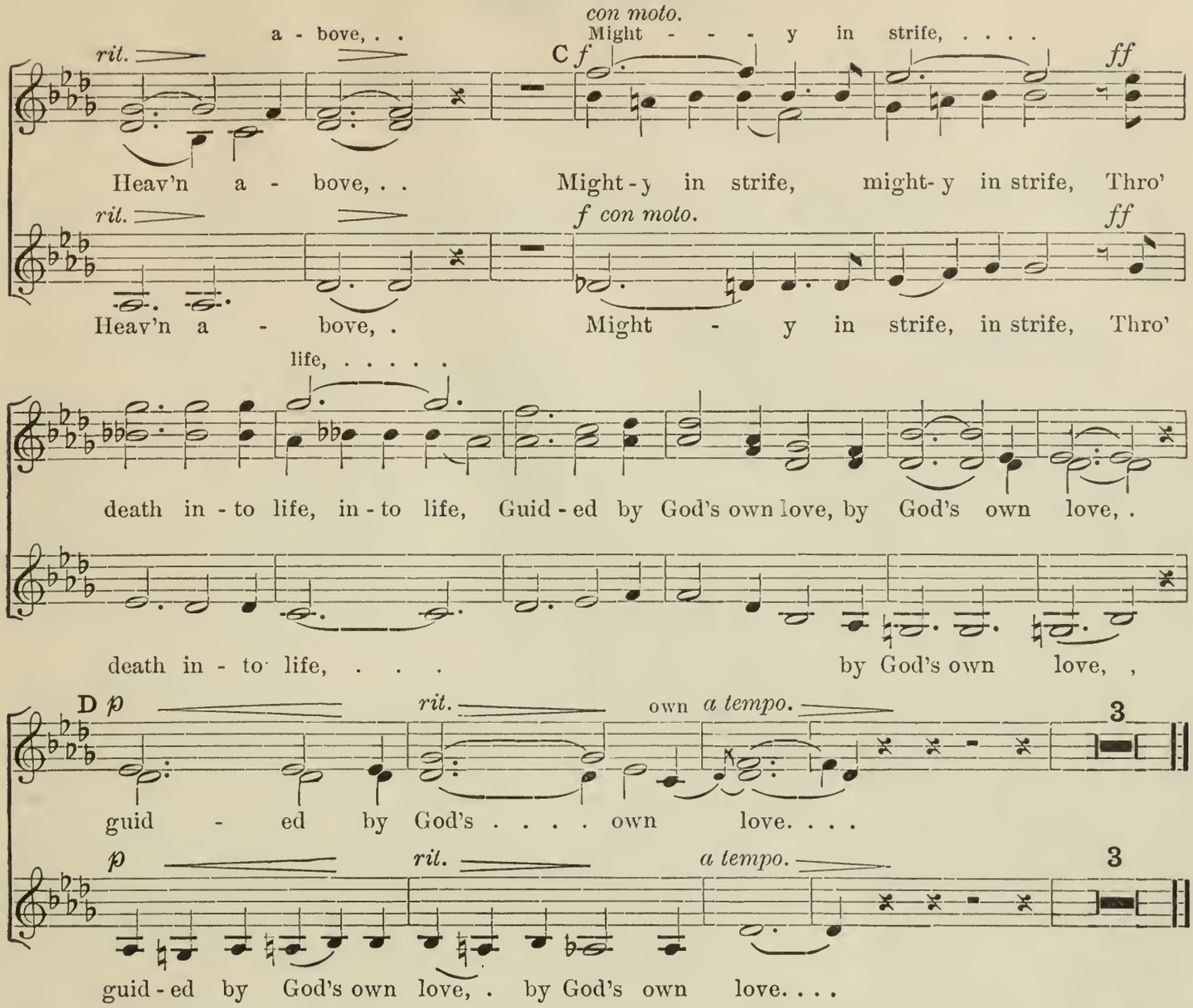
God our Lord . is God a - lone, And ho - ly, ho - ly is His name.

*ff* *molto allargando.*

# CALM IS THE NIGHT.

*Bertha Remick.* S. S. A. *Carl Bohm. Arranged by Bertha Remick.*

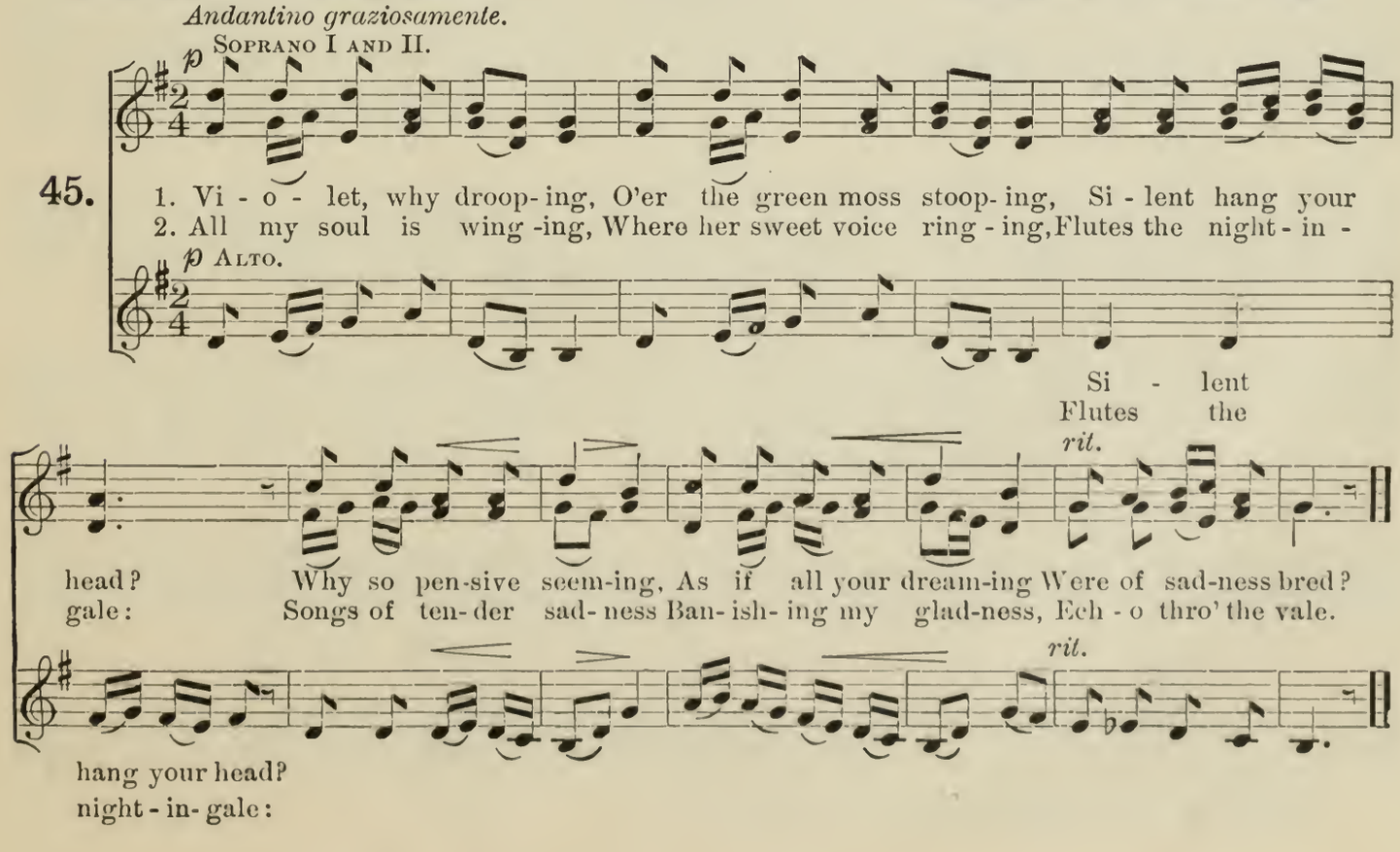





## THE VIOLET.

***Adapted by Frederick H. Martens.*** S. S. A. ***Hans G. Nageli.***
***Arranged by N. Clifford Page.***

*Andantino graziosamente.*



# CAVALRY SONG.

S. S. A.

*Frederick H. Martens.*

*Fritz Spindler, Op. 140, No. 3.*
*Adapted and arranged by N. Clifford Page.*

46.

*Allegro moderato.*

*p* Soprano I and II.

The dawn is on the plain, 'Tis "Mount and ride" a - gain; The

Alto.

*Following 5 measures ad lib. in Alto.*

We ride, The guid - ons flut - ter gay A - bove us on our way, With

guid - - ons flut - ter . . gay A - bove us on our way,

With clink - ing bit and spur we ride,

*cresc. a poco.*

sa - bre rat - tling at our side, Hur - rah! . . . . . Hur - rah! Hur -

On! on! With clink - ing bit and spur we ride,

rah! Hur-rah! Our chargers bay and pied, And dap-pled grey, we ride; With

*Following 5 measures ad lib. in Alto.*

We ride; With toss - ing manes, they neigh, To greet the per - fect day! Would you a no - ble

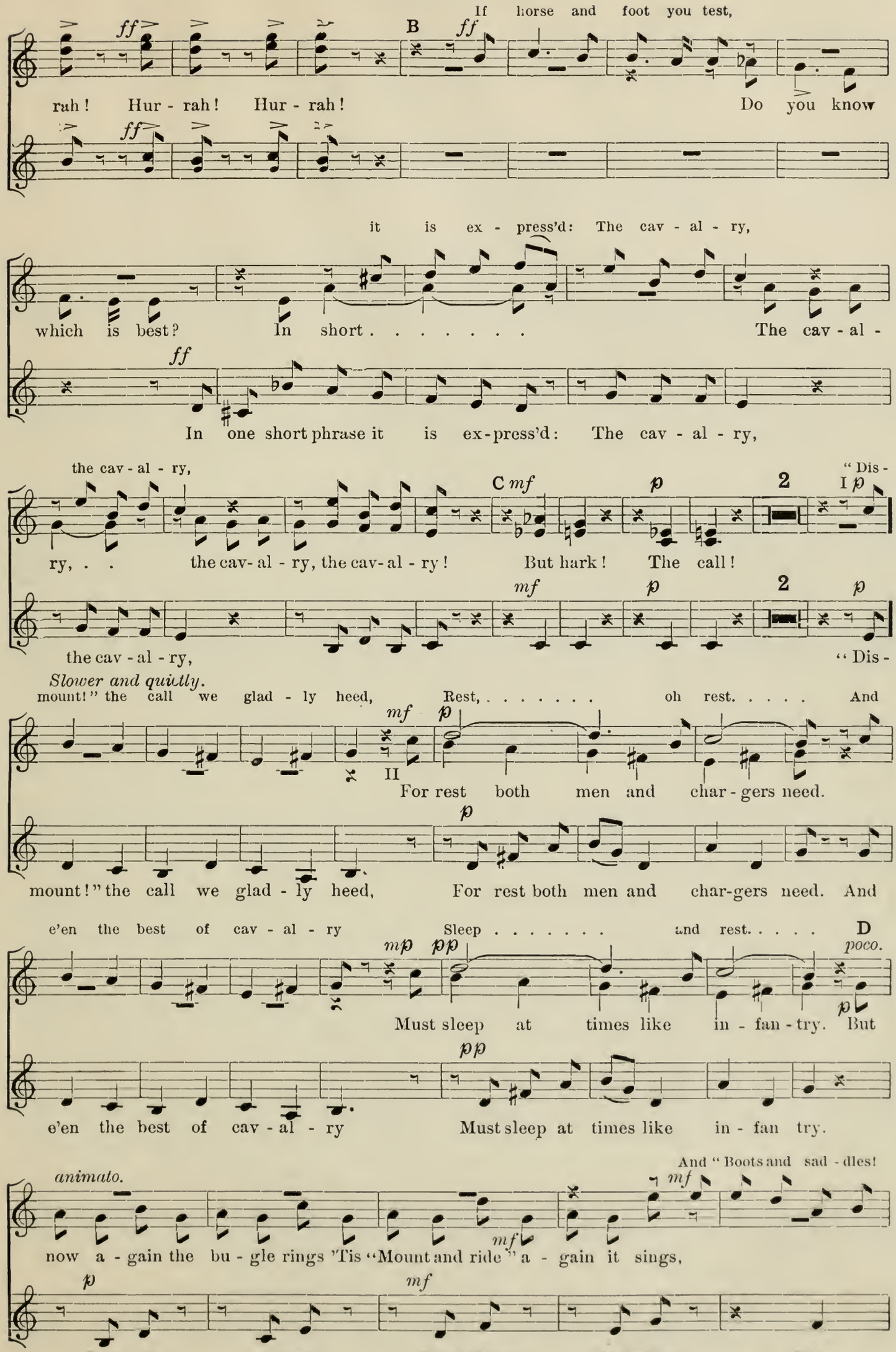
toss - ing manes, they neigh, To greet the per - fect day! a no - ble

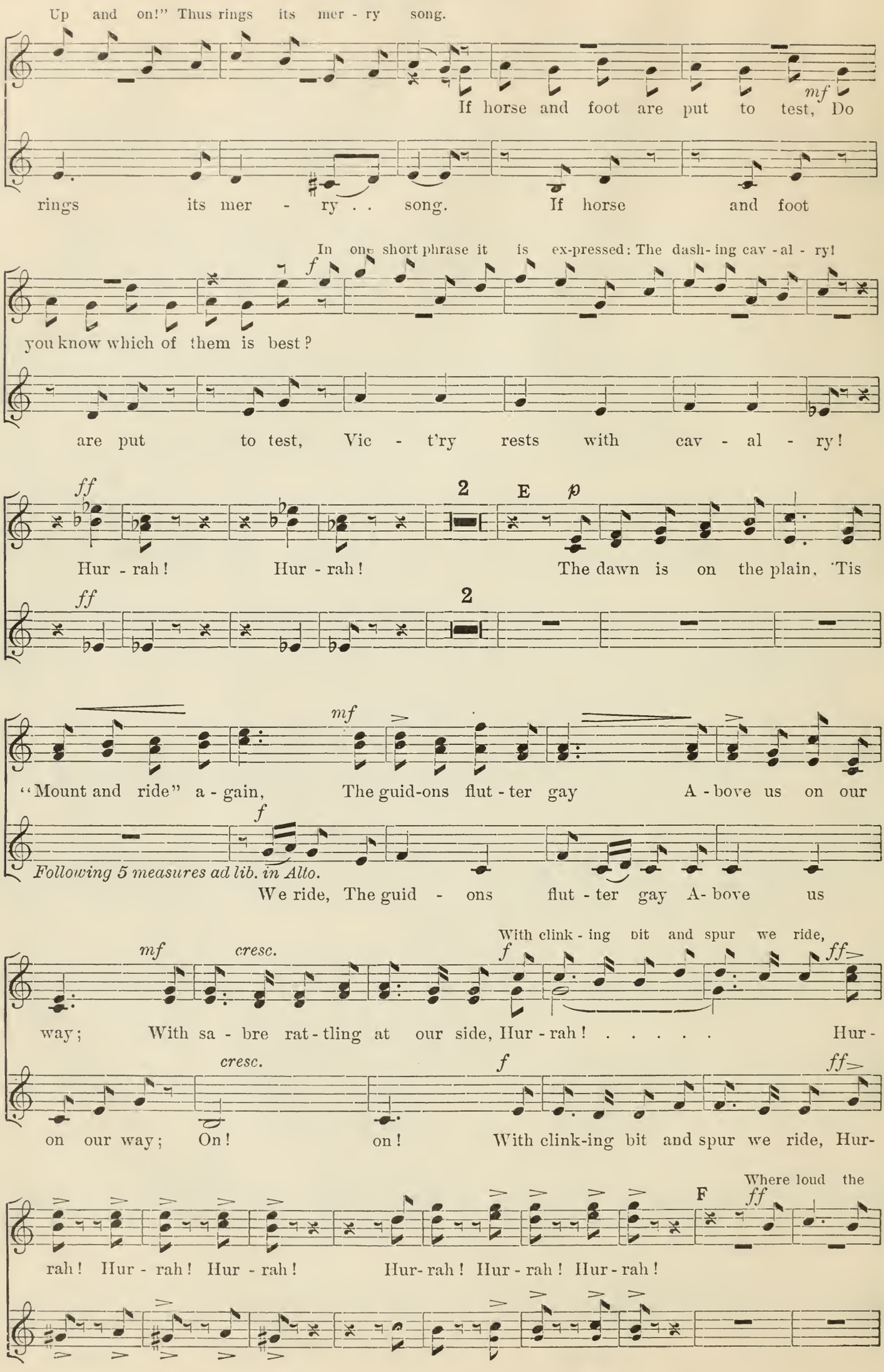
Then watch the gal - lant cav - al - ry!

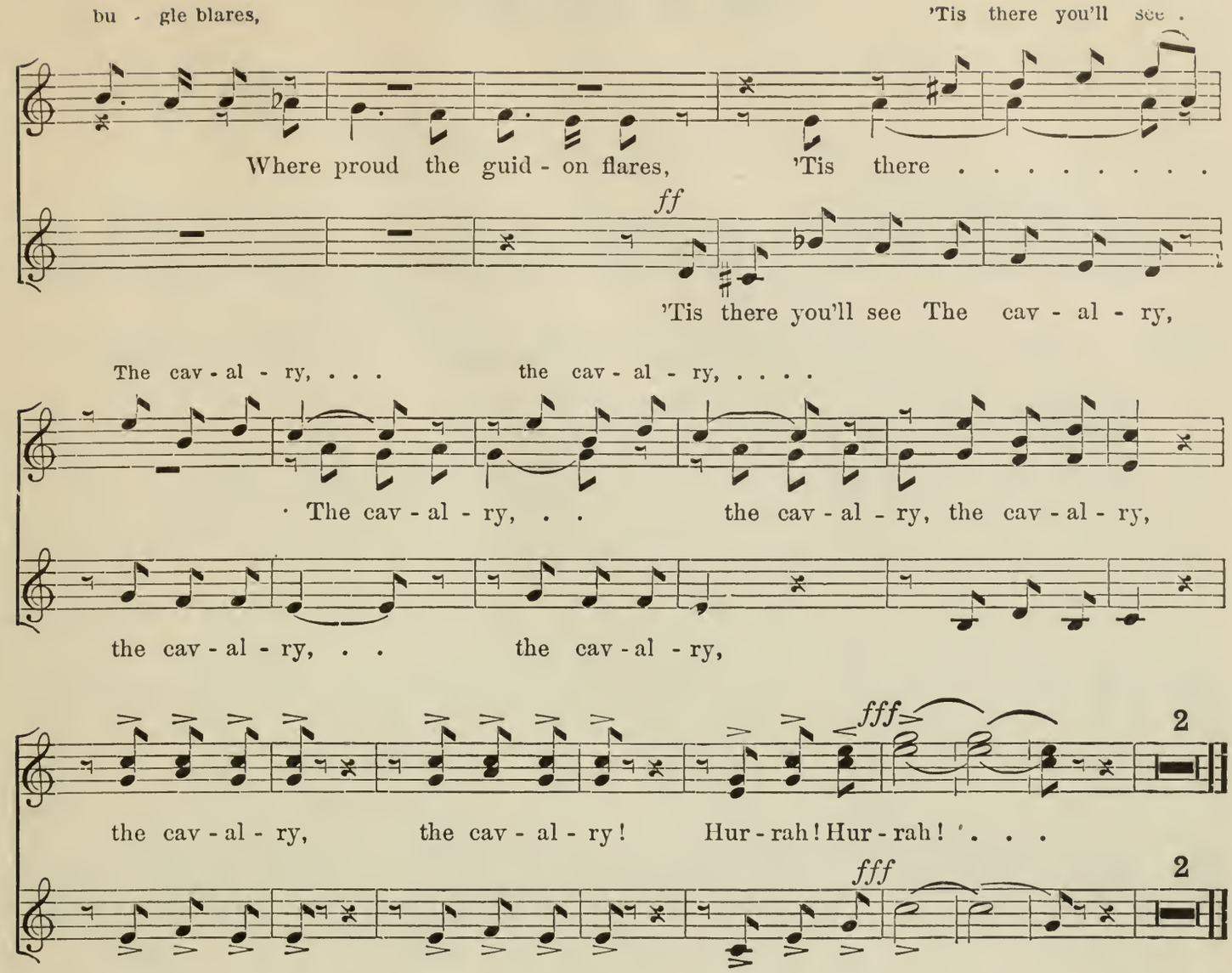
char-ger see, Hur - rah! . . . . . Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur-

*cres. a poco.*

char-ger see, Then watch the gallant cav - al - ry!

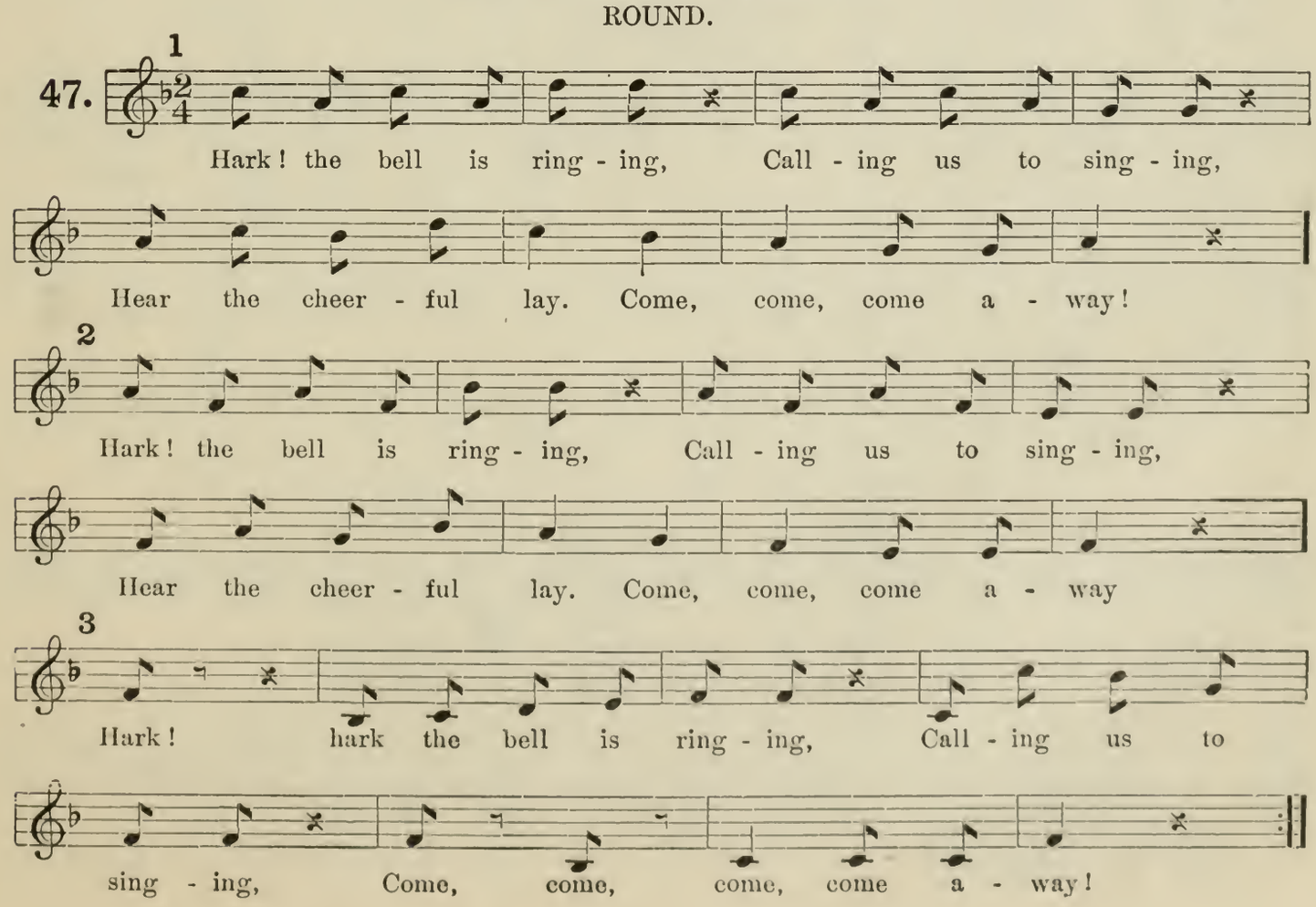

If horse and foot you test,
B
ff
rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah!
Do you know
it is ex - press'd: The cav - al - ry,
which is best? In short . . . . . The cav - al -
In one short phrase it is ex-press'd: The cav - al - ry,
the cav - al - ry,
C mf
p
2
I p
"Dis -
ry, . . the cav- al - ry, the cav- al - ry! But hark! The call!
mf
p
2
p
the cav - al - ry,
"Dis -
Slower and quietly.
mount!" the call we glad - ly heed, Rest, . . . . . oh rest. . . . . And
mf
p
II
For rest both men and char - gers need.
p
mount!" the call we glad - ly heed, For rest both men and char-gers need. And
e'en the best of cav - al - ry Sleep . . . . . and rest. . . . . D
mp
pp
poco.
p
Must sleep at times like in - fan - try. But
pp
e'en the best of cav - al - ry Must sleep at times like in - fan try.
animato.
And "Boots and sad - dles!
mf
mf
now a - gain the bu - gle rings 'Tis "Mount and ride" a - gain it sings,
p
mf
But now a - gain 'Tis "Mount and ride," Thus


Up and on!" Thus rings its mer - ry song.
If horse and foot are put to test, Do
rings its mer - ry . . song. If horse and foot
In one short phrase it is ex-pressed: The dash- ing cav - al - ry!
you know which of them is best?
are put to test, Vic - t'ry rests with cav - al - ry!
Hur - rah! Hur - rah! The dawn is on the plain, 'Tis
"Mount and ride" a - gain, The guid-ons flut - ter gay A - bove us on our
Following 5 measures ad lib. in Alto.
We ride, The guid - ons flut - ter gay A- bove us
With clink - ing bit and spur we ride,
way; With sa - bre rat - tling at our side, Hur - rah! . . . . . Hur -
on our way; On! on! With clink-ing bit and spur we ride, Hur-
Where loud the
rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur- rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah!




## THE BELL IS RINGING.

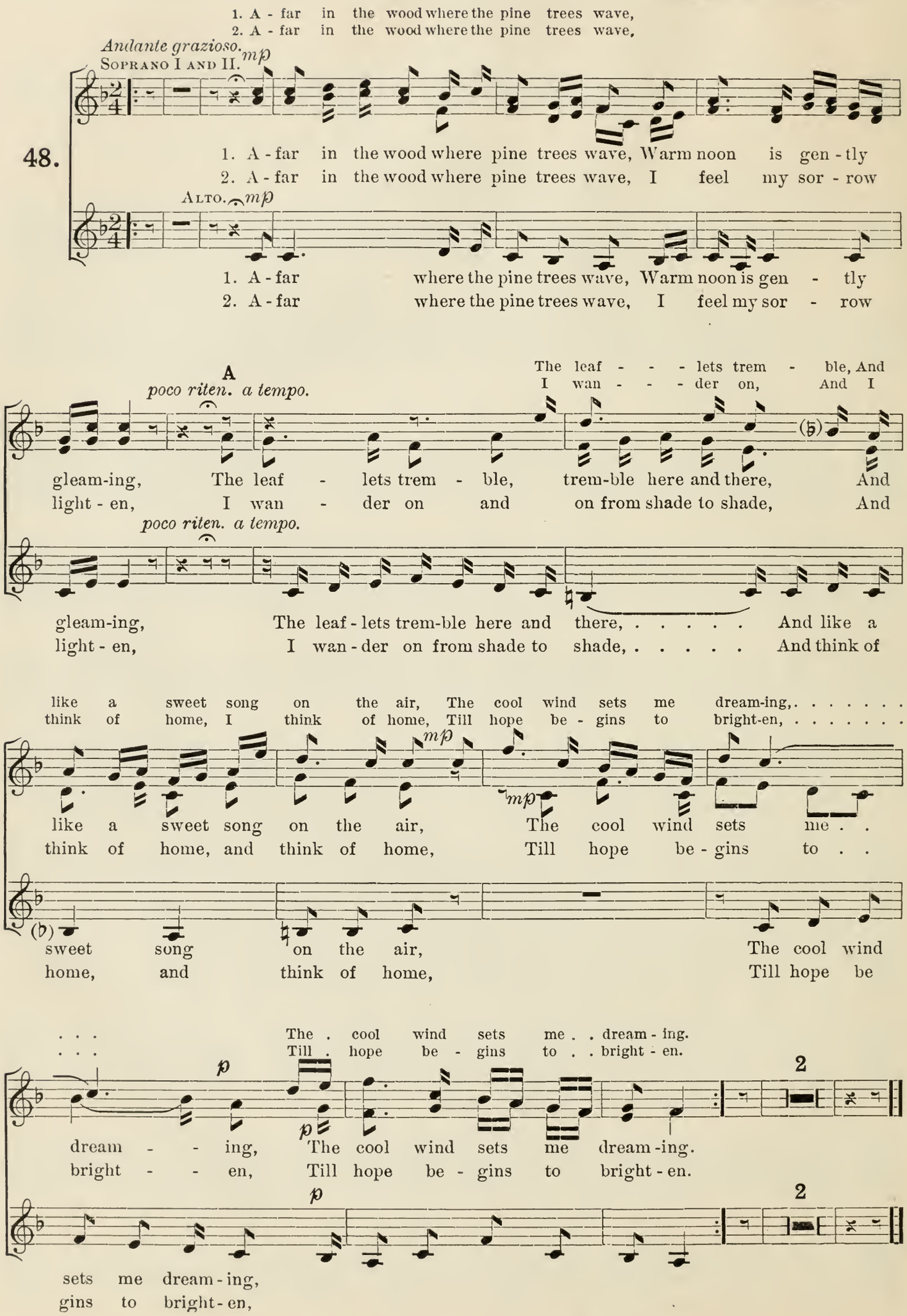
ROUND.



# AFAR IN THE WOOD.

S. S. A.

*Halfdan Kjerulf.*
*Arranged by Glen Carle.*

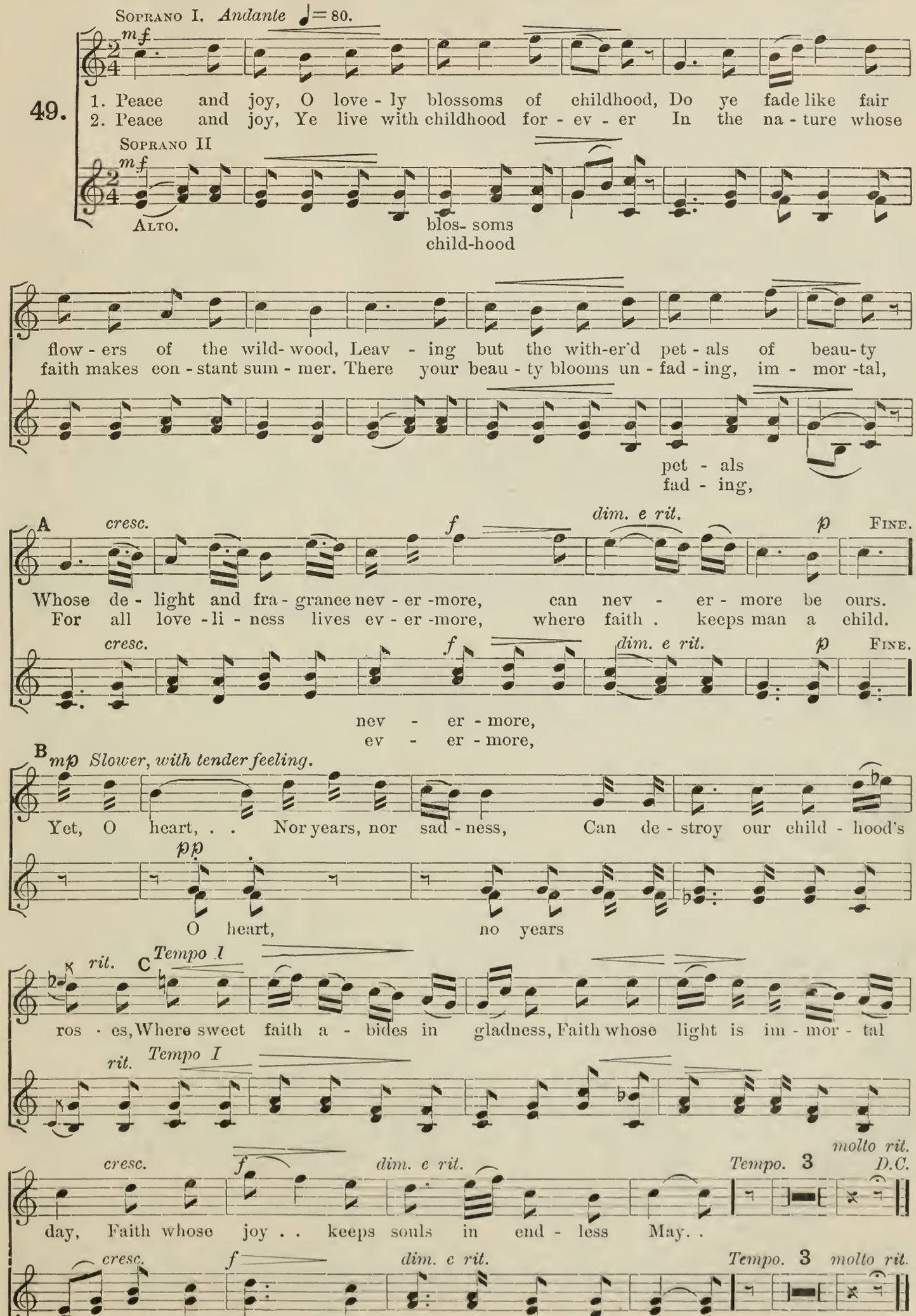


# HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

(LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.)

*Frederic Manley.* S. S. A. *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.*

*Adapted and Arranged by N. Clifford Page.*



# CRADLE SONG.

*Poem by Frederick H. Martens.* S. S. A. *A. Arensky, Op. 57, No. 1.*
*Arranged by N. Clifford Page.*

*Andantino.*

50.

SOPRANO I AND II.

*pp*

Wold and mead - ow soft - ly veil - ing, Gloam - ing comes a - creep,

*pp* ALTO.

Ros - y clouds are westward pal - ing, Sleep, . . my dear one, sleep, sleep, my dear one, sleep!

Sleep, my dear one, sleep, .

A

Night-in-gales with gold - en trill - ing, Dusk in mus - ic steep, All the lis - t'ning

B

ros - es thrill - ing; Sleep, . . . my dear one, sleep, sleep, . . .

Sleep, my dear one, sleep, . . . sleep! . . . . . .

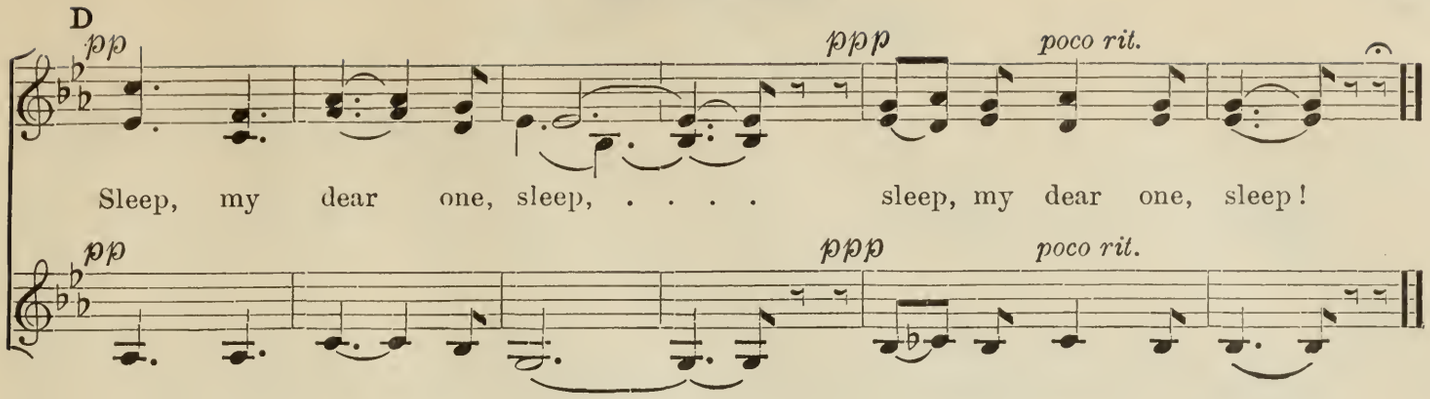
C

*rit.* *a tempo.*

. . . my dear one, sleep! . . O'er you an - gels with - out num - ber Watch - ing,

ward will keep, Spread-ing white wings o'er your slum-ber, Sleep, . . my dear one, sleep,

Sleep, my dear one, sleep, . .

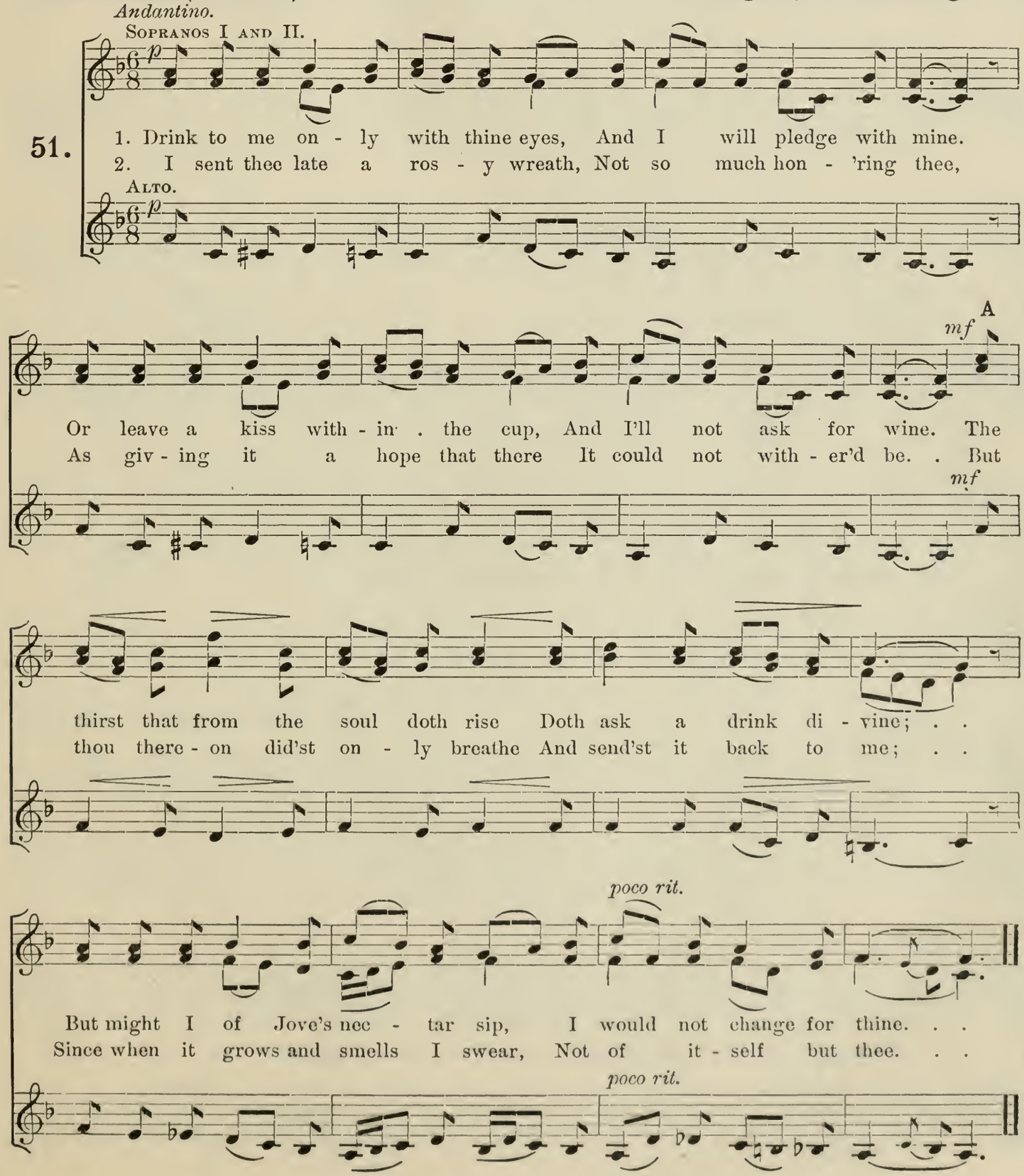



## DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

S. S. A.

***Ben Johnson (1573–1637).*** ***Old English Air.***
***Arranged by N. Clifford Page.***

51.

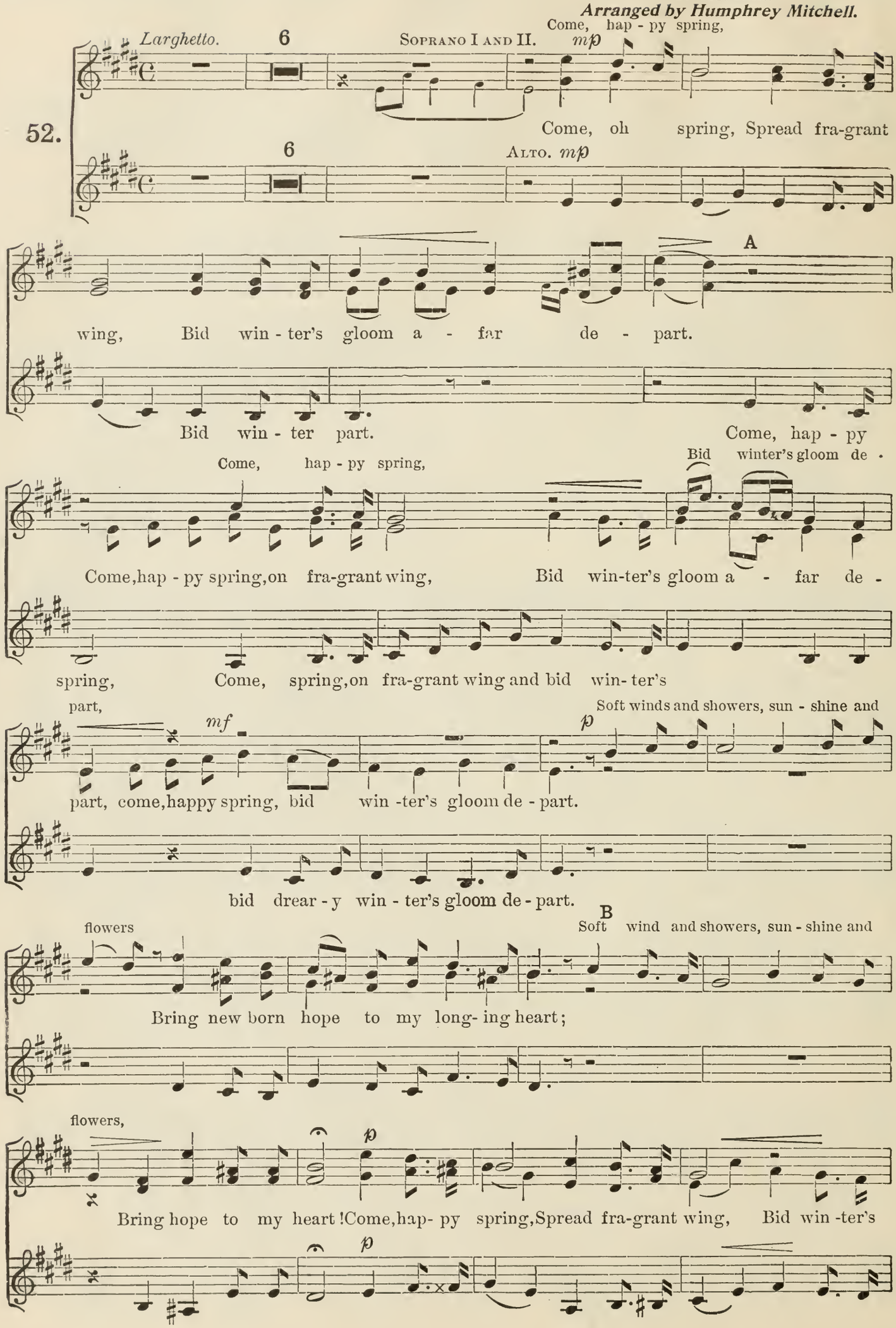


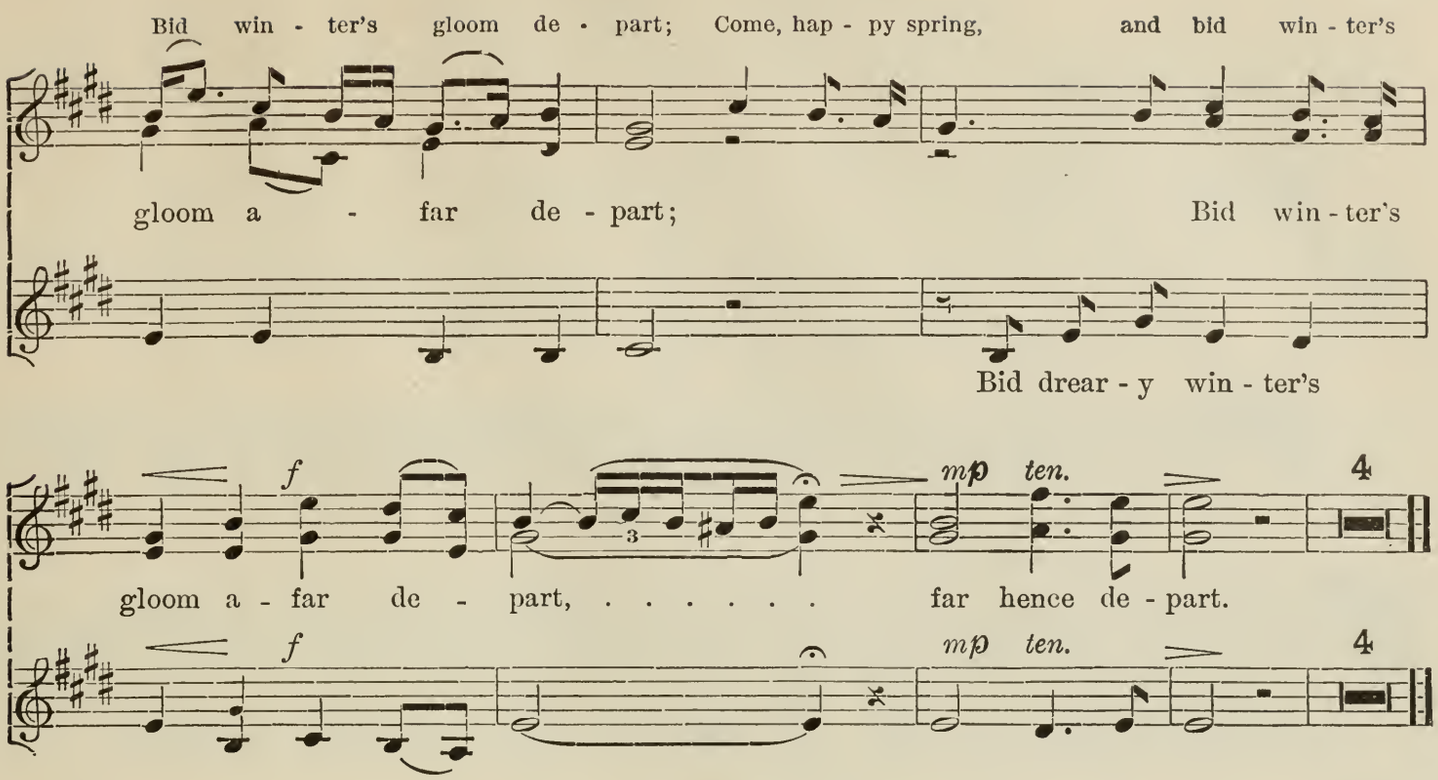
# COME, HAPPY SPRING.

(CARO MIO BEN.)

S. S. A.

*G. Giordani.*
*Arranged by Humphrey Mitchell.*





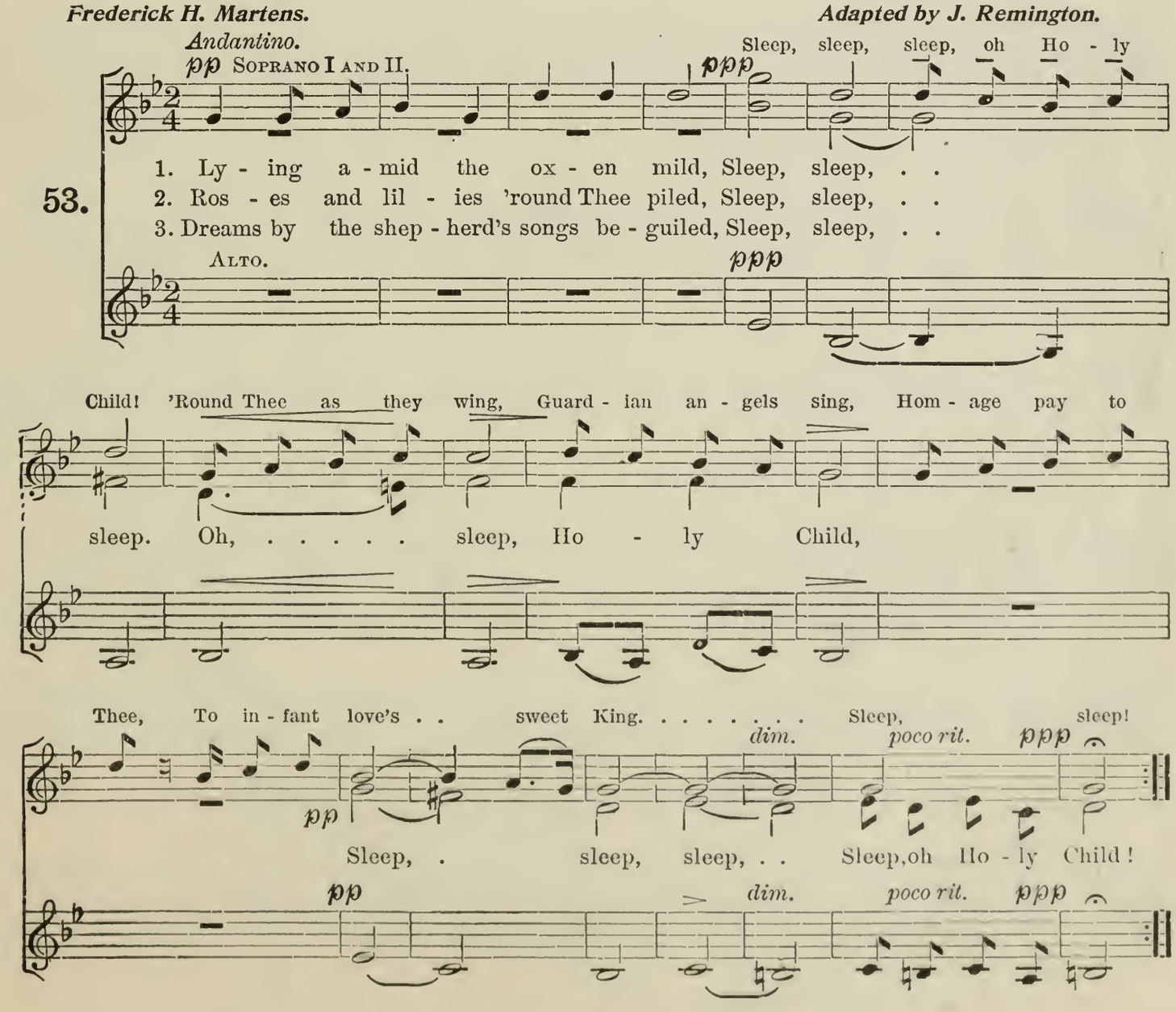

## SLEEP, HOLY CHILD.

OLD FRENCH NOËL.

*English version by Frederick H. Martens.*

S. S. A.

*Harmonized by F. A. Gevaert. Adapted by J. Remington.*



# THE FALLIN' O' THE RAIN.

Song for Soprano, with Alti *ad lib*, or
S. A. A.

*Rev. James B. Dollard.* *Carl Engel.*

54.

*Andantino.* 3 Soprano. *mp*

1. Good - bye to Coun - ty Car - low, 'tis the
3. But soon I'll breathe the heath - er breath on

(*The accompanying voices are ad libitum.*)

3 Alto I and II. *mp*

*mf*

lone - some place to me, Sure ev - 'ry week is like a month, and
brown Knockbrock - en's side And see a sil - ver - shin - ing stream a -

*mf*

*p* A

ev - 'ry month like three. The mist is com - ing wet and cold, but
cross the val - leys glide; No rest shall taste these wea - ry limbs, or

*p*

*poco riten.* *cresc.* *mf*

now I won't com - plain, I'm go - ing home and lit - tle reck the
sleep the throb - bin' brain, Till Su - ir's flood shows gleam - in' thro' the

*poco riten.* *cresc.* *mf*

* Soprano.

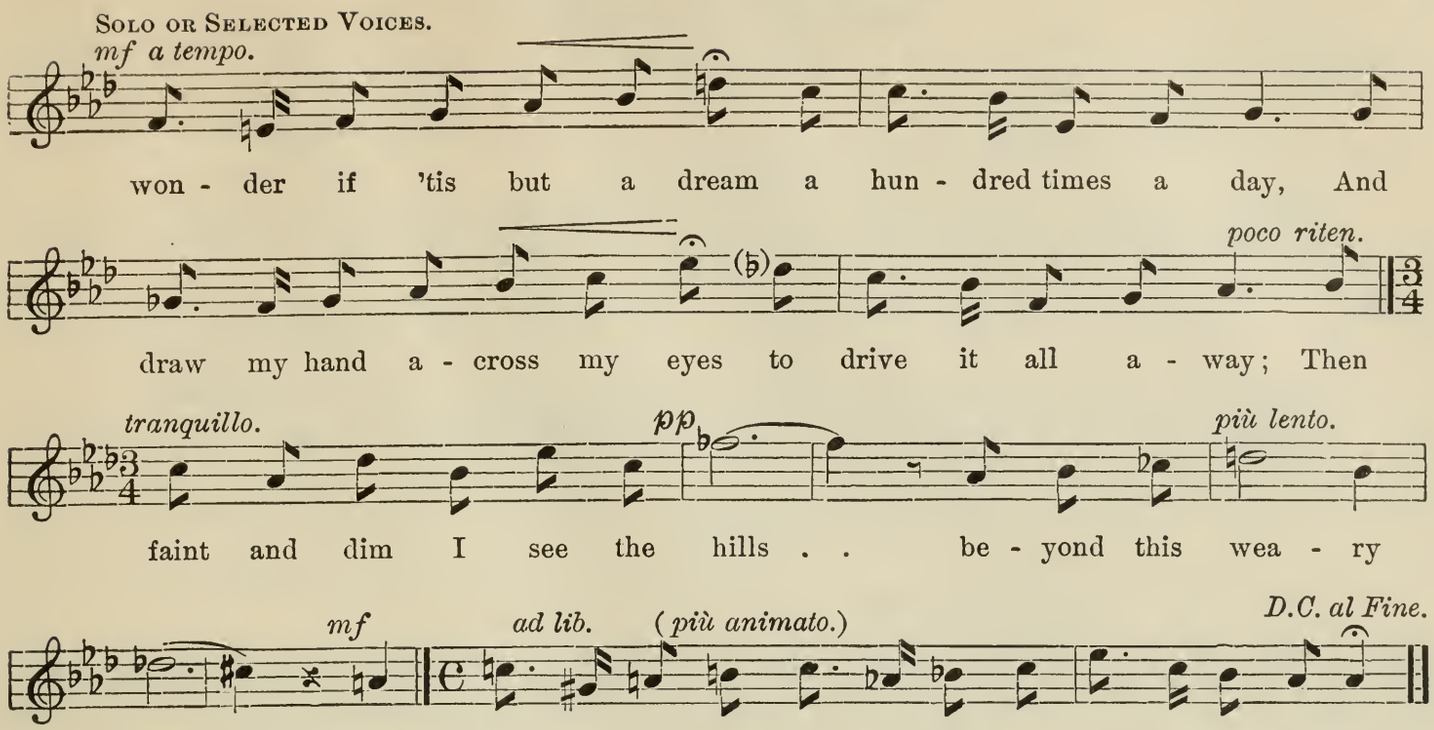
*riten.* *pp* *mp* *poco rall.* Fine. A

fal - lin' o' the rain, the fal - lin' o' the rain. 2. I
fal - lin' o' the rain, the fal - lin' o' the rain.

*riten.* *pp* *mp* *poco rall.*

fal - - - - lin' o' . . . . the rain.

* If desired, the second verse may be omitted; then the third verse is to follow the first immediately.



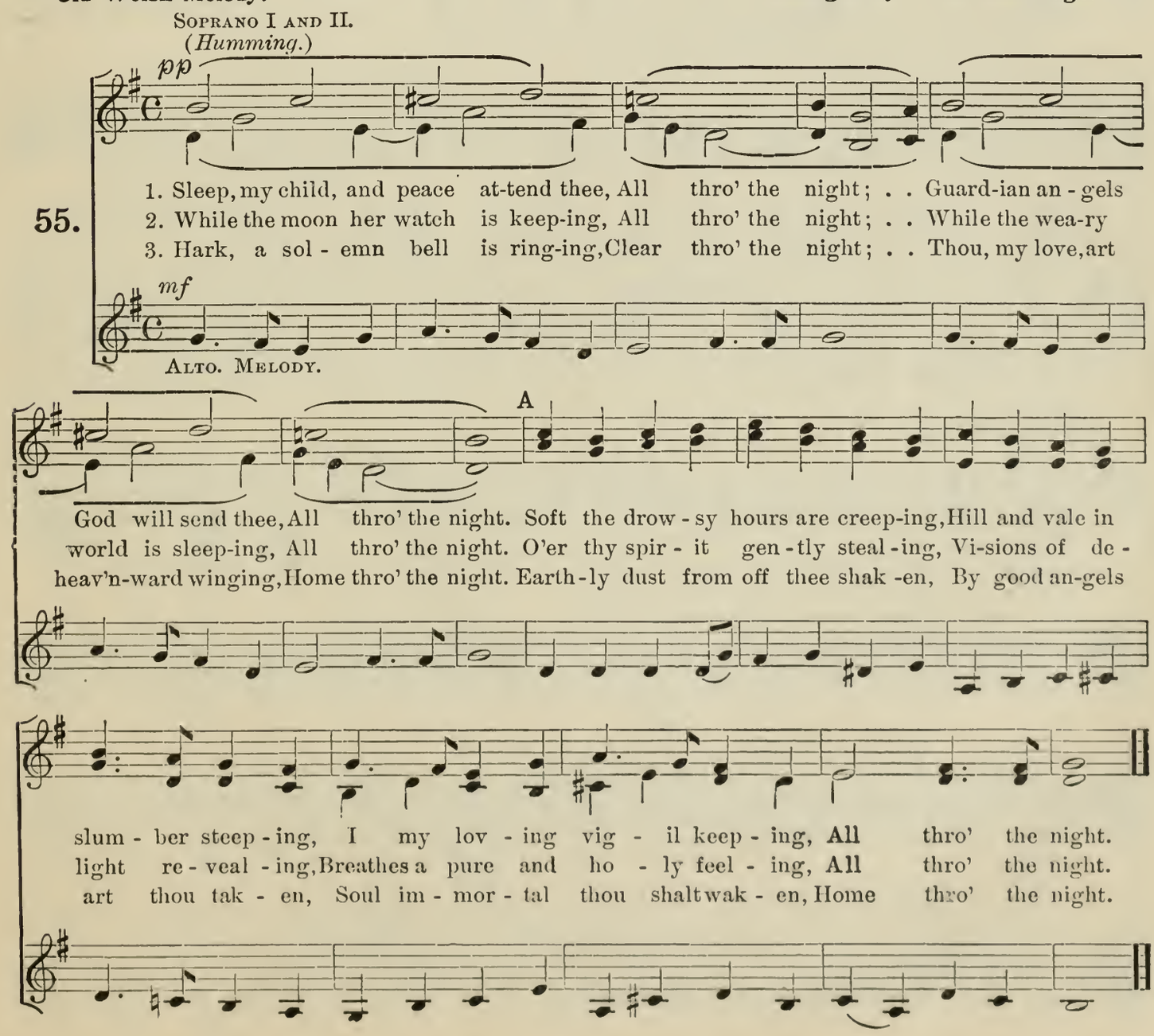

## ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.

S. S. A.

***Old Welsh Melody.***

***David Owen.***
***Arranged by N. Clifford Page.***

55.



# DARKEY LULLABY.

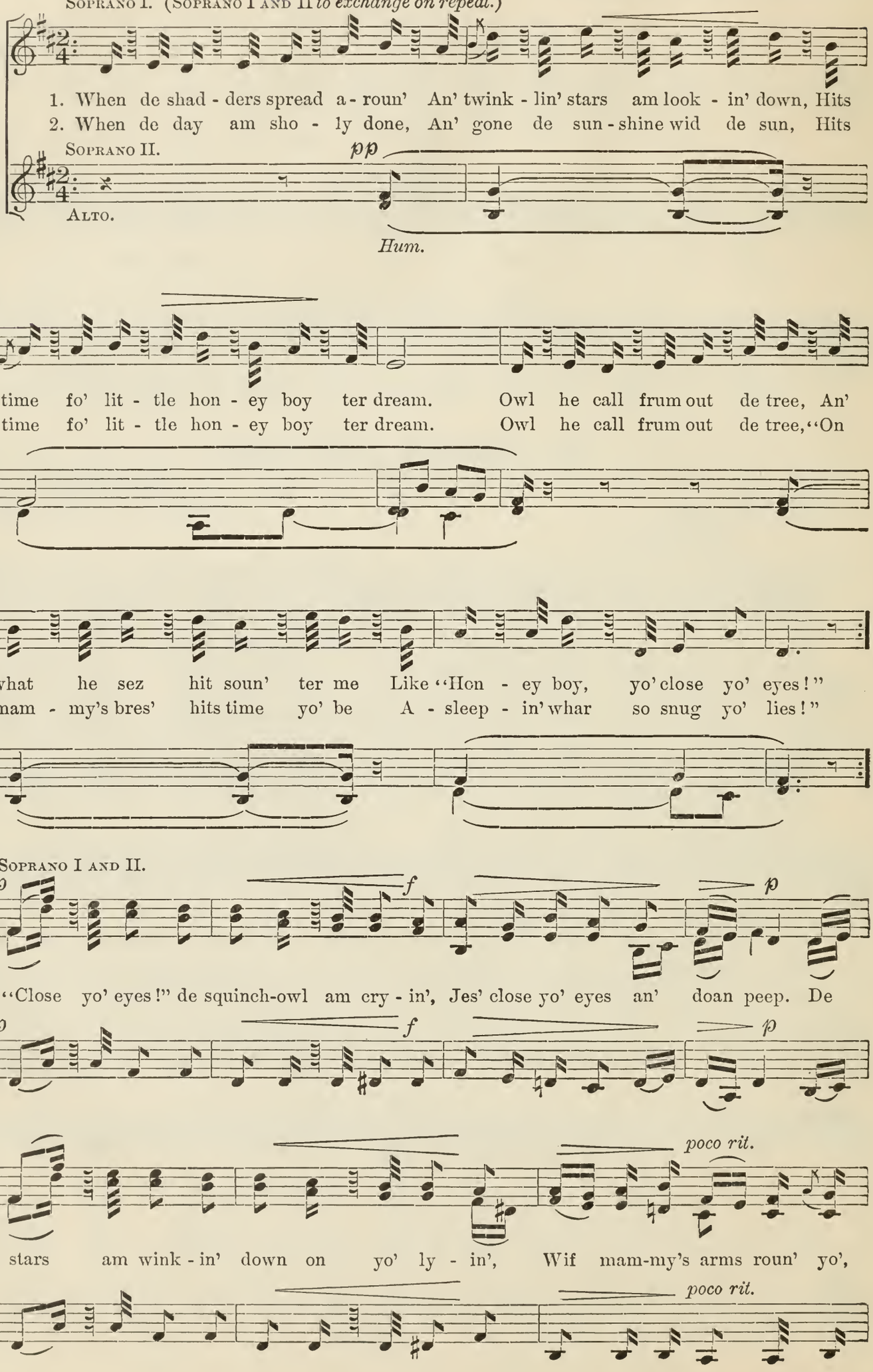
(HUMORESKE.)

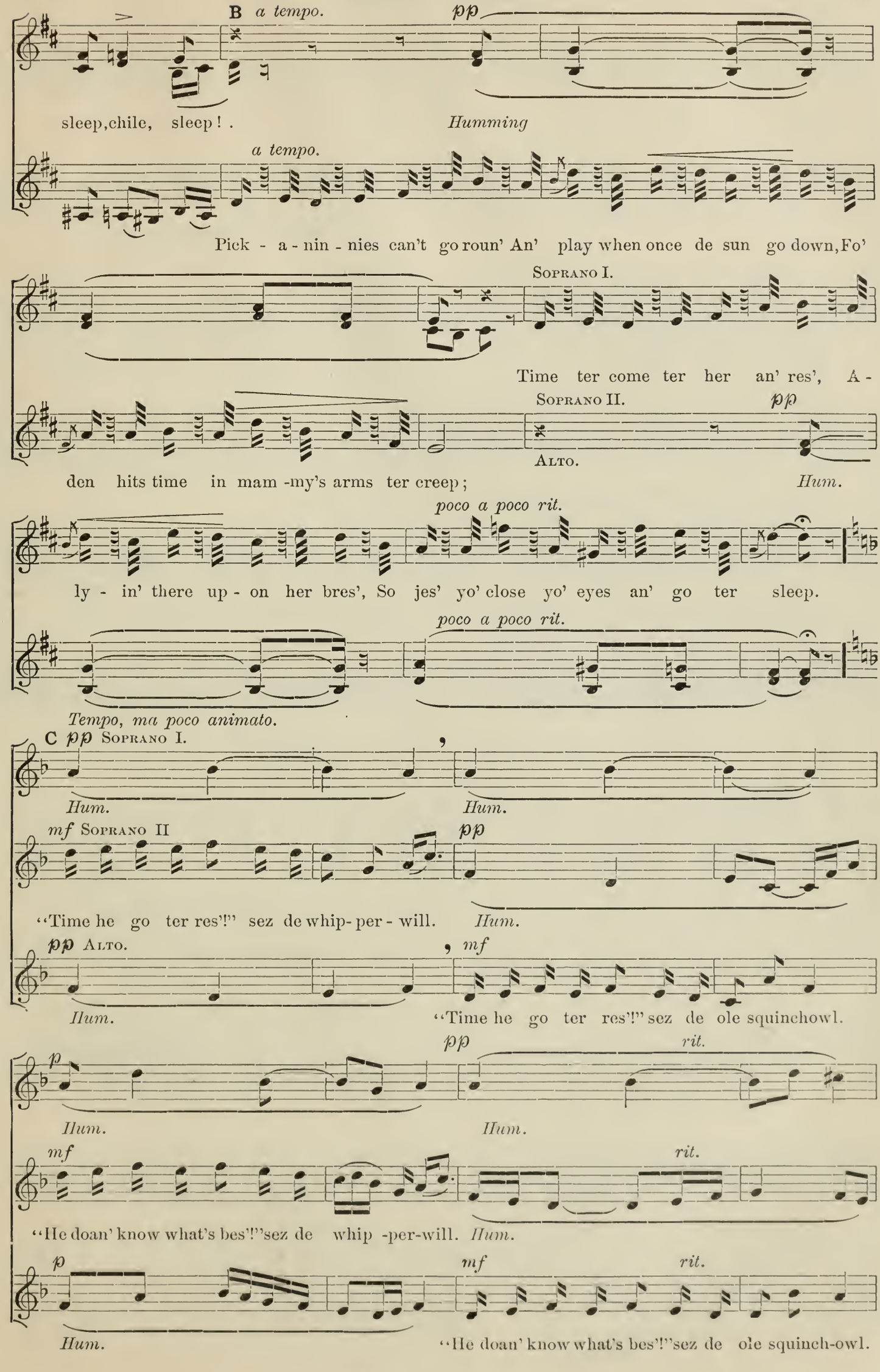
S. S. A.

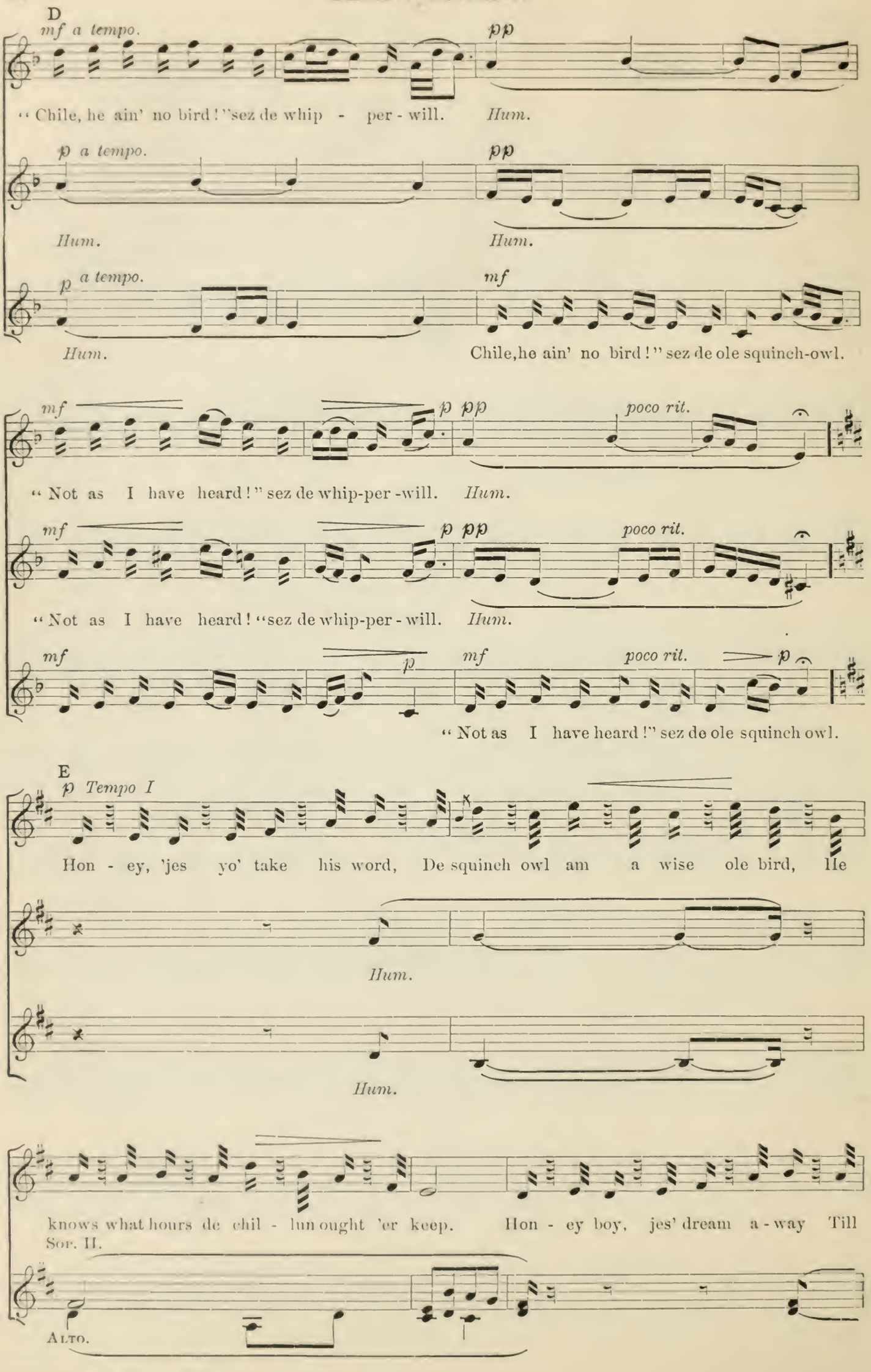
*Text by Frederick H. Martens.* *Anton Dvorak, Op. 101, No. 7.*

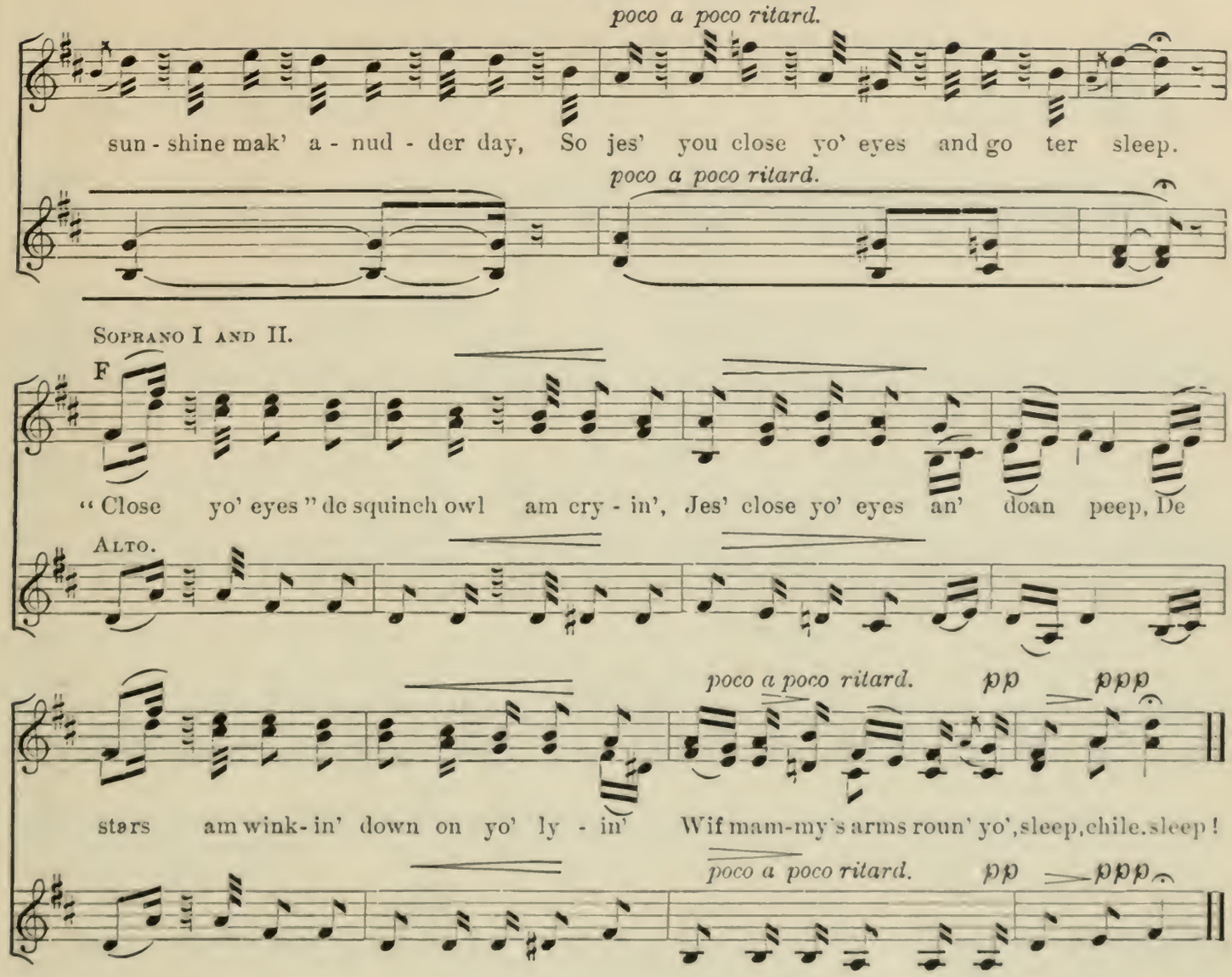
*Arranged by N. Clifford Page.*

*Poco lento e grazioso.*




B a tempo.
pp
sleep, chile, sleep! .
Humming
a tempo.
Pick - a - nin - nies can't go roun' An' play when once de sun go down, Fo'
Soprano I.
Time ter come ter her an' res', A -
Soprano II.
pp
Alto.
den hits time in mam -my's arms ter creep;
Hum.
poco a poco rit.
ly - in' there up - on her bres', So jes' yo' close yo' eyes an' go ter sleep.
poco a poco rit.
Tempo, ma poco animato.
C pp Soprano I.
Hum.
Hum.
mf Soprano II
pp
"Time he go ter res'!" sez de whip- per - will.
Hum.
pp Alto.
mf
Hum.
"Time he go ter res'!" sez de ole squinchowl.
pp
rit.
Hum.
Hum.
mf
rit.
"He doan' know what's bes'!" sez de whip -per-will.
Hum.
p
mf
rit.
Hum.
"He doan' know what's bes'!" sez de ole squinch-owl.


D
mf a tempo.
pp
" Chile, he ain' no bird!" sez de whip - per - will. Hum.
p a tempo.
pp
Hum.
Hum.
p a tempo.
mf
Hum.
Chile, he ain' no bird!" sez de ole squinch-owl.
mf
p pp
poco rit.
" Not as I have heard!" sez de whip-per-will. Hum.
mf
p pp
poco rit.
" Not as I have heard!" sez de whip-per-will. Hum.
mf
p
mf
poco rit.
p
" Not as I have heard!" sez de ole squinch owl.
E
p Tempo I
Hon - ey, 'jes yo' take his word, De squinch owl am a wise ole bird, He
Hum.
Hum.
knows what hours de chil - lun ought 'er keep. Hon - ey boy, jes' dream a - way Till
Sop. II.
Alto.



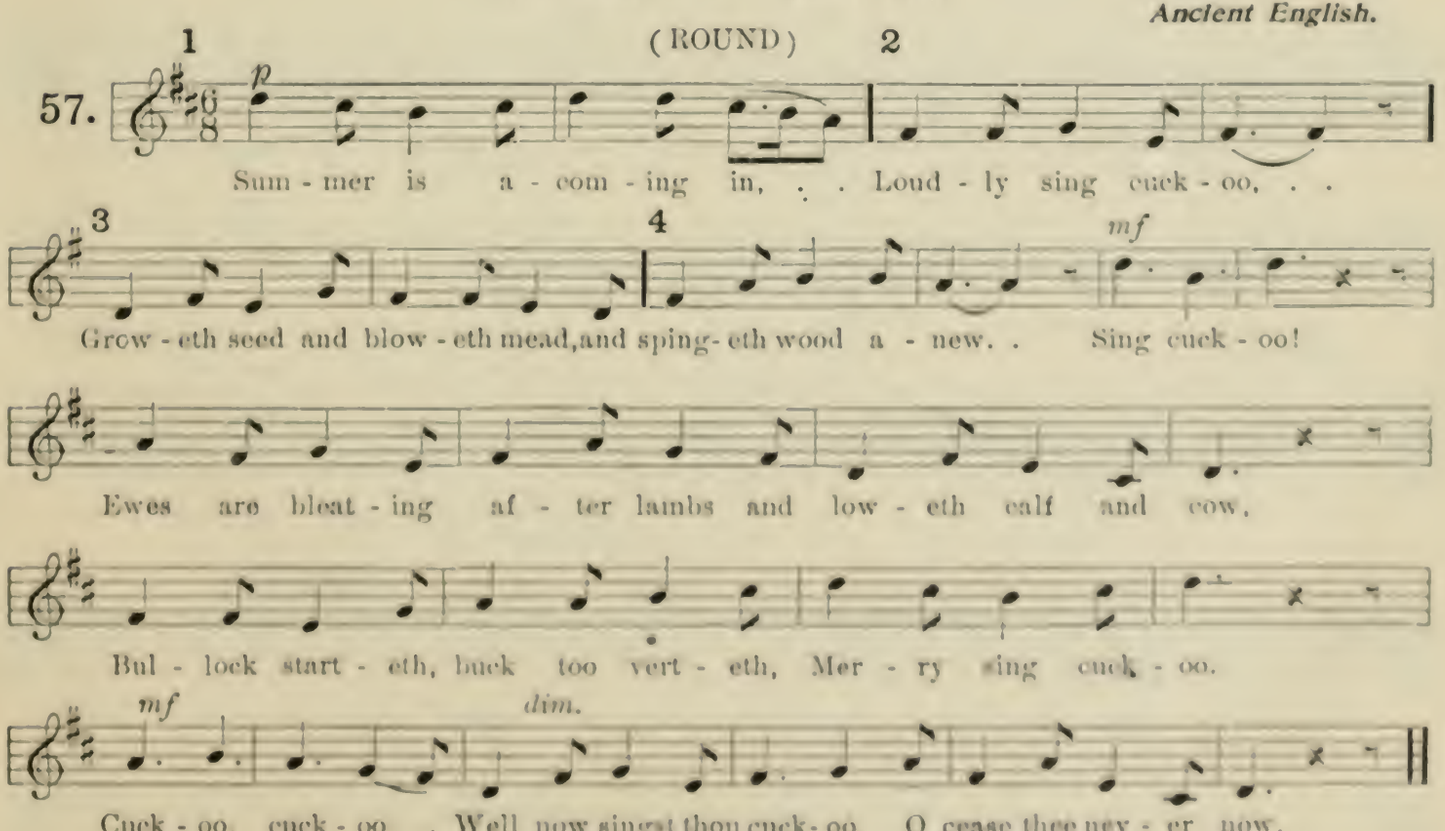

## SUMMER IS A-COMING IN.

(SUMER IS I CUMEN IN.)

*Ancient English.*

(ROUND)

57.




The words and music of this *round* date back to the 13th Century. It is the most ancient English harmonized composition known.

• *Verteth*, an old English word meaning, "seeks the green fern."

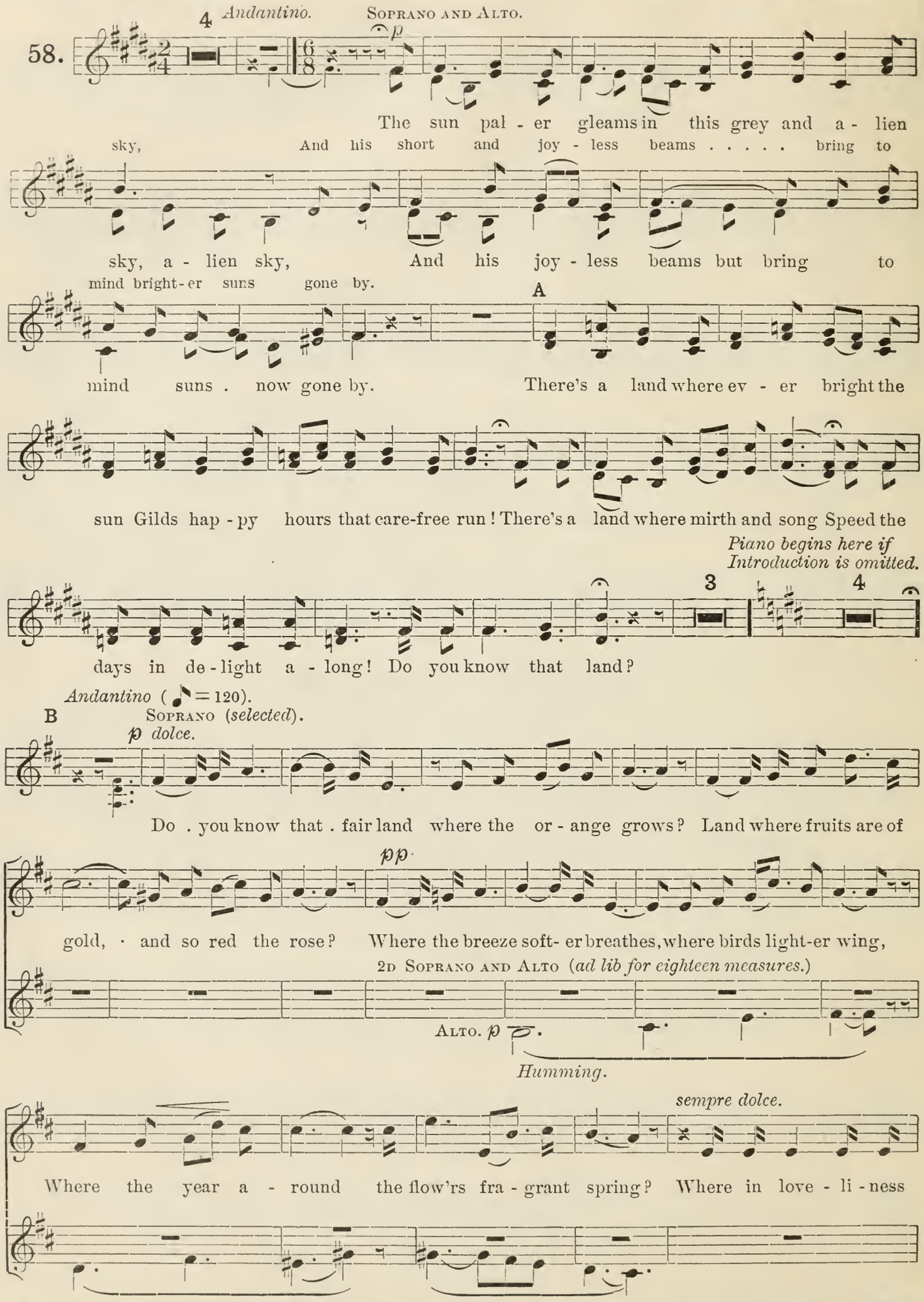
# DO YOU KNOW THAT FAIR LAND?

*(INTRODUCTION AND ROMANCE) FROM "MIGNON."

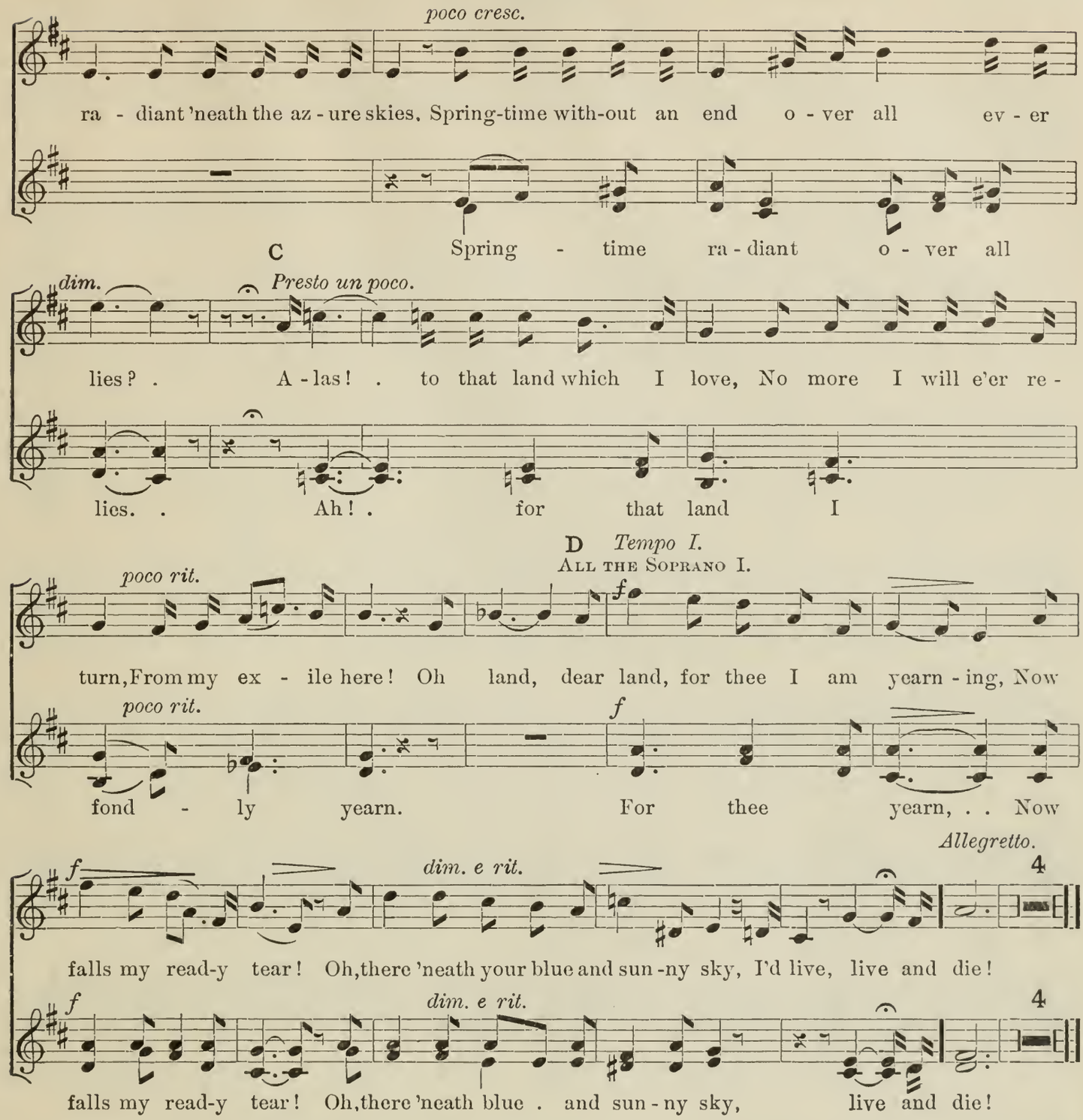
*English text by*
*Frederick H. Martens.*

S. S. A.

*Ambroise Thomas.*
*Arranged by Bertha Remick.*

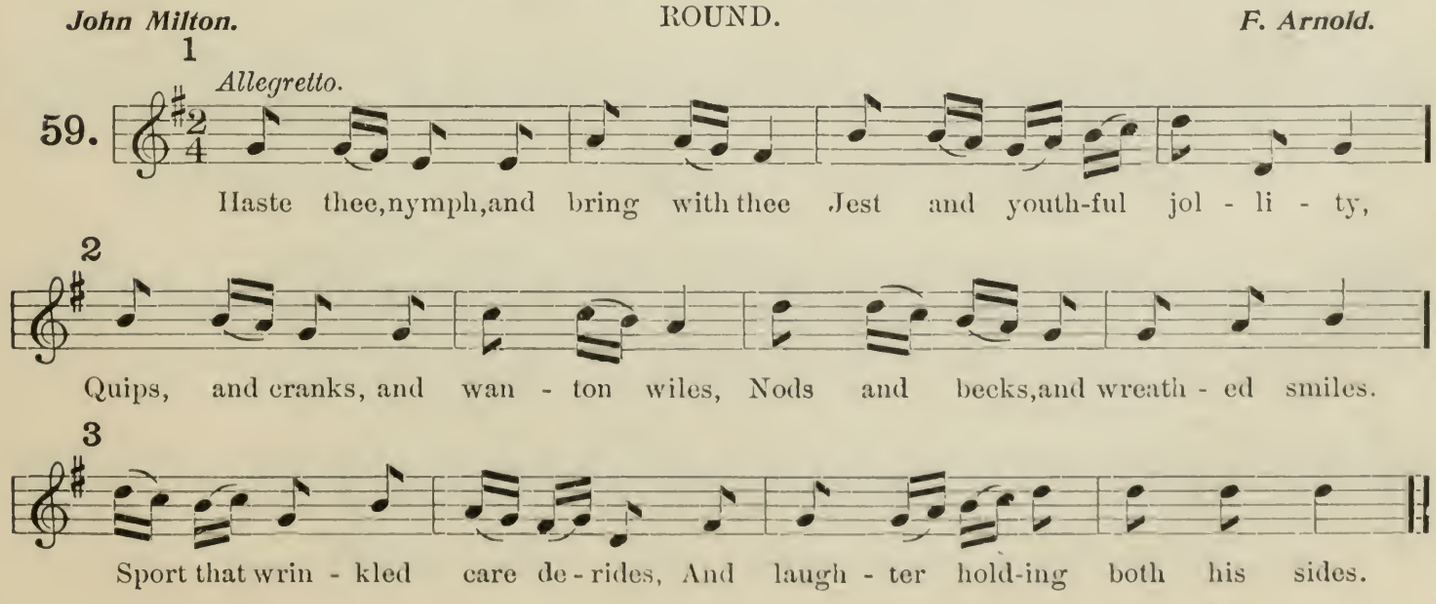



*The Introductory movement may be sung by Soprano II and Alto, or it can be omitted entirely, beginning as noted later.




## HASTE THEE, NYMPH.

*John Milton.* ROUND. *F. Arnold.*



# ELSA.

## FROM "LOHENGRIN."

S. S. A.

Elsa, falsely accused of her brother's murder by Telramund and Ortrud, claimants to her title, is summoned before Henry I, King of Germany, to answer the charge. In her Dream Song she tells of a Champion who is to be sent by Heaven to prove her innocence, and defend her.

*English translation by*
*Frederic Manley.*

*Richard Wagner.*
*Arranged by Bertha Remick.*

*Andante moderato.*

60.

7

*p* ELSA.

Oft, when my hopes be-tray'd me, I un- to God have flown, Be-

A

seech - ing him to aid me, In sor - row all a - lone. There liv'd for me no

glad - ness, My ways with grief were strewn. My cries of dark- est sad - ness Rose un - to

*ff* *ritard.* B *dim.*

God's e - ter-nal throne. The plain-tive ech - oes an-swer'd from the hills and val - leys

*p* *slowly.* 7

deep, Their peace on me de - scend - ed, I sank in tran - quil sleep.

C *poco animato.*

Then lo! be-fore me gleam-ing In mail of sil - ver sheen A Knight whose eyes were

beam - ing, Like stars in heav'ns se-rene; A horn of gold a-dorn'd him, His

D

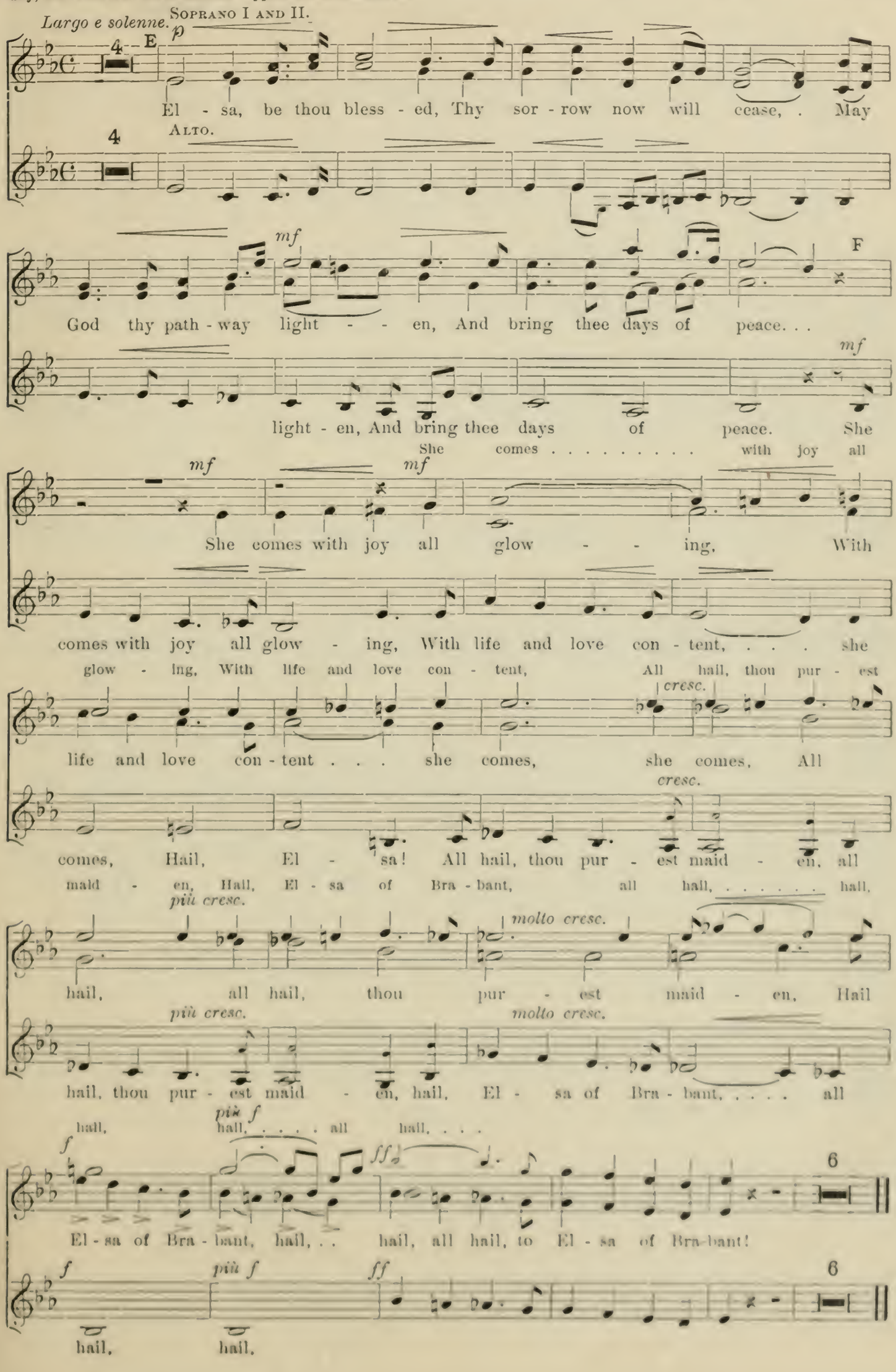
sword like noon was bright. Round him a radiance streaming, Fill'd all the world with light. In

soothing words and ten - der He did pledge his sword to me, Un - to him my fate I sur-

*rapturously.*

ren - der, Heav'n guards my right thro' thee! Thou . shalt my cham-pion be.

Elsa's dream came true. Lohengrin, from a distant land, appeared, and won in the fight for her cause. It is their wedding day, and Elsa and her attendants approach the cathedral.



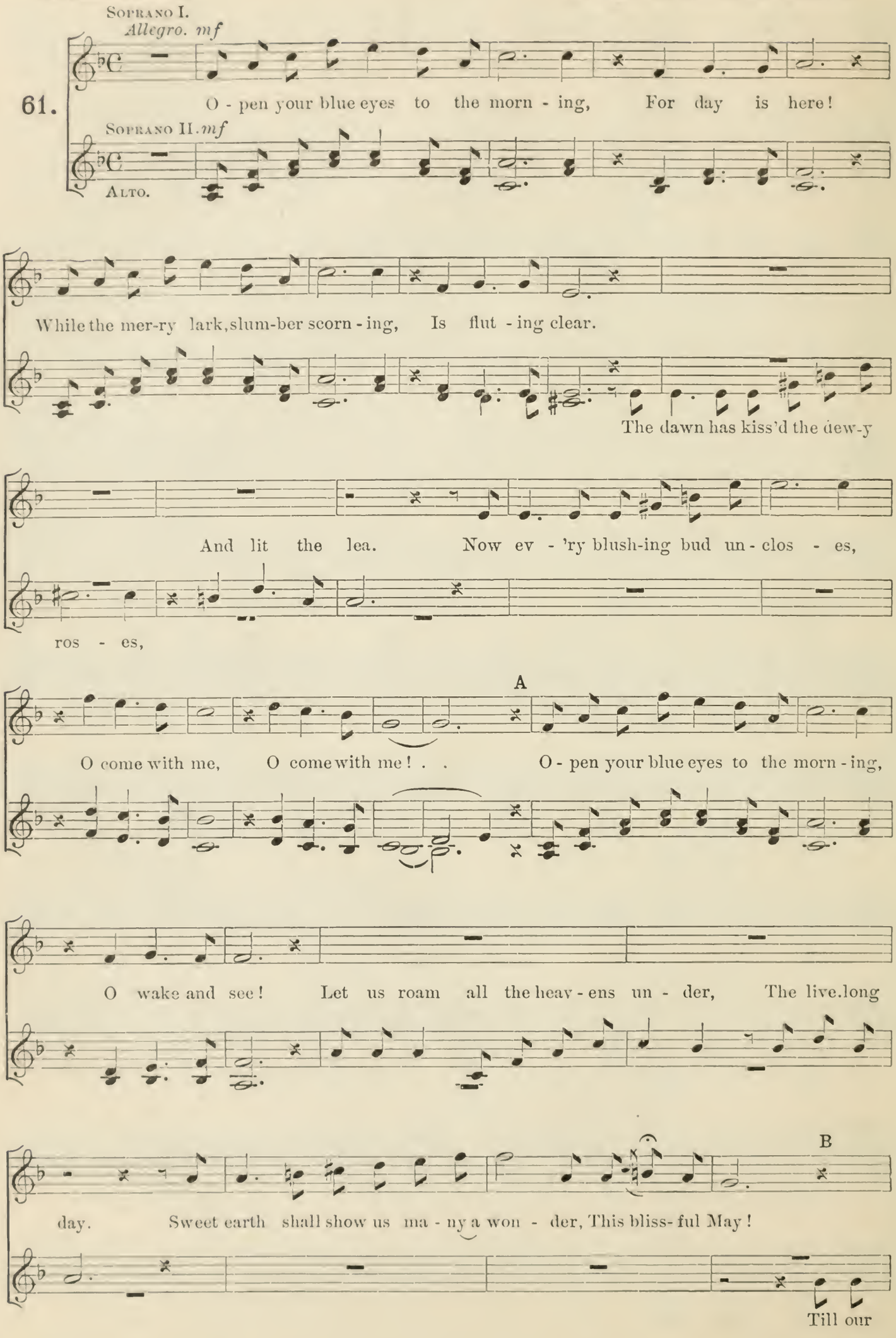
# MORNING SONG.

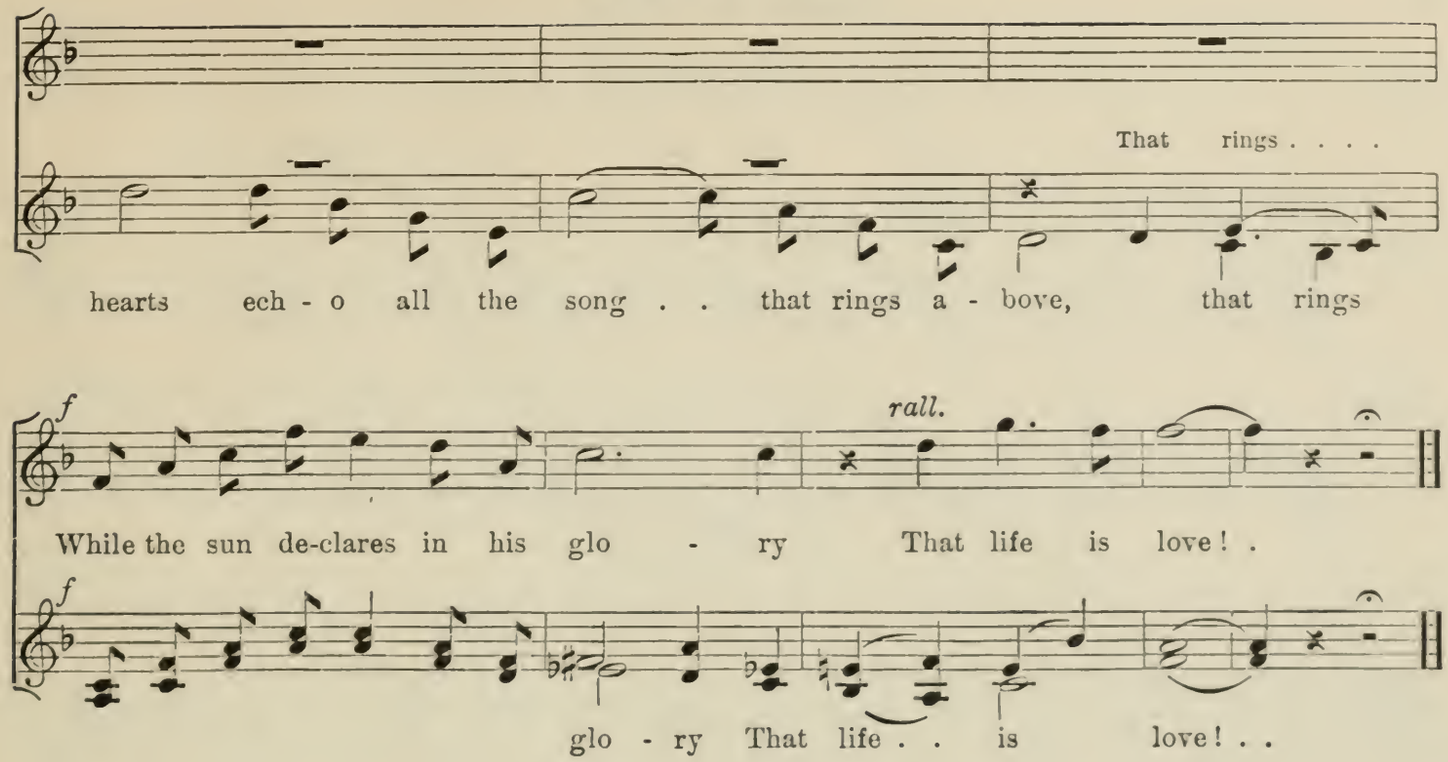
S. S. A.

*J. Massenet.*

*M. Louise Baum.*

*Arranged by Humphrey Mitchell.*

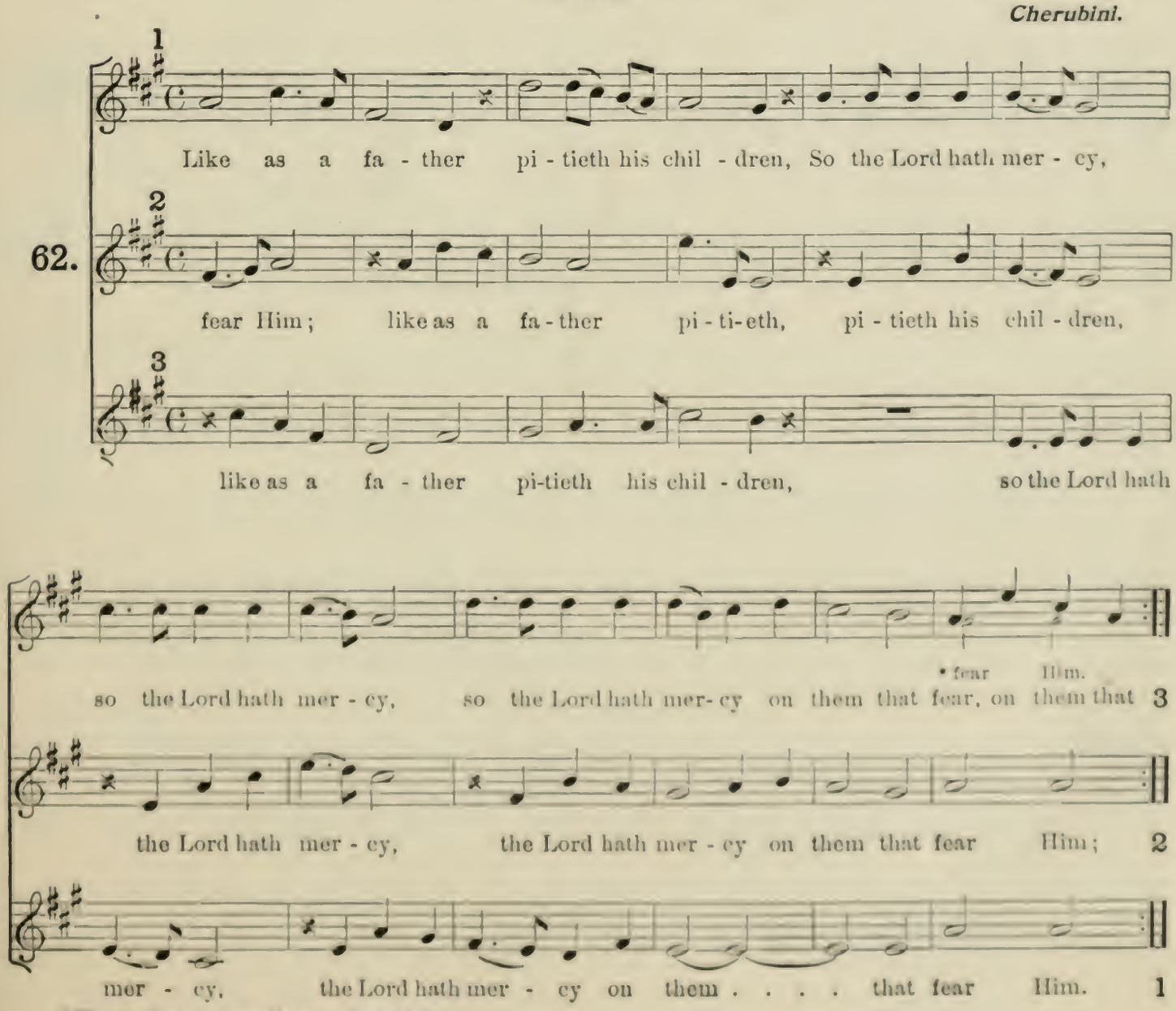





## LIKE AS A FATHER.

CANON.

*Cherubini.*




• The small notes provide stopping point.

# GLORY TO ISIS!

(Abridged.)

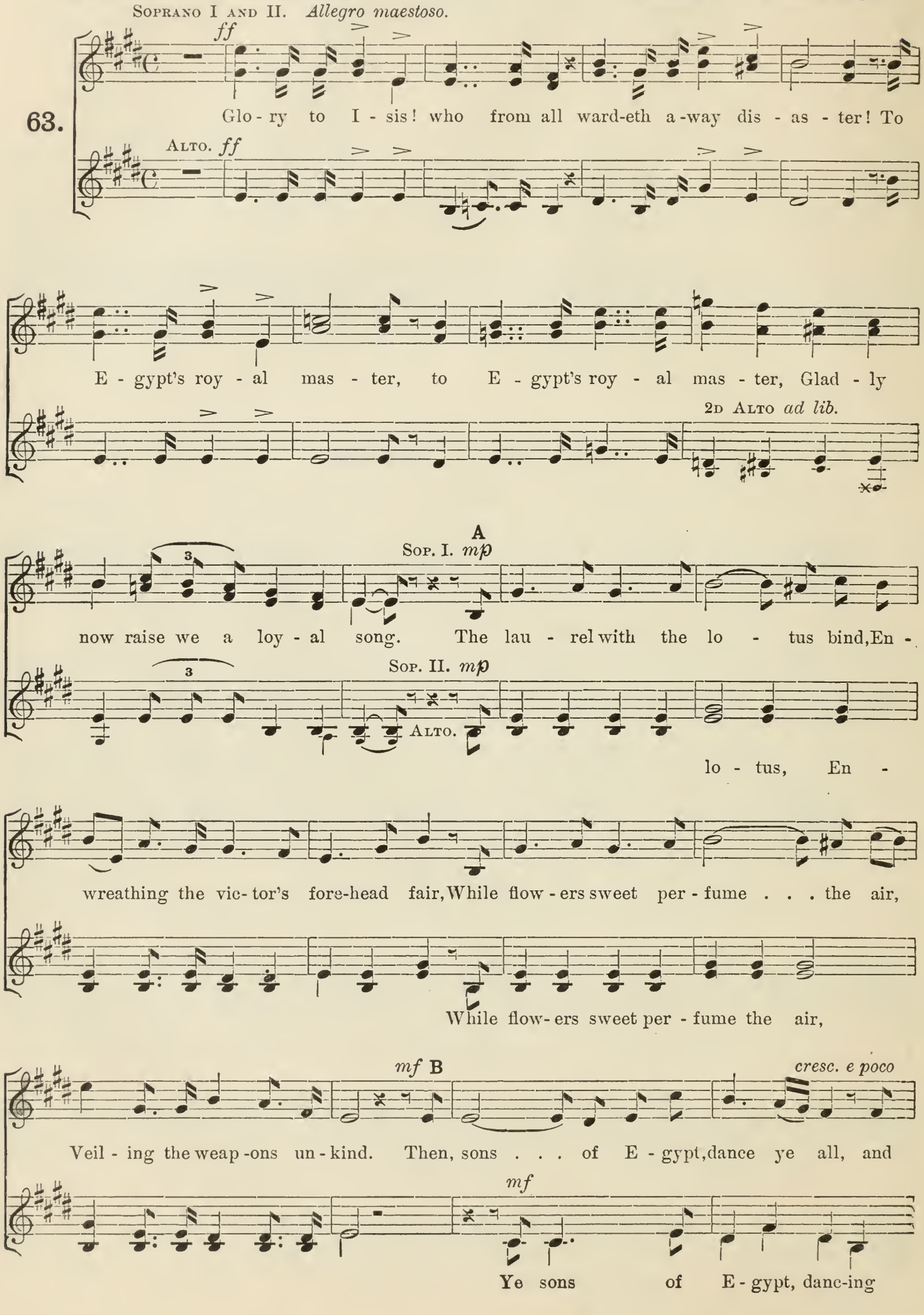
FROM "AIDA" ACT III.

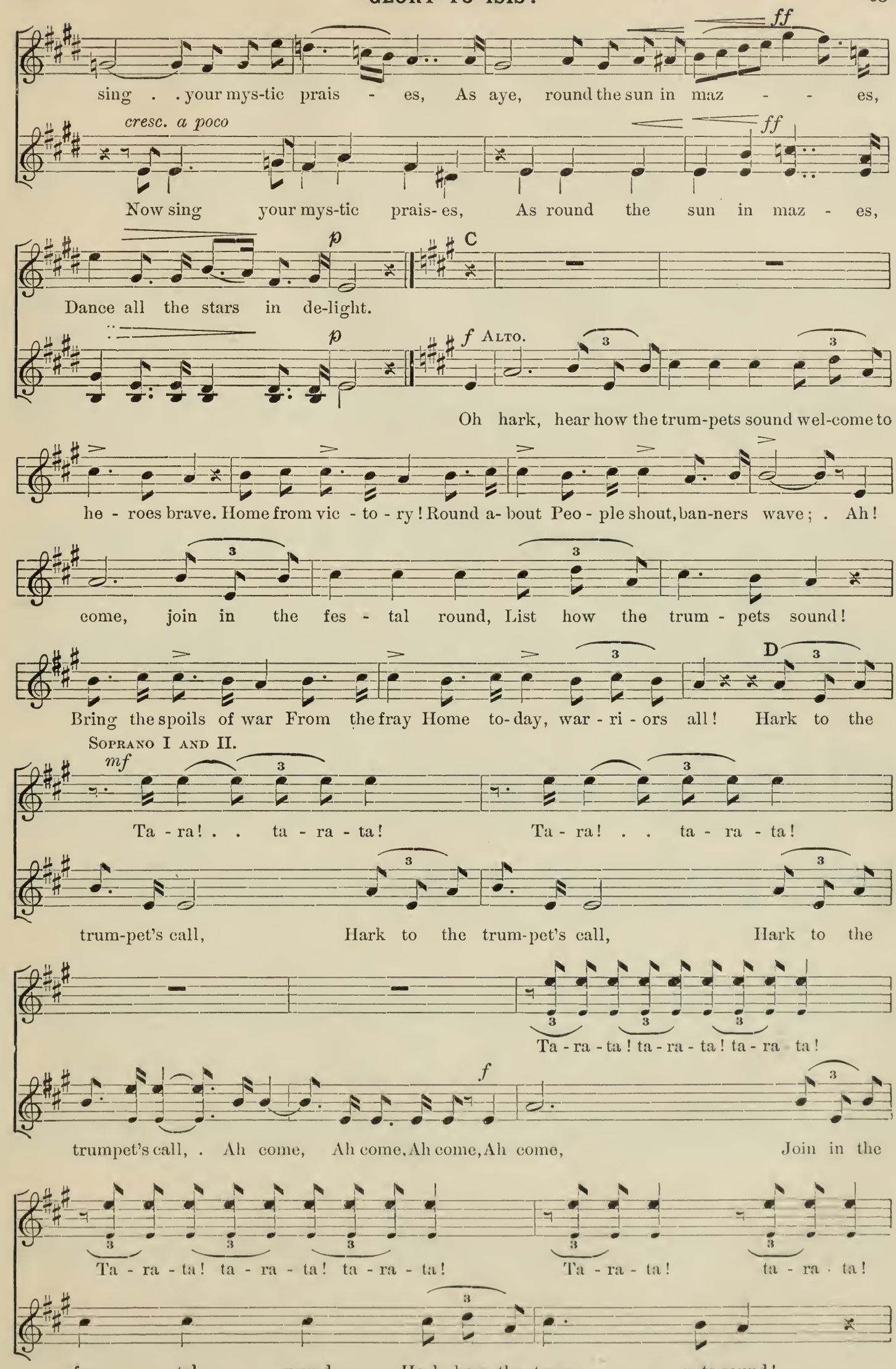
S. S. A.

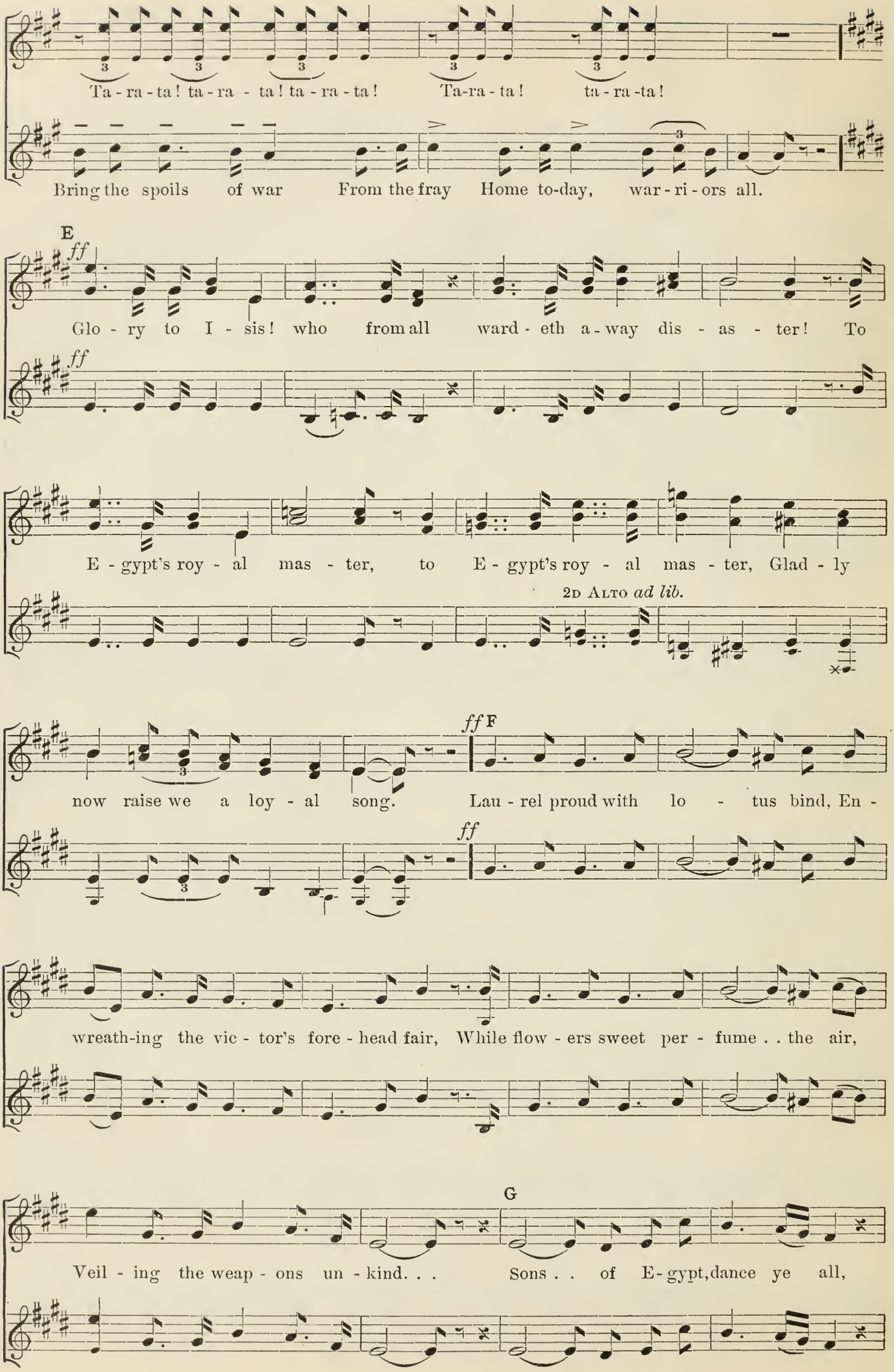
*Giuseppe Verdi.*

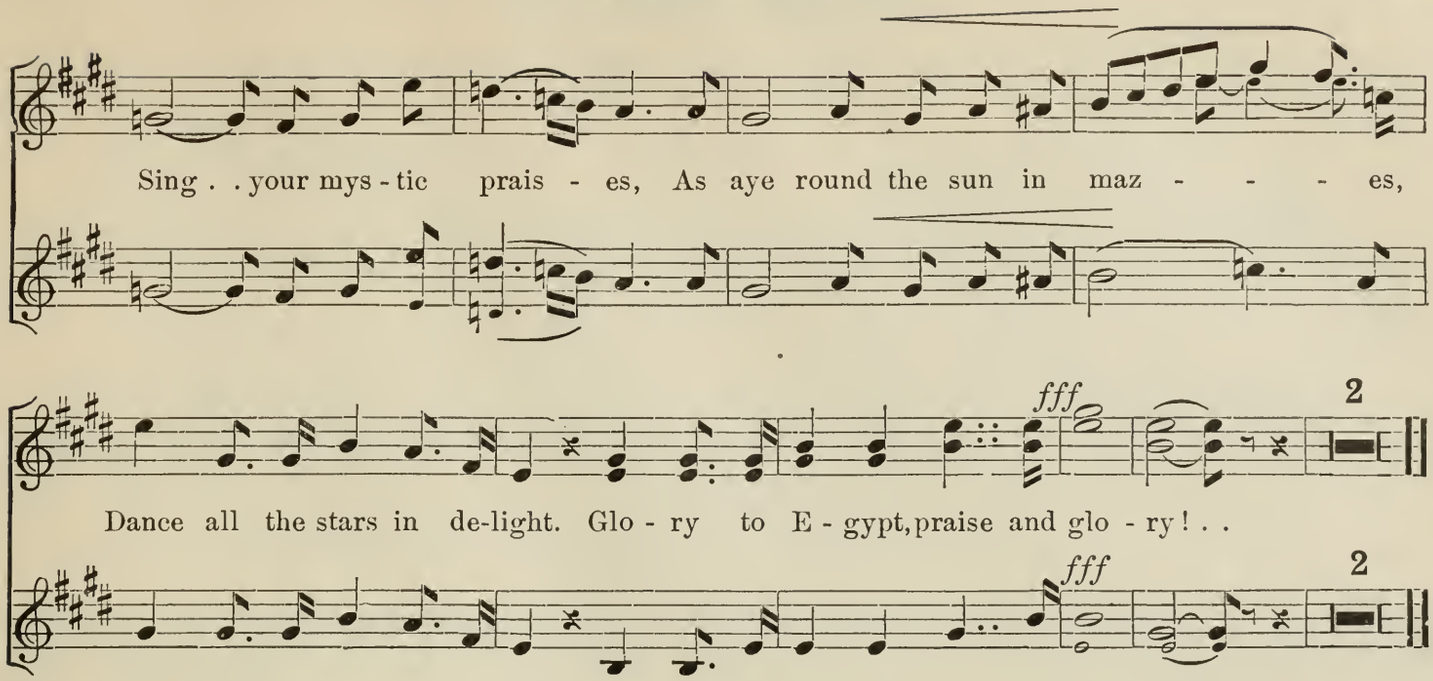
*Words adapted by M. Louise Baum.*

*Arranged by N. Clifford Page.*




sing . . your mys-tic prais - es, As aye, round the sun in maz - - es,
ff
cresc. a poco
Now sing your mys-tic prais- es, As round the sun in maz - es,
ff
p
C
Dance all the stars in de-light.
p
f ALTO.
Oh hark, hear how the trum-pets sound wel-come to
he - roes brave. Home from vic - to - ry! Round a- bout Peo - ple shout, ban-ners wave; . Ah!
come, join in the fes - tal round, List how the trum - pets sound!
Bring the spoils of war From the fray Home to-day, war - ri - ors all! Hark to the
D
SOPRANO I AND II.
mf
Ta - ra! . . ta - ra - ta! Ta - ra! . . ta - ra - ta!
trum-pet's call, Hark to the trum-pet's call, Hark to the
Ta - ra - ta! ta - ra - ta! ta - ra ta!
f
trumpet's call, . Ah come, Ah come, Ah come, Ah come, Join in the
Ta - ra - ta! ta - ra - ta! ta - ra - ta! Ta - ra - ta! ta - ra - ta!
fes - tal round. Hark, how the trum - pets sound!


Ta - ra - ta! ta - ra - ta! ta - ra - ta! Ta-ra - ta! ta - ra -ta!
Bring the spoils of war From the fray Home to-day, war - ri - ors all.
E
ff
Glo - ry to I - sis! who from all ward - eth a - way dis - as - ter! To
ff
E - gypt's roy - al mas - ter, to E - gypt's roy - al mas - ter, Glad - ly
2d Alto ad lib.
now raise we a loy - al song.
ff F
Lau - rel proud with lo - tus bind, En -
ff
wreath-ing the vic - tor's fore - head fair, While flow - ers sweet per - fume . . the air,
G
Veil - ing the weap - ons un - kind. . .
Sons . . of E - gypt, dance ye all,




## ANNIE LAURIE.

S. S. A.

***Douglas of Finland.*** ***Lady John Scott.***
***Arranged by J. Remington.***

*Moderato.* (*The 1st strain (8 measures) may be sung by various groups.*)

64.

1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the
2. Her brow is like the snaw - drift, Her throat is like the
3. Like dew on th' gow - an ly - ing Is th' fa' o' her fair - y

dew, And 'twas there that An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true; .
swan; Her . . face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on. . .
feet, And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet.

A Soprano I and II.

*p* *mf*

Gave me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got . . will be, And for
That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is . . . her e'e, And for
Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me, And for

Alto.

*p* *mf*

I'd . . lay . . me down an' dee.

N. B.

bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd . . lay me down an' dee.

N. B. *Soprano II sung very softly.*

# LEND ME YOUR AID.

"QUEEN OF SHEBA."

S. S. A.

*Charles Gounod.*
*Arranged by N. Clifford Page.*

*Andante con moto.*

65.

2 *p* Soprano I.

Lend me your aid, O race di - vine, . . . . . .

2 Soprano II. *pp*

Alto.

Lend me your aid, . O race di - vine, .

Fa - thers of old, . . . . . to whom I've pray'd, . . . . .

Fa - thers of old, . . to whom I've pray'd, .

A

Spir - its of pow'r, be your help mine, . . . . . .

Spir - its of pow'r, be your help mine, .

*cresc.*

Lend me your aid, . . . . . Fa - thers of old, . . . . to whom I've

*cresc.*

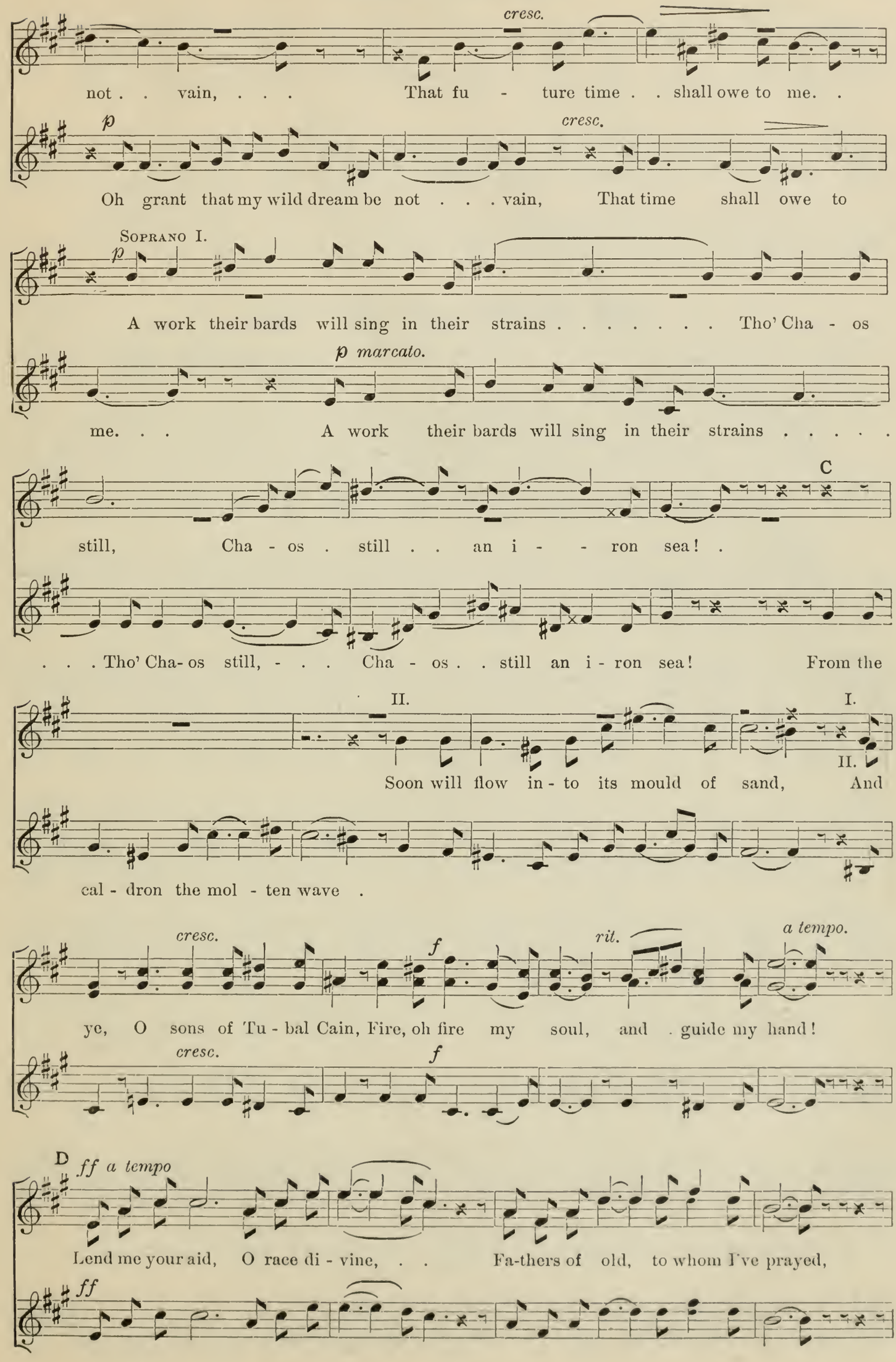
Lend me your aid, . Fa - thers of old, . to whom I've

B

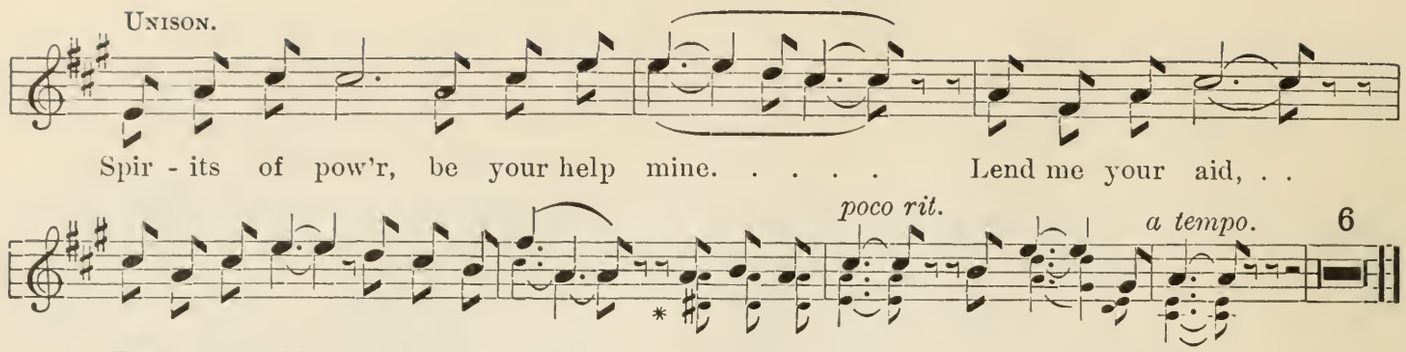
*un poco animato.* *p* Soprano II.

pray'd, O lend . your aid! . Oh grant that my wild dream be

pray'd, fa-thers of old O lend . your aid! .


cresc.
not . . vain, . . . That fu - ture time . . shall owe to me. .
p
cresc.
Oh grant that my wild dream be not . . . vain, That time shall owe to
Soprano I.
p
A work their bards will sing in their strains . . . . . Tho' Cha - os
p marcato.
me. . . A work their bards will sing in their strains . . . . .
C
still, Cha - os . still . . an i - - ron sea! .
. . . Tho' Cha- os still, - . . Cha - os . . still an i - ron sea! From the
II.
I.
II.
Soon will flow in - to its mould of sand, And
cal - dron the mol - ten wave .
cresc.
f
rit.
a tempo.
ye, O sons of Tu - bal Cain, Fire, oh fire my soul, and . guide my hand!
cresc.
f
D
ff a tempo
Lend me your aid, O race di - vine, . . Fa-thers of old, to whom I've prayed,
ff

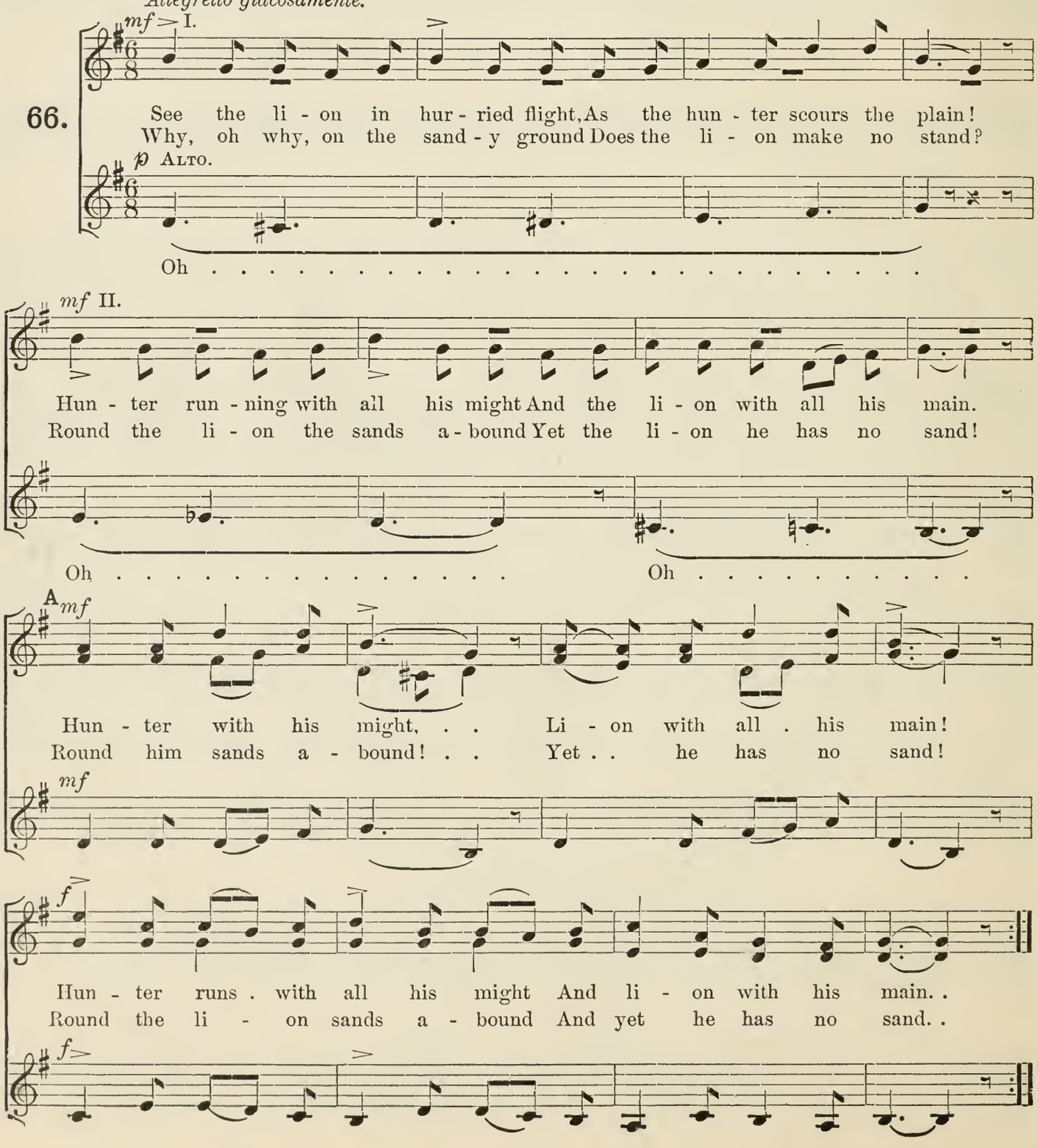
## LEND ME YOUR AID.




*Choice of small notes for Soprano II and Alto or unison to end.

## THE HUNTER AND THE LION.

*Frederick H. Martens.* S. S. A. *Old French Melody.*
*Harmonized by N. Clifford Page.*



# LONG, LONG AGO.

*Moderato.* S. S. A. *T. H. Bayly.*

Soprano I and II. *Arranged by Bertha Remick.*

67.

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear; (Long,) Long, long a - go, (Long,)
2. Do you re-mem - ber the paths where we met; (Long,) Long, long a - go, (Long,)
3. Tho' by your kind - ness my fond hopes were raised; (Long,) Long, long a - go. (Long,)

Alto.

Long, long, a - go; (Sing, ah,) Sing me the songs I de - light - ed to hear (Long,)
Long, long, a - go; (Yes,— ) Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for - get, (Long,)
Long, long, a - go; ( Ah,— ) You, by more el - o - quent lips have been prais'd, (Long,)

Long, long a - go, long a - go, (a - go.) Now you are come, all my
Long, long a - go, long a - go, (a - go.) Then, to all oth - ers my
Long, long a - go, long a - go, (a - go.) But, by long ab - sence your

Now you are . .
Then to all . .
But, by long . .

grief is re-moved, Let me for - get that so long you have roved, (Ah,)
smile you pre- ferr'd, Love, when you spoke gave a charm to each word, (For)
truth has been tried, Still to your ac - cents I lis - ten with pride, (Ah,)

(Ah, . .) Let me for - get you have roved,
(Ah, . .) Love gave a charm to each word,
(Ah, . .) Still I . . lis - ten with pride,

Let me be-lieve that you love as you lov'd, (Long,) Long, long a - go, long a - go, (a - go.)
Still my heart treasures the prais - es I heard, (Long,) Long, long a - go, long a - go, (a - go.)
Blest as I was when I sat by your side, (Long,) Long, long a - go, long a - go, (a - go.)

# SONG OF THE RHINE-NYMPHS.

( FROM "GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG." )

( The Dusk of the Gods. )

*Text by Wagner.* S. S. A. *Richard Wagner.*

*Adapted by Glen Carle.*

*Animato, ma moderato il tempo.*

Soprano I and II.

68.

10

*mf*

The sun - god

Alto. 10

*mf*

send - eth rays of splen - dor; Night reigns in . . the wa - ters,

A

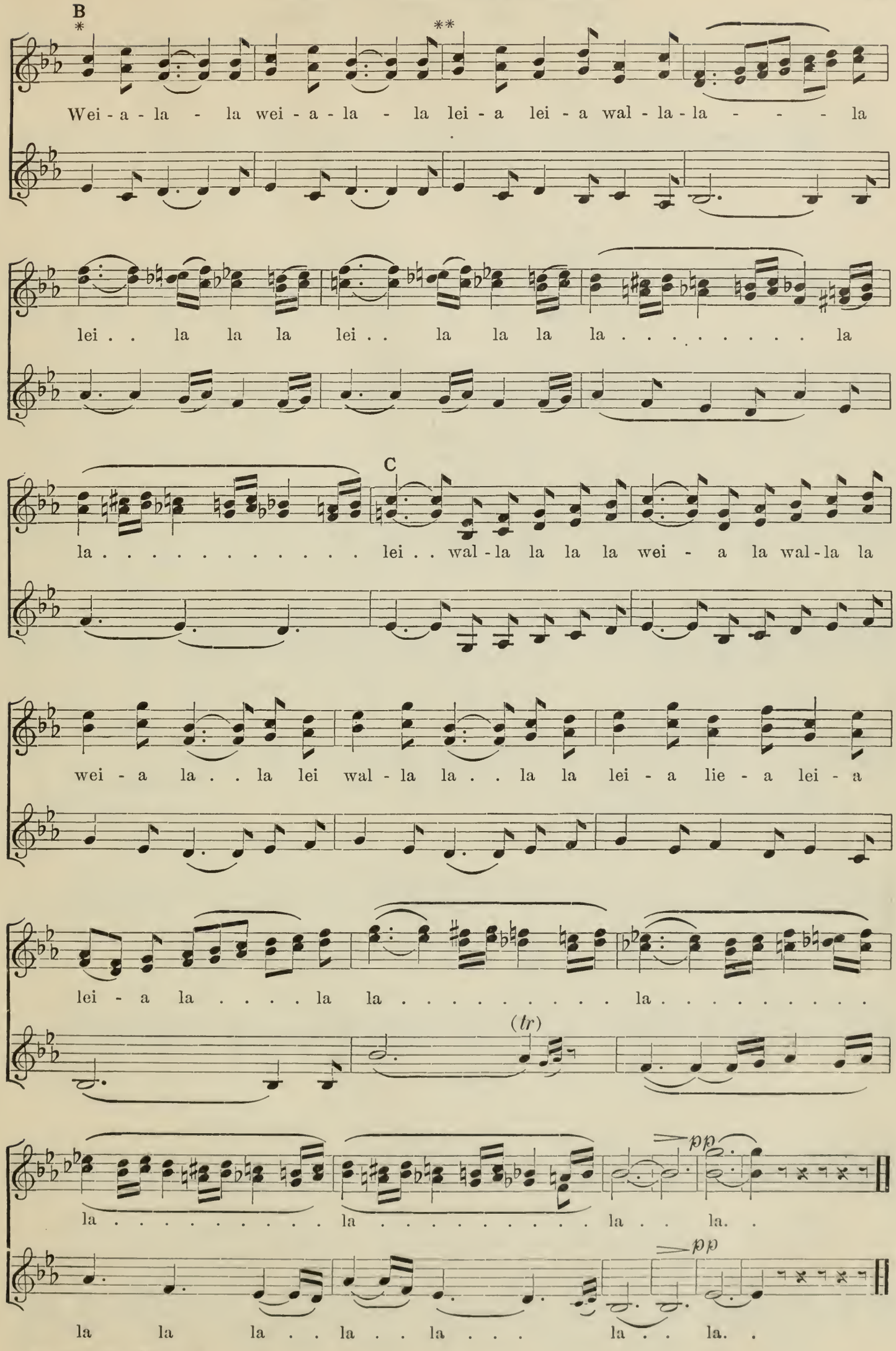
Once they did beam, When brave and bright our fa - ther's gold yet in them

glit - tered. Rhine- gold! bright - est gold! How clear - ly once thou

shone - - - - est, . Thou beau -teous star . . of wa - - ters!

shone - - est, beau - - teous star . . .

In the depths of the river Rhine dwelt the three Rhine-nymphs, *Woglinda, Wellgunda, Flosshilda.* Their duty was to guard the gold hidden in the rocks. *Alberich*, a cunning dwarf, stole the treasure, making it into a ring. Ever after the nymphs bewailed their loss until *Brünnhilde*, the Valkyrie, gave back the ring to them.




* Pronounced VI-ah-lah.
** LĪ-a-vahl-la-li.

# LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

S. S. A.
(Violin *ad lib.*)

*G. Clifton Bingham.* — *J. L. Molloy.* *Arranged by J. Remington.*

69.

*Andante con moto.* Soprano I.

1. Once in the dear dead days be - yond re - call,
2. E - ven to - day we hear love's song of yore,

Soprano II.

Alto.

When on the world the mists be - gan to fall, Out of the dreams that
Deep in our hearts it dwells for ev - er - more, Foot - steps may fal - ter,

rose in hap - py throng, Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song;
wea - ry grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day;

rose in hap - py throng,
wea - ry grow the way,

A *mf a tempo.*

And in the dusk where fell the fire - light gleam,
So till the end, when life's dim shad - ows fall,

*mf a tempo.*

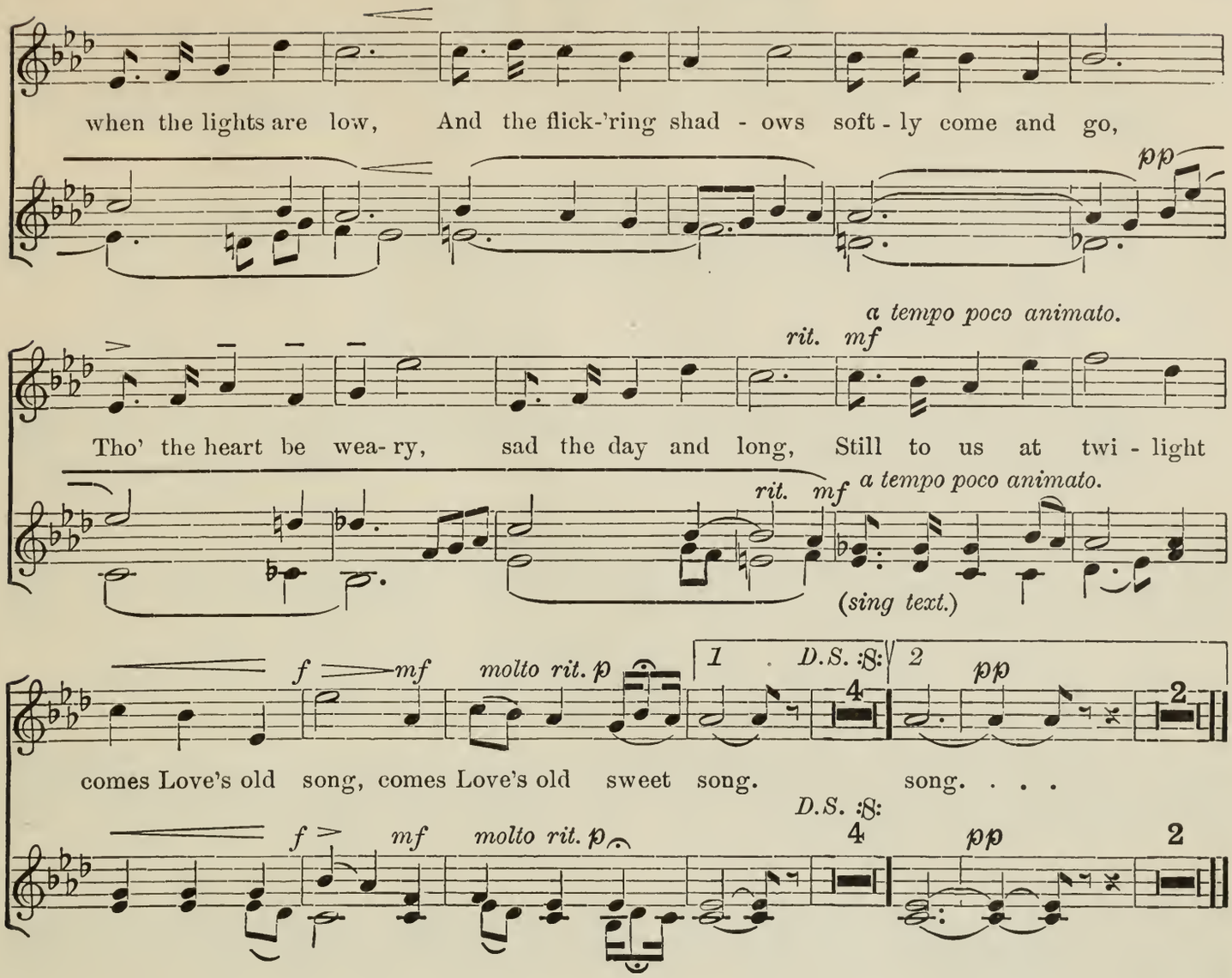
And in the dusk where fell the fire - light
So till the end, when life's dim shad - ows

*poco rit.* *molto rit.* B *Andante con moto.* *mf*

Soft - ly it wove it - self in - to our dream. Just a song at twi - light,
Love will be found the sweet - est song of all,

*poco rit.* *molto rit.* *pp*

gleam, It wove it - self in - to our dream. *Humming.*
fall, Love is found the sweet - est song of all.

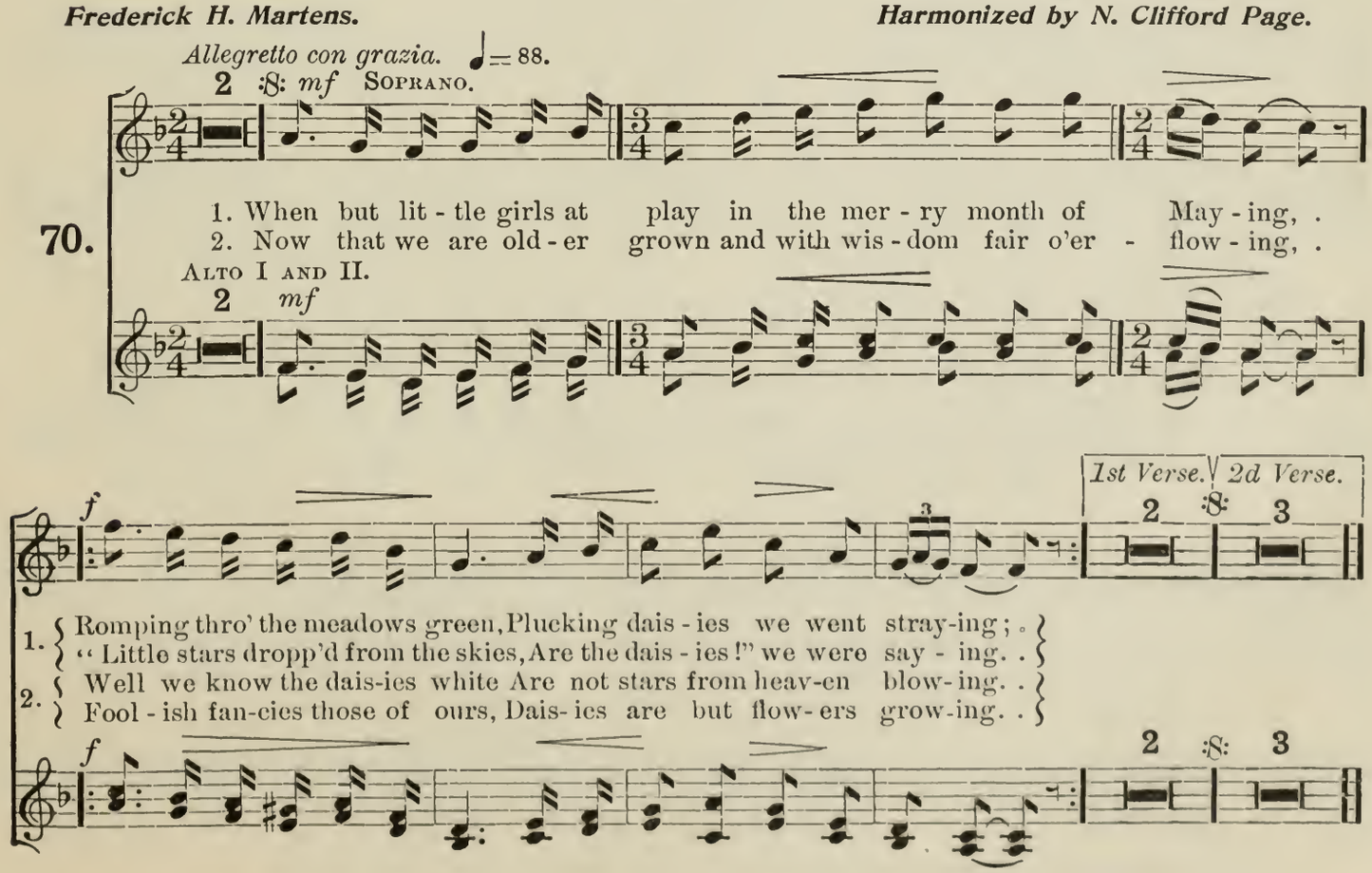



## THE DAISIES.

S. A. A.

***Frederick H. Martens.***

***Catalan Folk-Song (Spain).***
***Harmonized by N. Clifford Page.***



# OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

## ( WAY DOWN UPON DE SWANEE RIBBER.)

S. S. A.

*Stephen C. Foster.*

*Stephen C. Foster.*
*Arranged by J. Remington.*

*Andante cantabile.*

SOPRANO I AND II.

71.

*mp*

II.

1. Way down up - on de Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way,
2. All 'round de lit - tle farm I wan-dered, When I was young,
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love;

ALTO.

*p*

II.

Dere's wha' my heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Dere's wha' de old folks stay.
Den man - y hap - py days I squan-dered, Man - y de songs I sung.
Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter wha' I rove.

A

All up and down de whole cre - a - tion . . Sad - ly I roam,
When I was play - ing wid my brud - der, . Hap - py was I;
When will I see de bees a - hum - ming All 'round de comb?

Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
Oh! take me to my kind old mud - der, Dere let me live and die.
When will I hear de ban - jo tum - ming, Down in my good old home?

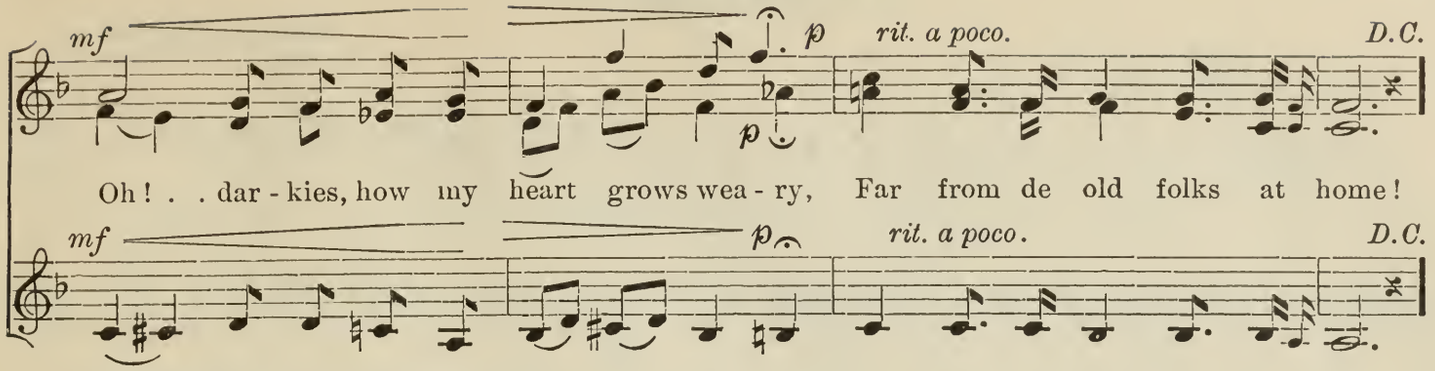
B Arrangement No. 1. (*Melody in Soprano I.*)

N.B. *p* REFRAIN.

All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - 'ry whar I roam, (I roam,)

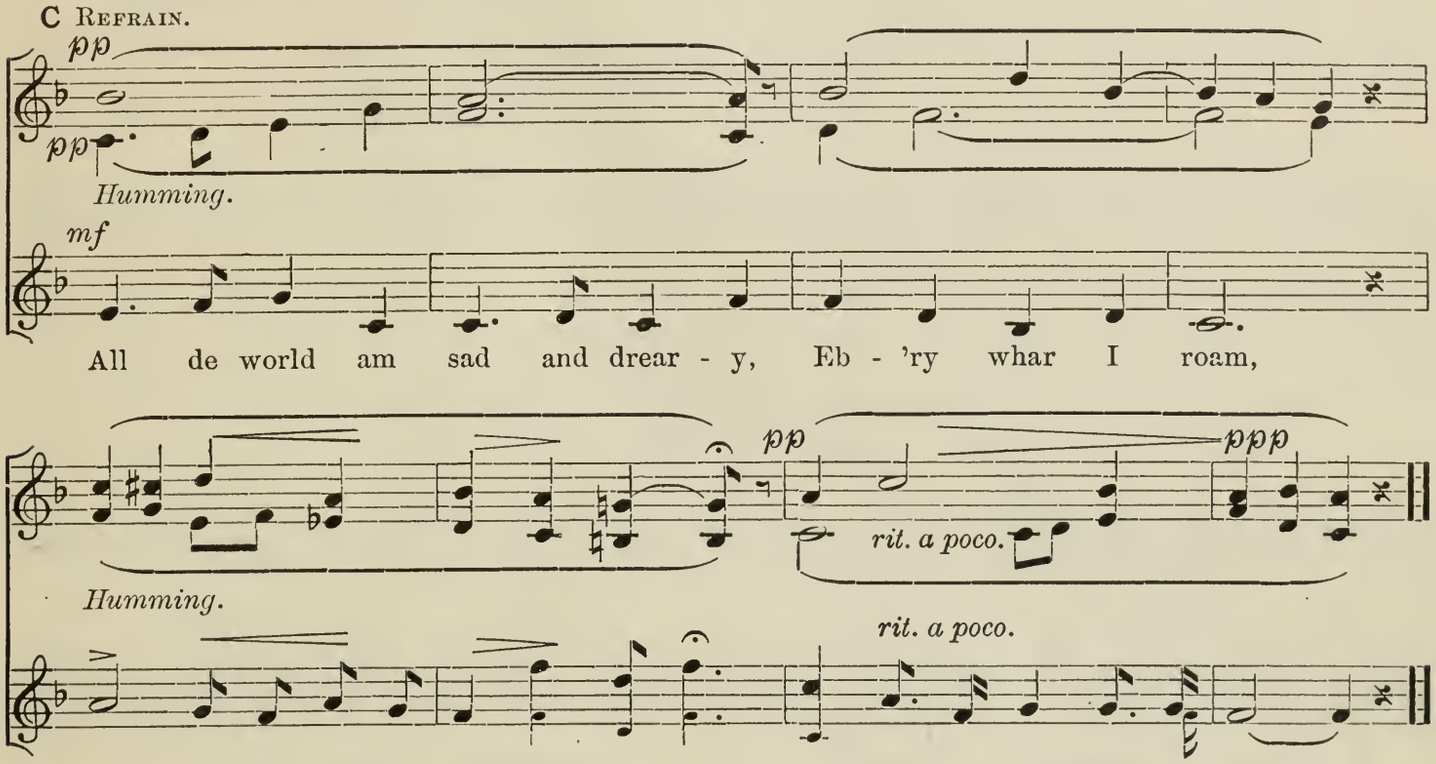
*p*

N. B. Two arrangements of the Refrain are given, either one may be used; or both, in alternation.




Arrangement No. 2. (*Melody in Alto.*)

C Refrain.




## GUARDIAN ANGELS.

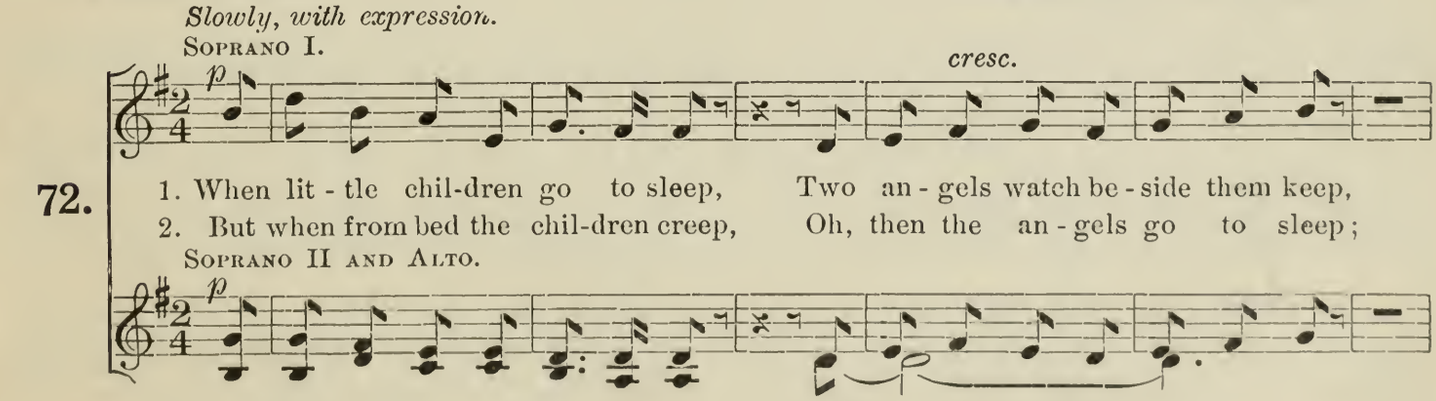
***Frederick H. Martens from the German.***

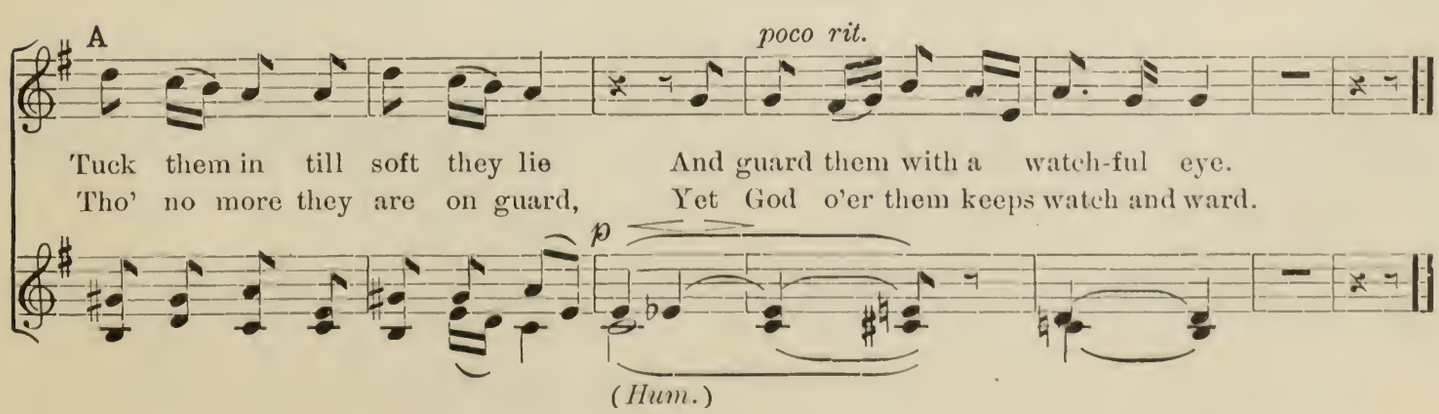
S. S. A.

***Robert Schumann, Op. 79, No. 22. Arranged by N. Clifford Page.***

*Slowly, with expression.*

Soprano I.



# LULLABY.

S. S. A.

*Johannes Brahms.*
*Arr. by P. C. Warren.*

73.

*Moderato* SOPRANO I AND II. *p*

Lul - la - by and good-night, With ros - es be - dight, With lil - ies o'er-spread Is ba - by's wee bed. Lay thee down now and rest, May thy slum - ber be blest, Lay thee down now and rest, May thy slum - ber be blest, Lay thee down and rest, May thy slum-ber be blest.

ALTO.

Lay thee down and rest, May thy slum - ber be blest, Lay thee down and rest, May thy slum-ber be blest.

A

Lul - la - by and good-night, Thy moth- er's de - light, Fair an - gels a - bove will guard thee in love; . . They will keep thee from harms, Thou shalt wake in my arms; keep a - way all harms, Thou shalt wake in my arms; They will keep thee from harms, Thou shalt wake in my arms. keep a - - way all harms, Thou shalt wake in my arms.

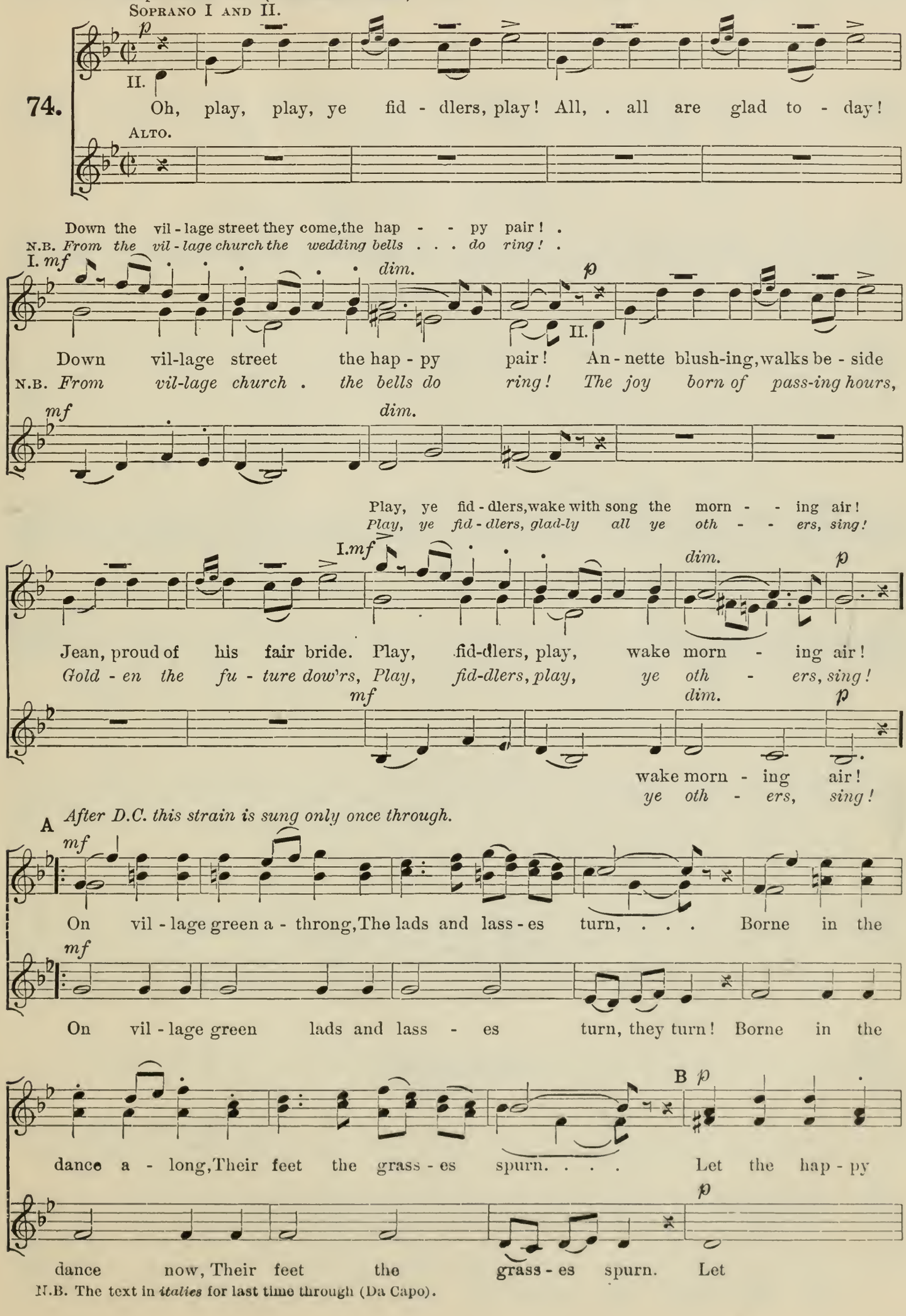
(*Closed lips.*) (Hm.) . . . . . (Hm.) . . . . . .

# RUSTIC WEDDING.

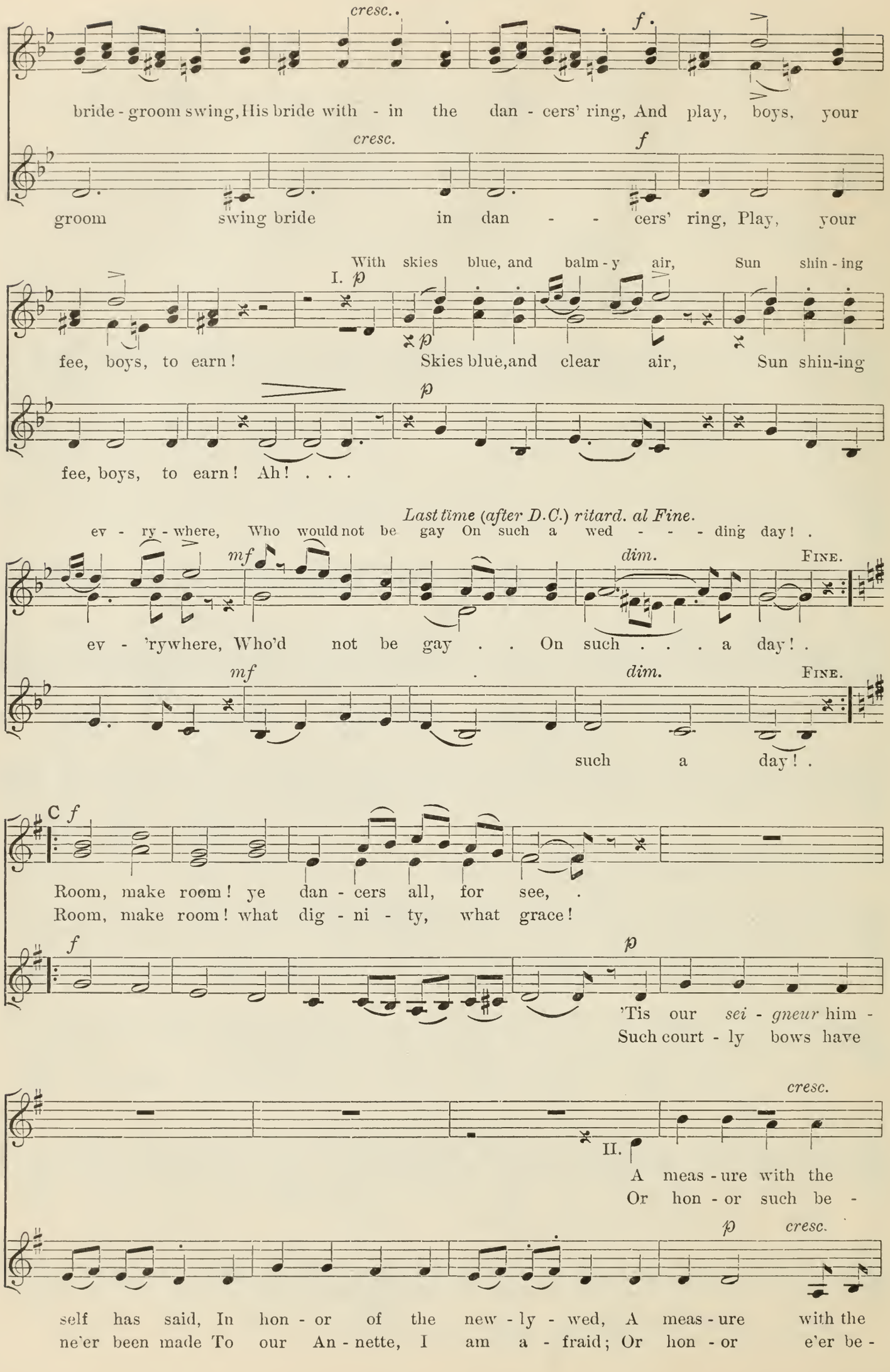
S. S. A.

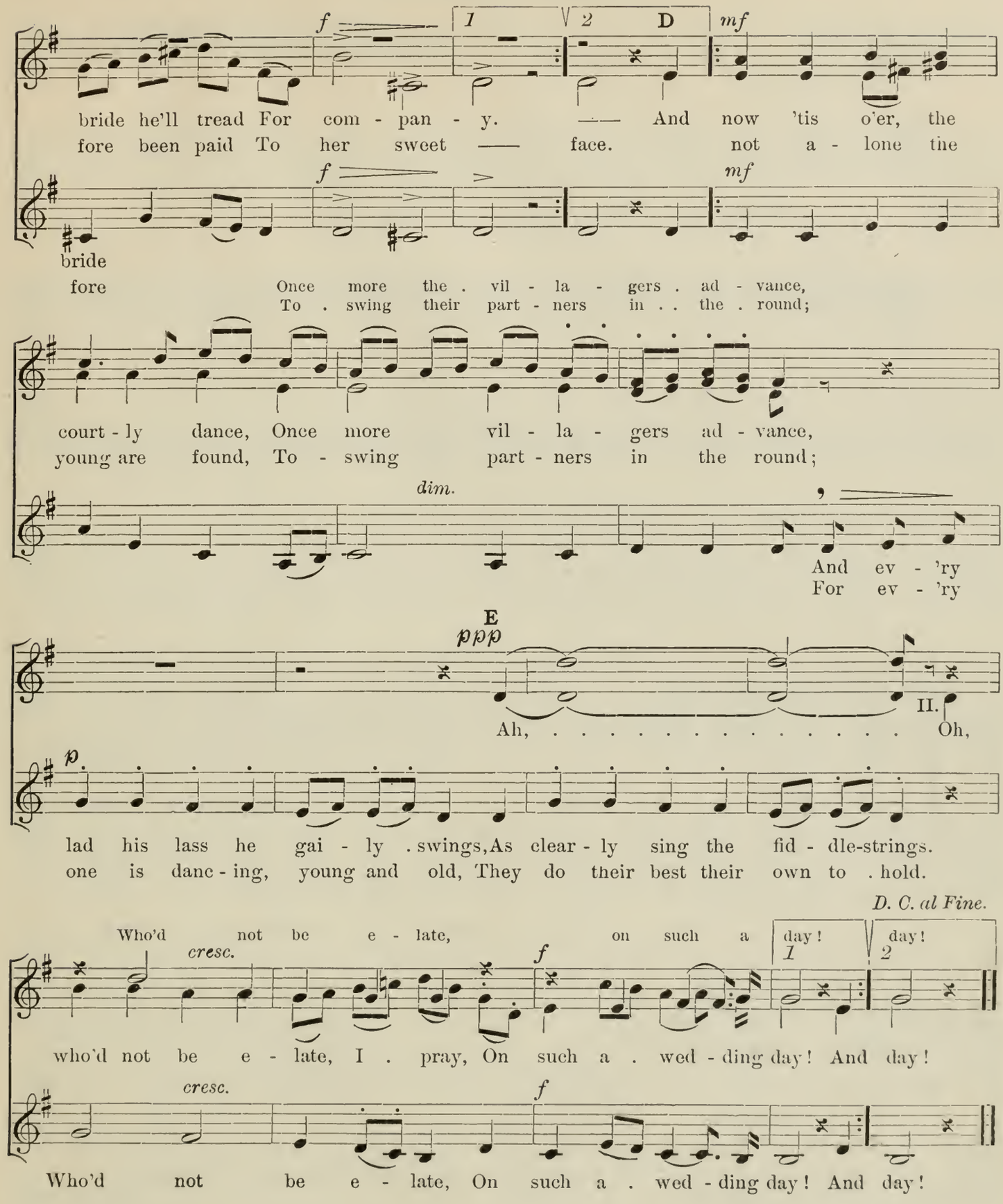
***Frederick H. Martens.*** ***Gabriel-Marie.***
***Arranged by N. Clifford Page.***

*Tempo di Gavotte* (*Slow Alla-Breve*).




N.B. The text in *italics* for last time through (Da Capo).

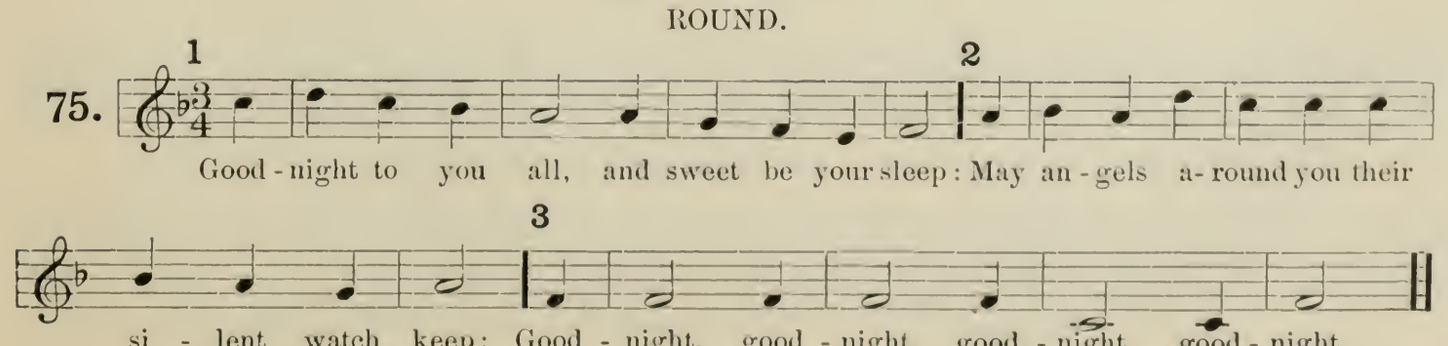

cresc..
f.
bride - groom swing, His bride with - in the dan - cers' ring, And play, boys, your
cresc.
f
groom swing bride in dan - - cers' ring, Play, your
With skies blue, and balm - y air, Sun shin - ing
I. p
fee, boys, to earn! Skies blue, and clear air, Sun shin-ing
p
fee, boys, to earn! Ah! . . .
Last time (after D.C.) ritard. al Fine.
ev - ry - where, Who would not be gay On such a wed - - - ding day! .
mf
dim.
Fine.
ev - 'rywhere, Who'd not be gay . . On such . . . a day! .
mf
dim.
Fine.
such a day! .
C f
Room, make room! ye dan - cers all, for see, .
Room, make room! what dig - ni - ty, what grace!
f
p
'Tis our sei - gneur him -
Such court - ly bows have
cresc.
II.
A meas - ure with the
Or hon - or such be -
p
cresc.
self has said, In hon - or of the new - ly - wed, A meas - ure with the
ne'er been made To our An - nette, I am a - fraid; Or hon - or e'er be -




## GOOD-NIGHT.

ROUND.

75.



# MOONLIT MEADOWS.

S. S. A.

*Alphons Czibulka, Op. 356.*

*M. Louise Baum.*

*Adapted and arranged by N. Clifford Page.*

*Tempo di Valse.*

SOPRANO I AND II.

76.

12 *p* *mf*

II.

Moon - lit mead - ows shine a - far, . . . . Sil - ver

ALTO.

12

wa - ters lie gleam - ing, . . Where the wil - lows are dream - ing, Gates of mem - 'ry

Ah, . . . . . While from cloud - land is beam - - ing

*pp* *p*

now un - bar, . . . . While from cloud-land is beam - ing

While from cloud-land is beam - ing

A

*pp*

One fair star. . . *Humming.* Haunt - ed with

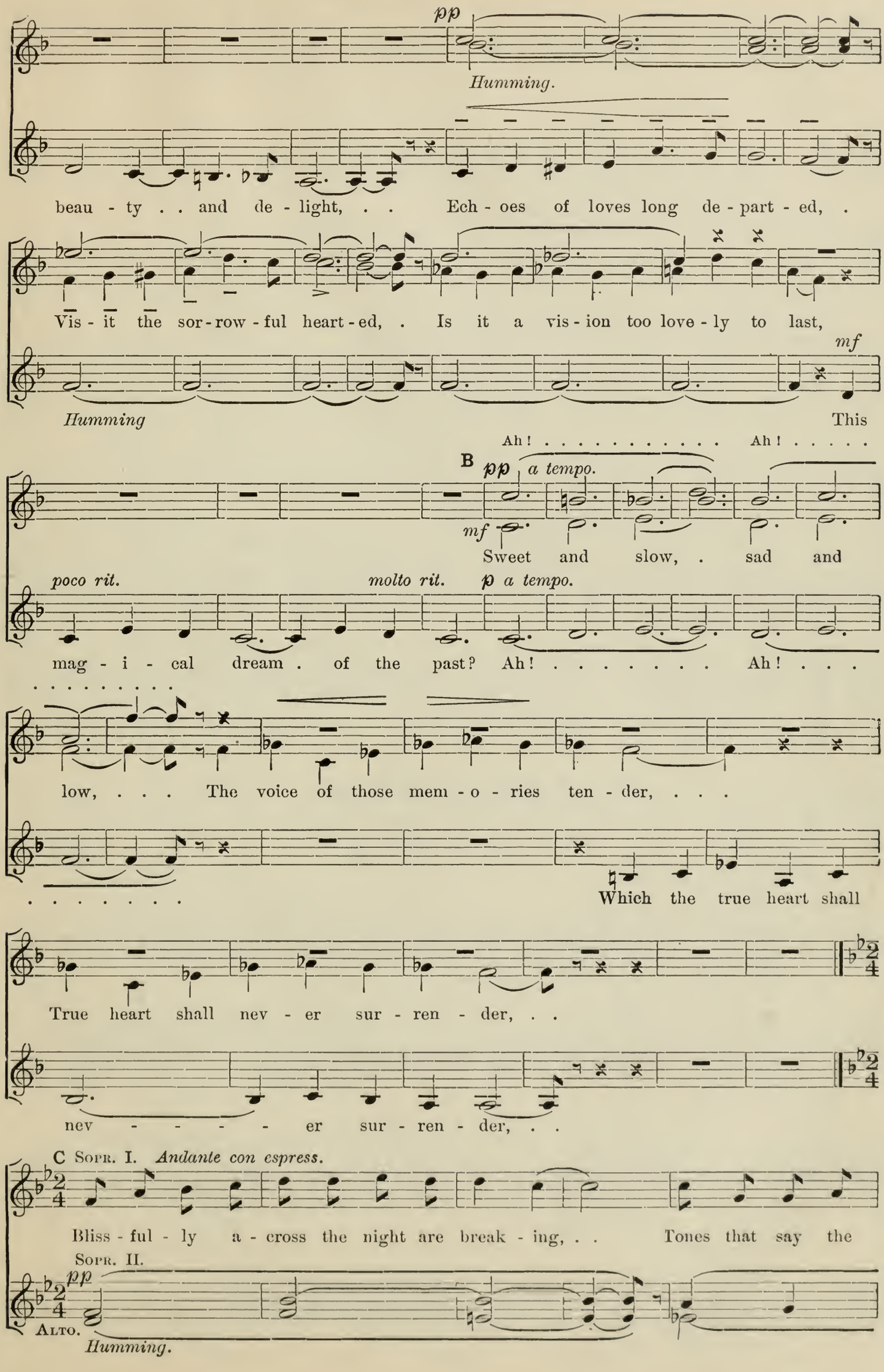
One . . . fair star, . . Ah, how the fan - cies come throng-ing, . . *Humming.*

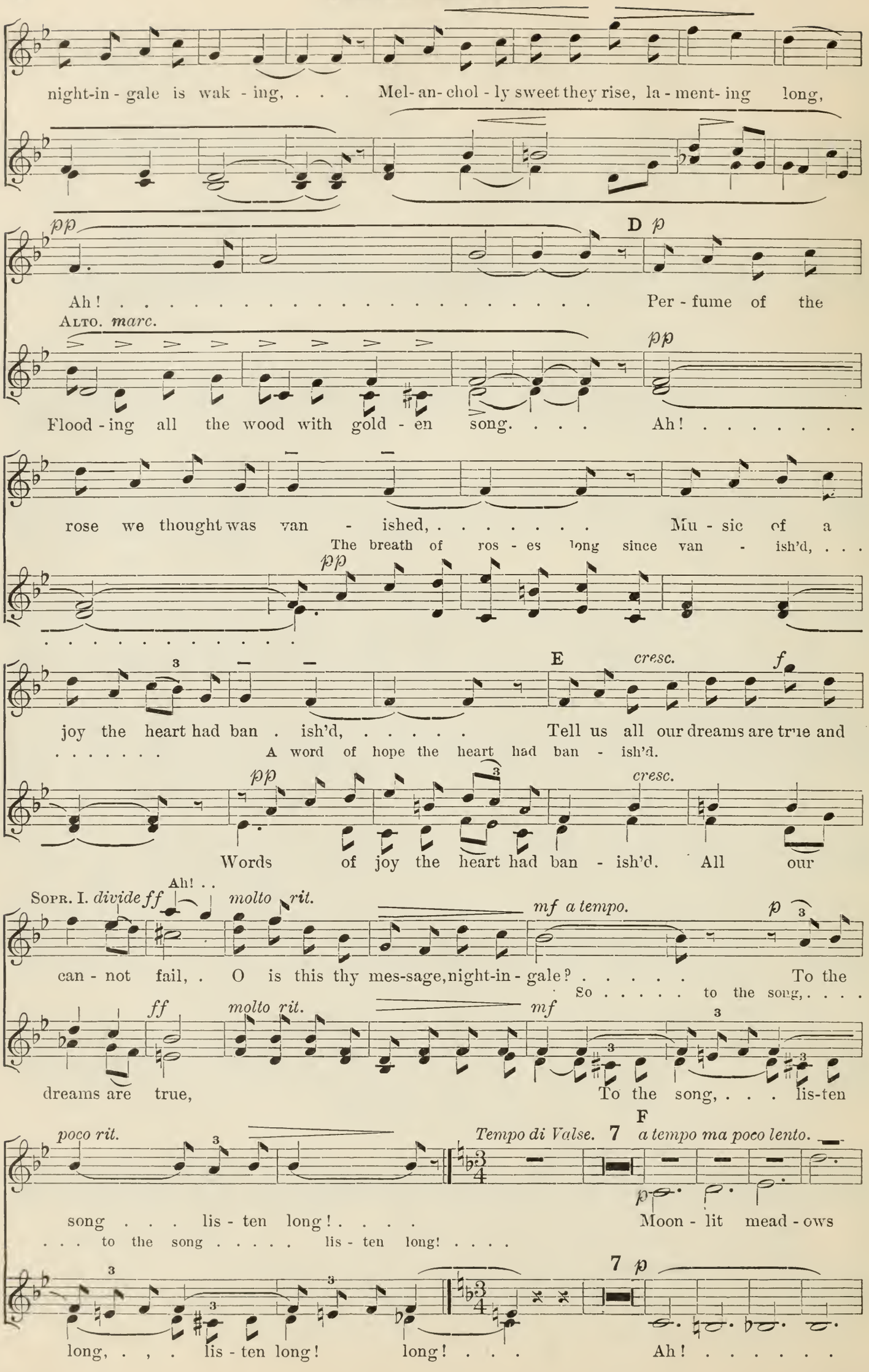
*p*

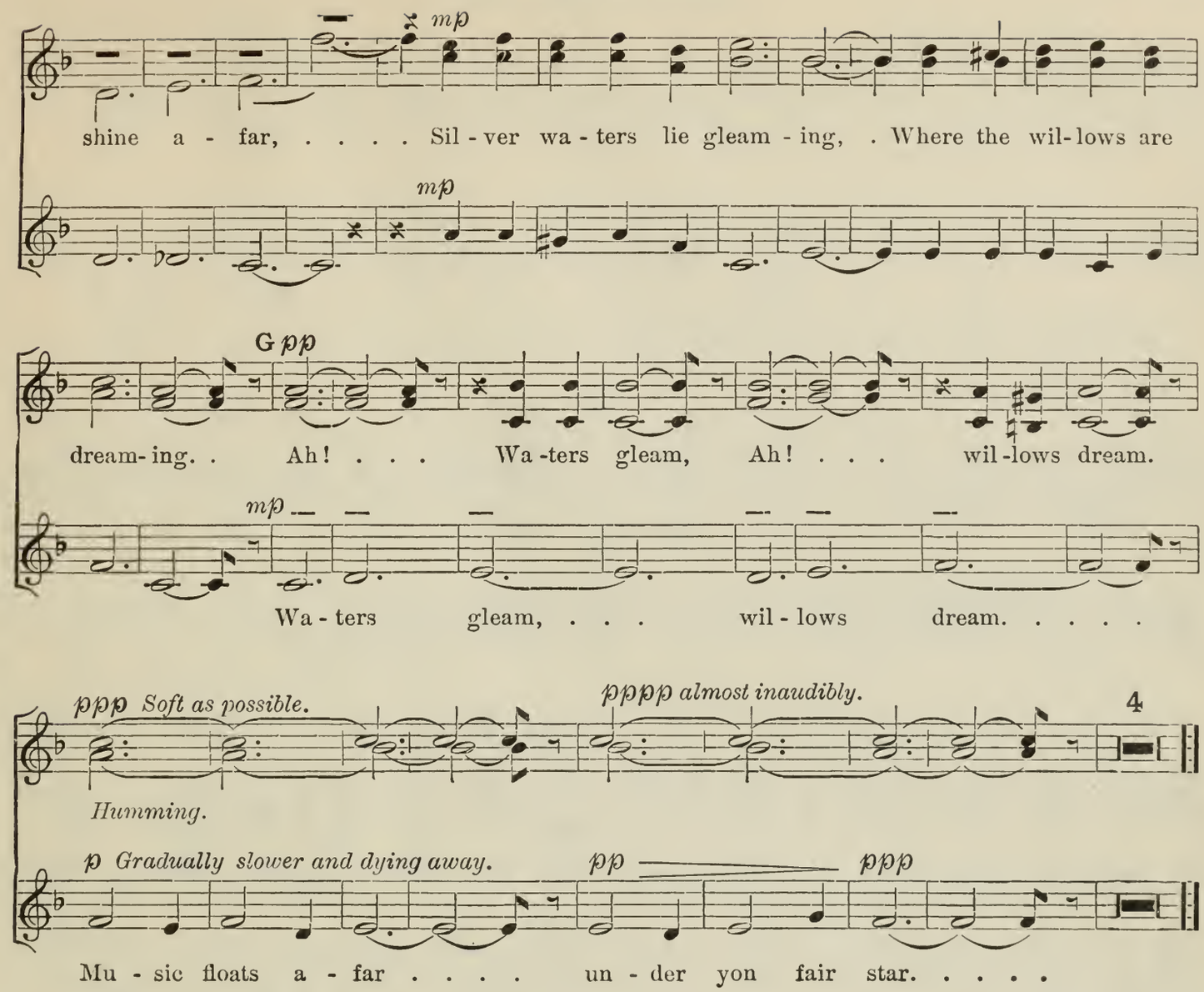
fra-grance of long - ing! . . All the mys - ter - i - ous charm of the night,

*mf marc.*

Means


pp
Humming.
beau - ty . . and de - light, . . Ech - oes of loves long de - part - ed, .
Vis - it the sor - row - ful heart - ed, . Is it a vis - ion too love - ly to last,
mf
Humming
This
Ah! . . . . . Ah! . . . . .
B
pp a tempo.
mf
Sweet and slow, . sad and
poco rit.
molto rit.
p a tempo.
mag - i - cal dream . of the past? Ah! . . . . . Ah! . . .
. . . . . .
low, . . . The voice of those mem - o - ries ten - der, . . .
. . . . . .
Which the true heart shall
True heart shall nev - er sur - ren - der, . .
nev - - - - - er sur - ren - der, . .
C Sopr. I. Andante con espress.
Bliss - ful - ly a - cross the night are break - ing, . . Tones that say the
Sopr. II.
pp
Alto.
Humming.


night-in-gale is wak-ing, . . . Mel-an-chol-ly sweet they rise, la-ment-ing long,
pp
D p
Ah! . . . . . Per-fume of the
Alto. marc.
pp
Flood-ing all the wood with gold-en song. . . . Ah! . . . . . .
rose we thought was van-ished, . . . . . Mu-sic of a
The breath of ros-es long since van-ish'd, . . .
pp
. . . . . .
E cresc. f
joy the heart had ban-ish'd, . . . . . Tell us all our dreams are true and
. . . . . A word of hope the heart had ban-ish'd.
pp cresc.
Words of joy the heart had ban-ish'd. All our
Sopr. I. divide ff Ah! . . molto rit. mf a tempo. p
can-not fail, . O is this thy mes-sage, night-in-gale? . . . . . To the
So . . . . . to the song, . . . .
ff molto rit. mf
dreams are true, To the song, . . . lis-ten
poco rit. Tempo di Valse. 7 F a tempo ma poco lento.
song . . . lis-ten long! . . . . Moon-lit mead-ows
. . . to the song . . . . . lis-ten long! . . . .
7 p
long, . , . lis-ten long! long! . . . Ah! . . . . . .

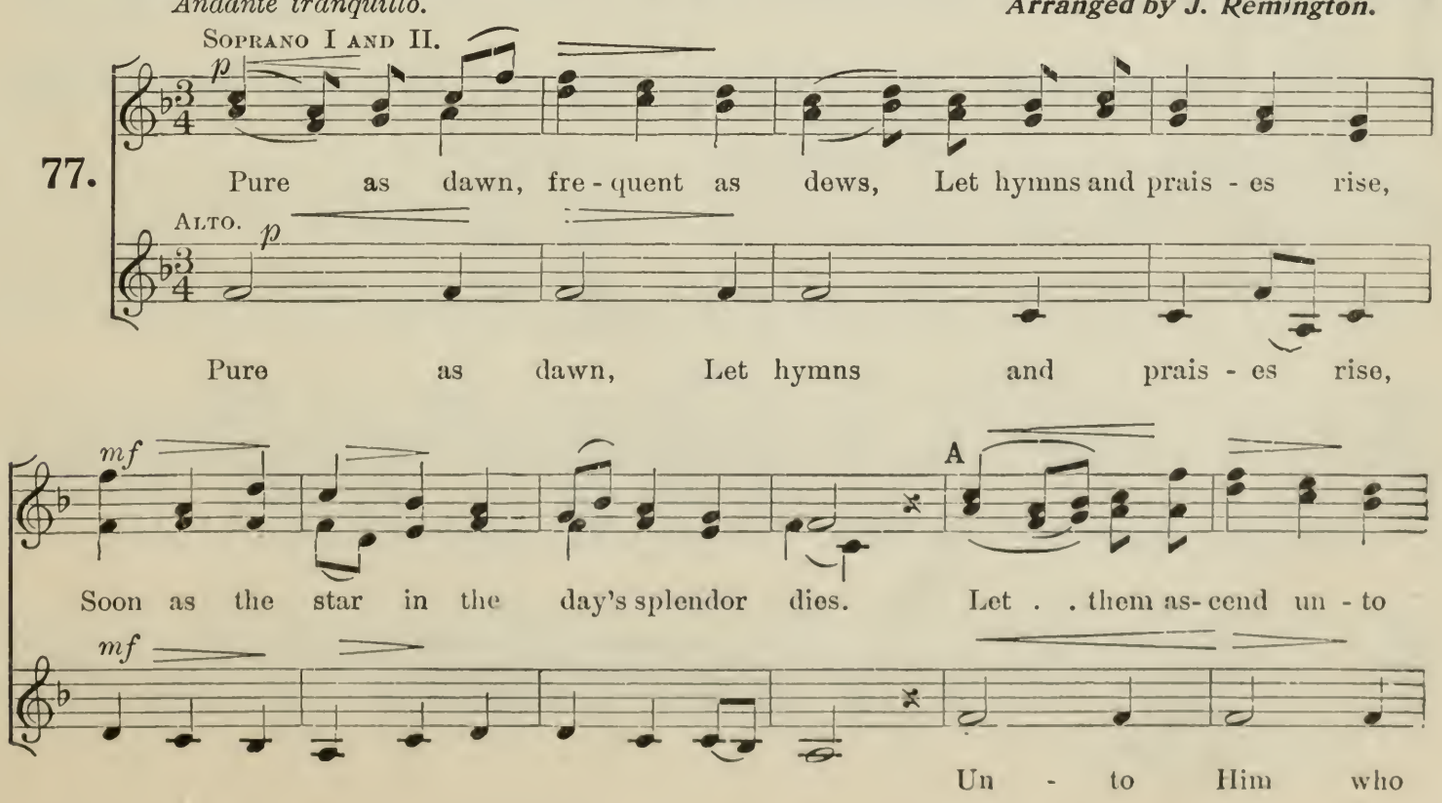


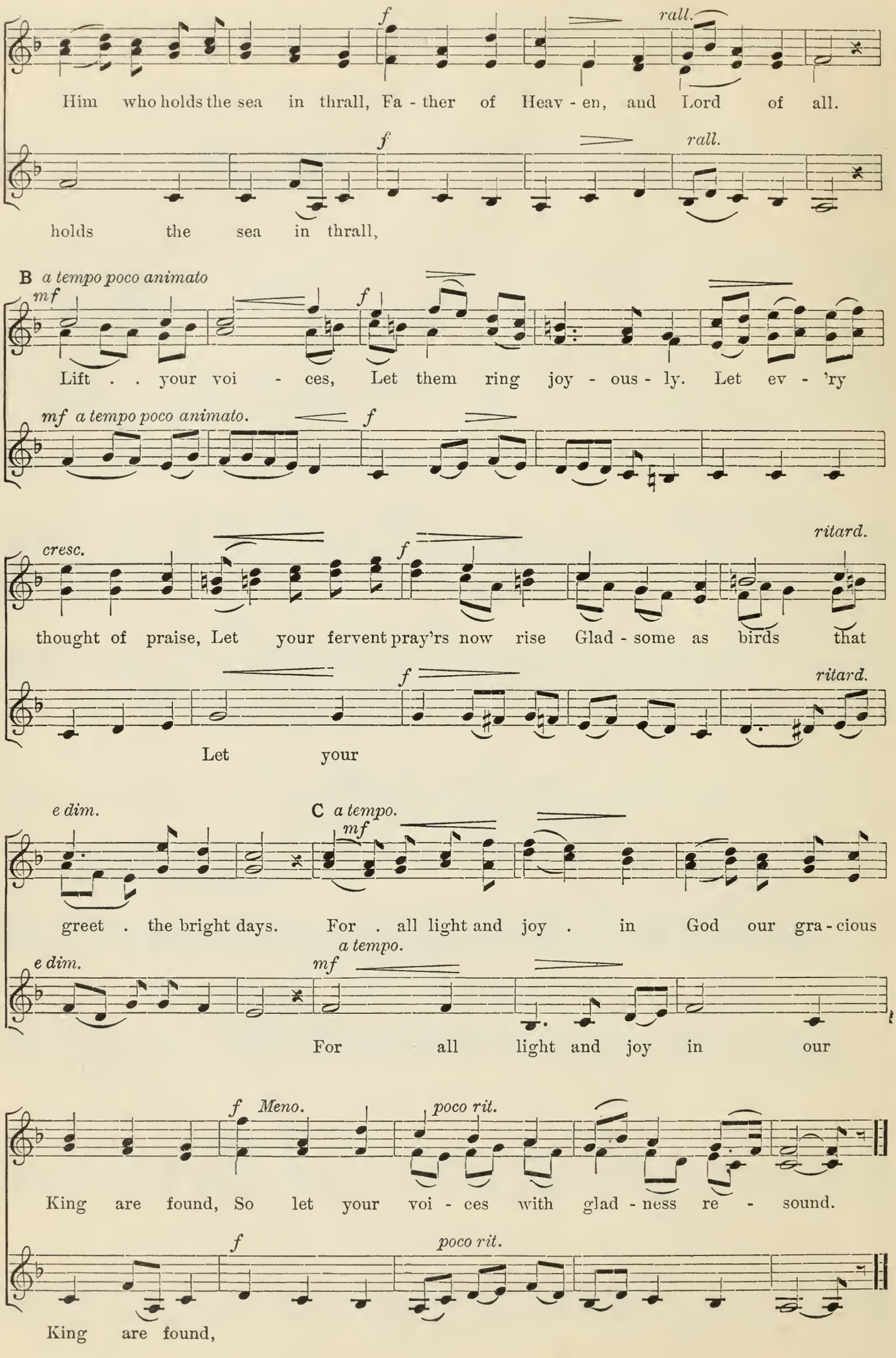

## MORNING PRAISE.

FROM "ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE."

*Frederic Manley.* S. S. A. *C. W. von Glück.*
*Arranged by J. Remington.*

*Andante tranquillo.*




f
rall.
Him who holds the sea in thrall, Fa - ther of Heav - en, and Lord of all.
f
rall.
holds the sea in thrall,
B a tempo poco animato
mf
f
Lift . . your voi - ces, Let them ring joy - ous - ly. Let ev - 'ry
mf a tempo poco animato.
f
cresc.
f
ritard.
thought of praise, Let your fervent pray'rs now rise Glad - some as birds that
f
ritard.
Let your
e dim.
C a tempo.
mf
greet . the bright days. For . all light and joy . in God our gra - cious
e dim.
a tempo.
mf
For all light and joy in our
f Meno.
poco rit.
King are found, So let your voi - ces with glad - ness re - sound.
f
poco rit.
King are found,

# OLD BLACK JOE.

*Stephen C. Foster.* S. S. A. *Stephen C. Foster.*
*Arranged by J. Remington.*

78.

*Andante molto.*
*mf* SOPRANO I AND II.

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The

ALTO.

A
*p* *Melody* SOPRANO II *2 measures.*

Gone are my friends from the cot - ton fields a - way; Gone from this earth to a
Why do I sigh that my friends come not a - gain, Griev - ing for forms now de -
chil - dren so dear, that I held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my

*mf* *Melody. 2 measures.*

I.
II.

bet - ter land I know, I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"
part - ed long a - go? I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"
soul has long'd to go, I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

B
*pp*

I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing For my head is bend - ing low, . . . I

*pp*

*poco rit. e dim.* *pp*

hear those gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!" . .

*poco rit. e dim.* *pp*

# LULLABY.

FROM "JOCELYN."

S. S. A.

*English version by*
*Frederick H. Martens.*

*(Violin part *ad libitum*.)

*Benjamin Godard.*
*Arranged by N. Clifford Page.*

*Andante con moto.*

79. SOPRANO II. (*A few voices only.*)

7

*pp*

*rit.*

ALTO. (*A few voices only.*) (*Humming.*)

RECIT. *p* SOLO OR SELECTED VOICES. (SOPRANO I.)

1. Kind Heav'n this se - cret ref - uge grants us in our
2. 'Tis God who guards us safe in qui - et for - est

*a tempo.*

flight. . Mis - for - tune draws us close En - com - pass'd by the
ways. . The waves, that on - ward flow Soft glid - ing, scarce - ly

SOPRANO II. *ppp*

ALTO. (*Hum.*)

night, The hours of dark - ness pass the while we are dream - ing, Or our
know Where their vague cur - rents go; and day fol - lows day; While we

(*Hum.*)

*poco rit.*

pray'r ris - es where the stars are ra - diant beam - ing. . .
pray that His bless - ing rest up - on us al - way. . .

*poco rit.* *pp*

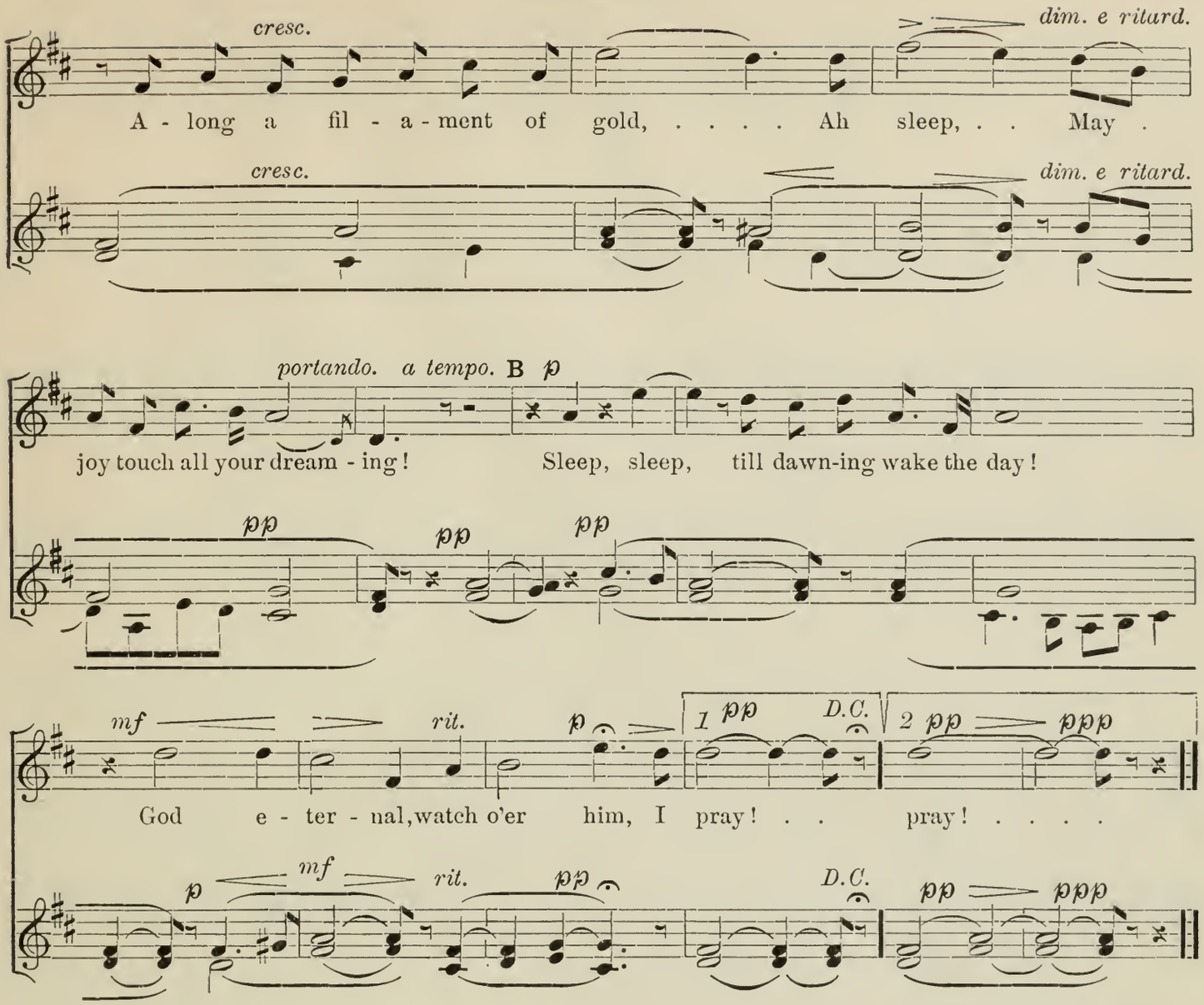
*Andante molto espressivo.*

A ALL THE SOPRANO I. *p*

Sleep, so your tale of dreams be told, . . . That an-gels weave of glam-our's seem-ing,

ALL SOPRANO II AND ALTO. *pp*

(*Hum.*)




## SERENADE.

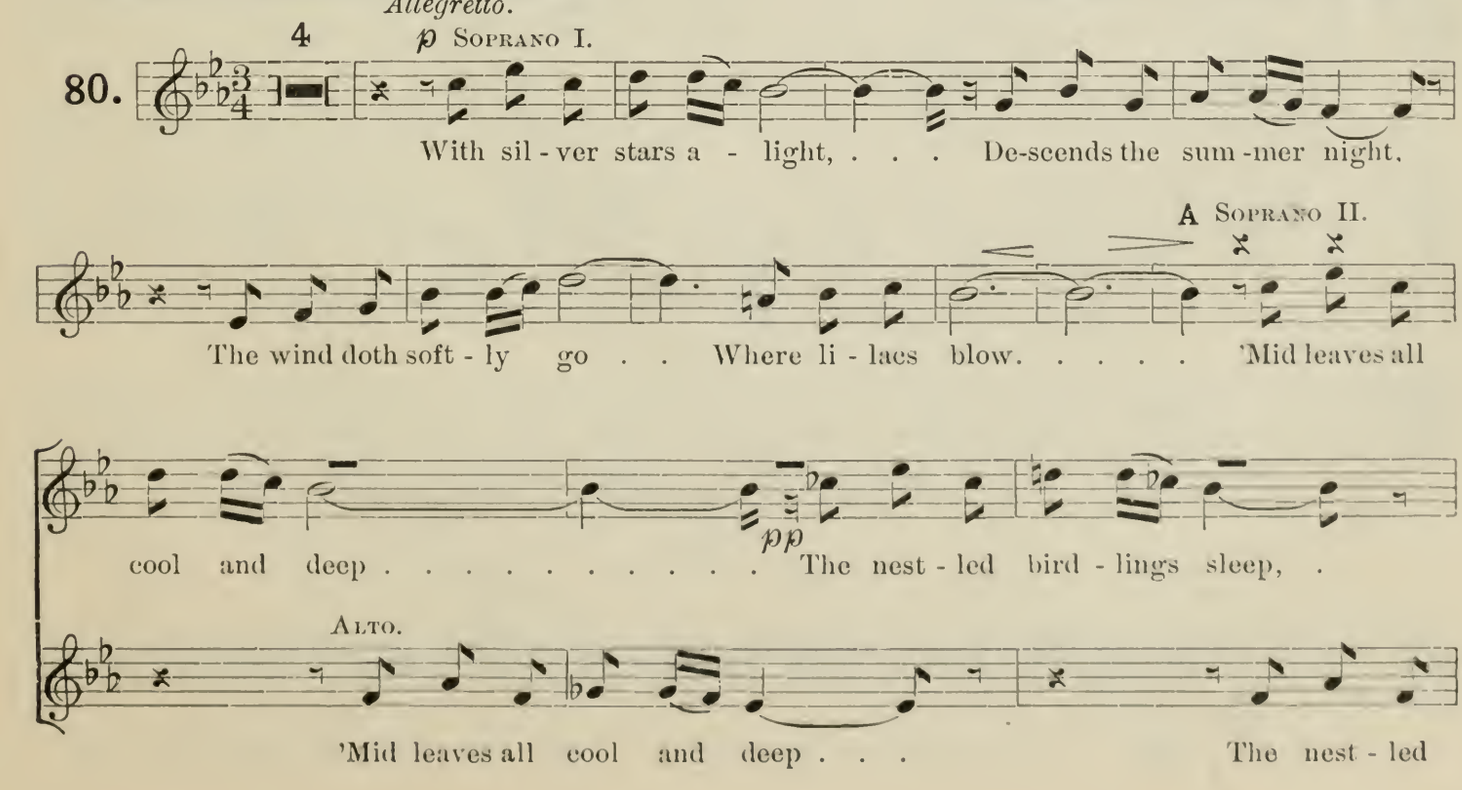
S. S. A.

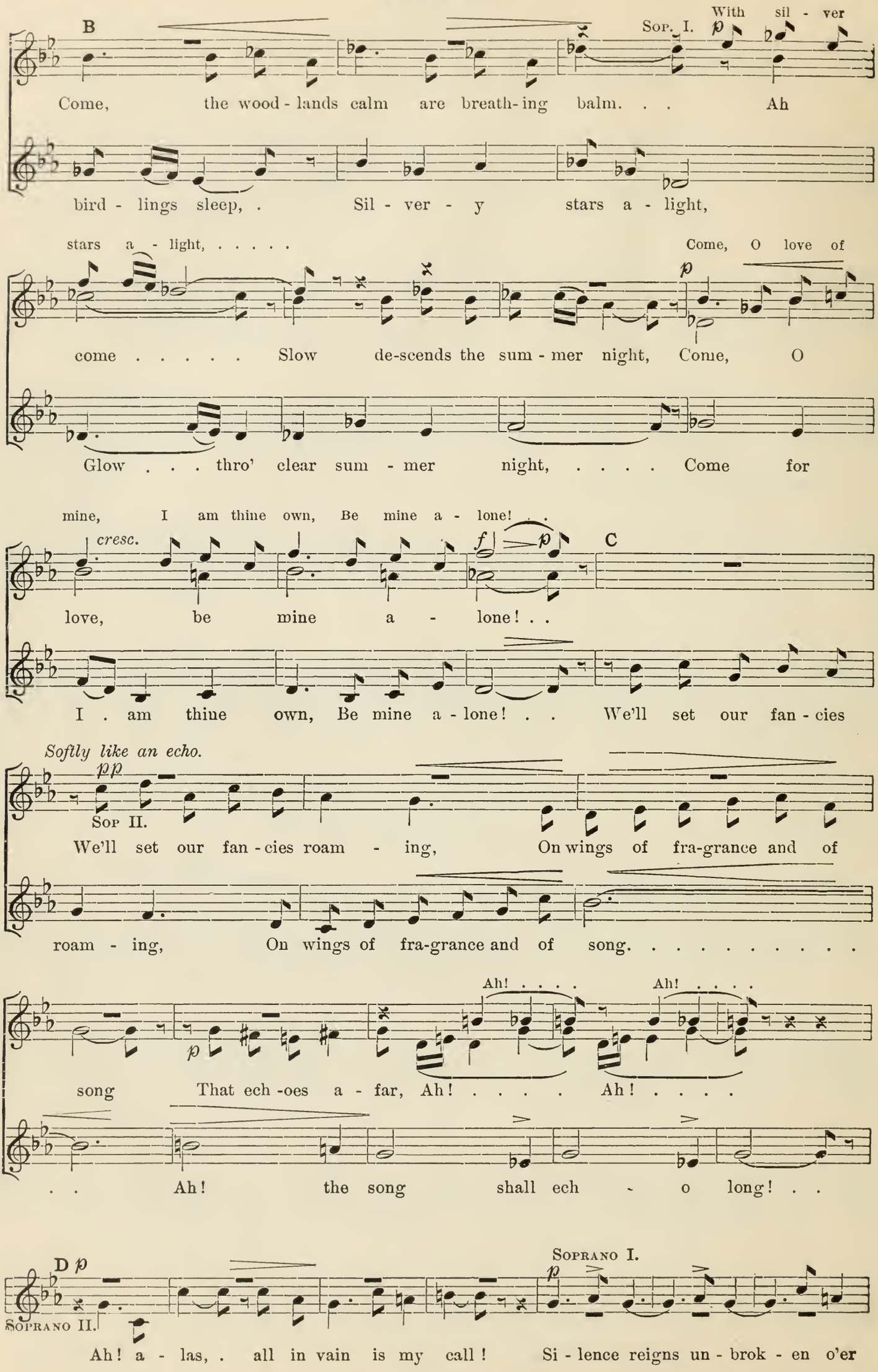
***Gabriel Pierné.***

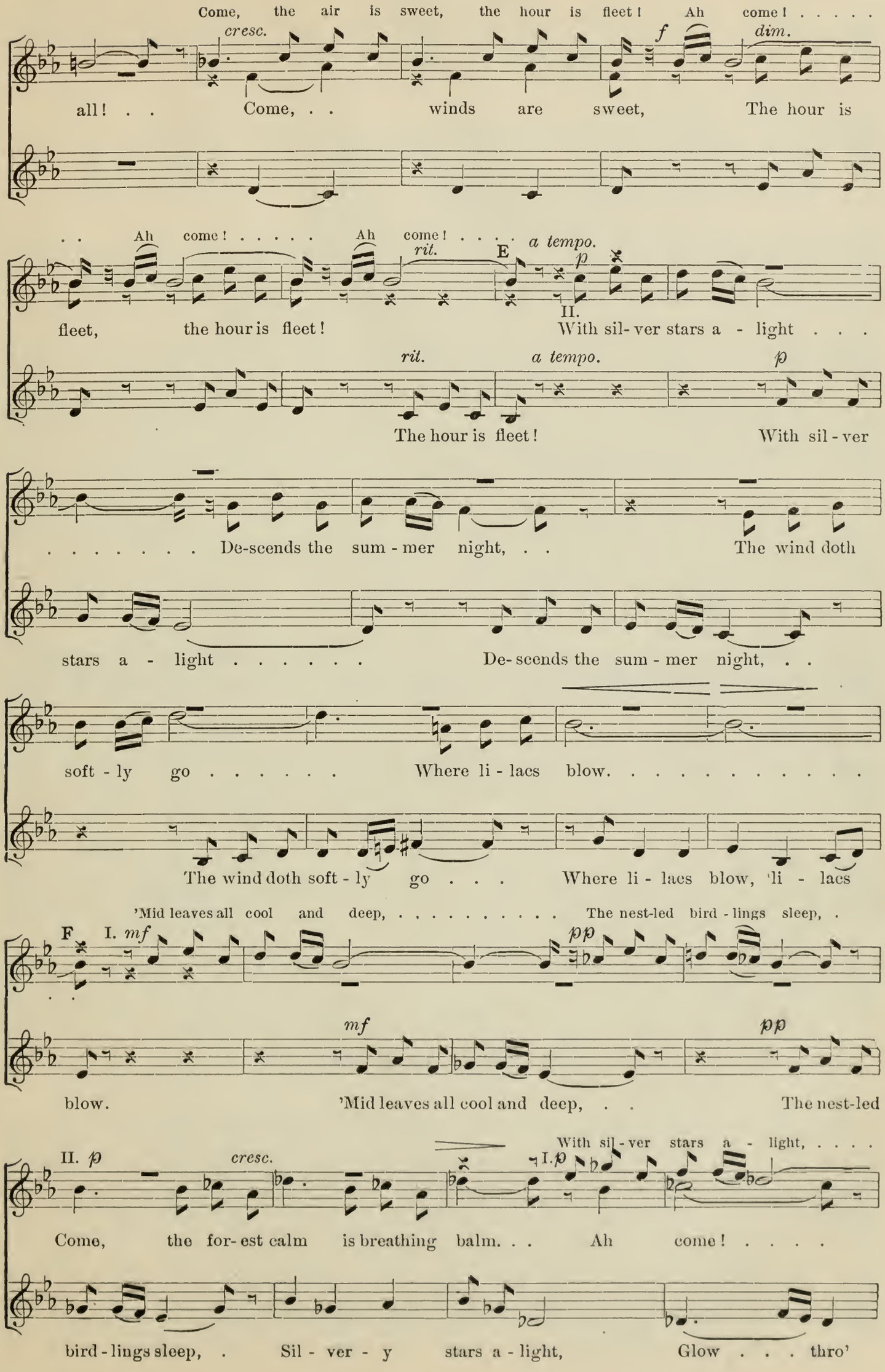
***English version by M. Louise Baum.***

***Arranged by N. Clifford Page.***

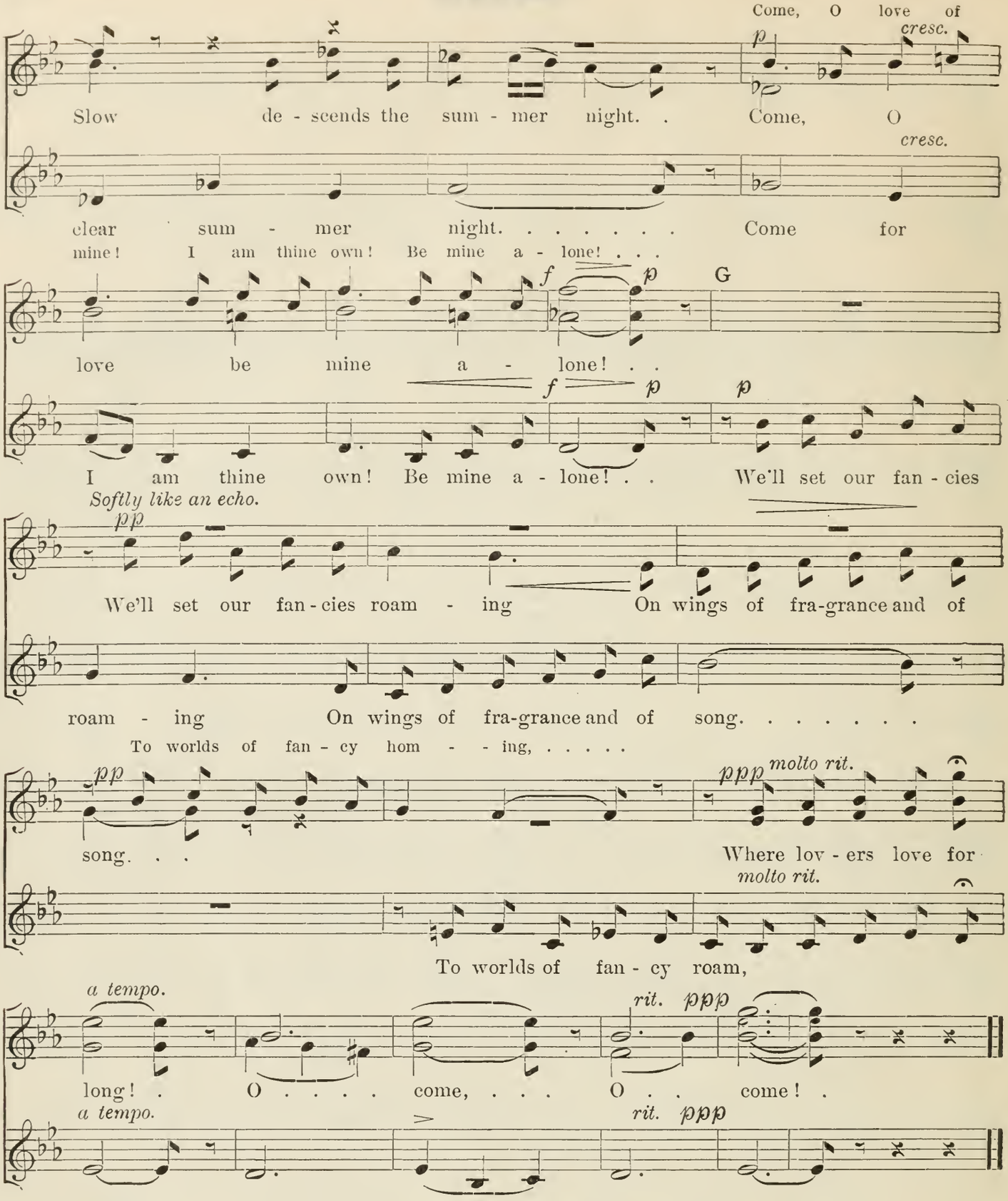
*Allegretto.*




B
Sop. I.
With sil - ver
Come, the wood - lands calm are breath - ing balm. . . Ah
bird - lings sleep, . Sil - ver - y stars a - light,
stars a - light, . . . . .
Come, O love of
come . . . . . Slow de-scends the sum - mer night, Come, O
Glow . . . thro' clear sum - mer night, . . . . Come for
mine, I am thine own, Be mine a - lone! . .
cresc.
C
love, be mine a - lone! . .
I . am thine own, Be mine a - lone! . . We'll set our fan - cies
Softly like an echo.
Sop II.
We'll set our fan - cies roam - ing, On wings of fra-grance and of
roam - ing, On wings of fra-grance and of song. . . . . .
Ah! . . . . Ah! . . . .
song That ech - oes a - far, Ah! . . . . Ah! . . . .
. . Ah! the song shall ech - o long! . .
D
Soprano I.
Soprano II.
Ah! a - las, . all in vain is my call! Si - lence reigns un - brok - en o'er


Come, the air is sweet, the hour is fleet! Ah come! . . . . .
cresc.
f
dim.
all! . . Come, . . winds are sweet, The hour is
. . Ah come! . . . . . Ah come! . . . .
rit.
E
a tempo.
p
II.
fleet, the hour is fleet! With sil-ver stars a - light . . .
rit.
a tempo.
p
The hour is fleet! With sil - ver
. . . . . De-scends the sum - mer night, . . The wind doth
stars a - light . . . . . De-scends the sum - mer night, . .
soft - ly go . . . . . Where li - lacs blow. . . . . .
The wind doth soft - ly go . . . Where li - lacs blow, li - lacs
'Mid leaves all cool and deep, . . . . . The nest-led bird - lings sleep, .
F
I. mf
pp
mf
pp
blow. 'Mid leaves all cool and deep, . . The nest-led
With sil - ver stars a - light, . . . .
II. p
cresc.
I. p
Come, the for-est calm is breathing balm. . . Ah come! . . . .
bird - lings sleep, . Sil - ver - y stars a - light, Glow . . . thro'

## SERENADE.




## THE BELL DOTH TOLL.

(ROUND.)

81.

1

The bell doth toll, Its ech - oes roll, I know the sound full well:

2

I love its ring - ing, For it calls to sing - ing, With its

3

bim, bim, bim, bom bell, Bim, bom, bim, bom bell.

# LAST NIGHT.

S. S. A.

Melody in Alto; voices may interchange if desired.
2d Verse: Soprano II and Alto exchange.
3d Verse: Soprano I sing Alto, Soprano II sing I, Alto sing Soprano II.

*Halfdan Kjerulf.*

***English text by Theodore Marzials.*** ***Arranged by N. Clifford Page.***

82.

*Andantino.* SOPRANO I AND II. *pp*

*Humming.*

*p* ALTO.

1. Last night the night - in - gale woke me, Last night when all was still, . . It sang in the gold - en moon - light; From
2. I think of you in the day time, I dream of you by night; . . I wake . and would you were here, love; And
3. Oh, think not I can for - get you; I could not tho' I would; . . I see you in all . . a - round me, The

*ppp* *ritard.* A *a tempo.*

out . . the wood - land hill. I o - pen'd my win - dow so
tears . . are blind - ing my sight. I hear a low breath in the
stream, . the night, . the wood. The flow - ers that slum - ber so

*p* *mf*

gent - ly, I look'd on the dream-ing dew, . . And oh! the bird, my
lime tree, The wind is float - ing through, . And oh! the night, my
gent - ly, The stars a - bove the blue; . . Oh heav'n it - self, my

*ritard.* *a tempo.* *D.C.* (INTRO.) FINE.

dar - ling, Was sing - ing, sing - ing of you, of you. .
dar - ling, Was sigh - ing, sigh - ing for you, for you. .
dar - ling, Was pray - ing, pray - ing for you, for you. .

# MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

S. S. A.

( Melody in Alto.)

*Stephen C. Foster.*

*Andante moderato.*

*Stephen C. Foster.*
*Arranged by J. Remington.*

ALTO.

83.

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken - tuck - y home, 'Tis
2. They hunt no more for the pos - sum and the coon, On the
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher -

sum - mer, the dark - ies are gay; . The corn - top's ripe and the
mead - ow, the hill and the shore; . They sing no more by the
ev - er the dark - ey may go; . . A few more days, and the

mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu - sic all the day. . The
glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab - in door. . The
trou - ble all will end, In the field where the su - gar canes . grow; . A

SOPRANO I AND II.

A *pp*

( *Humming.* )

ALTO.

young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All mer - ry, all hap - py and bright; . By'm
day goes by like a shad - ow o'er the heart, With sor-row, where all was de - light; . The
few more days for to tote the wea - ry load, No mat - ter, 'twill nev - er . be light; . A

( *Humming.* )

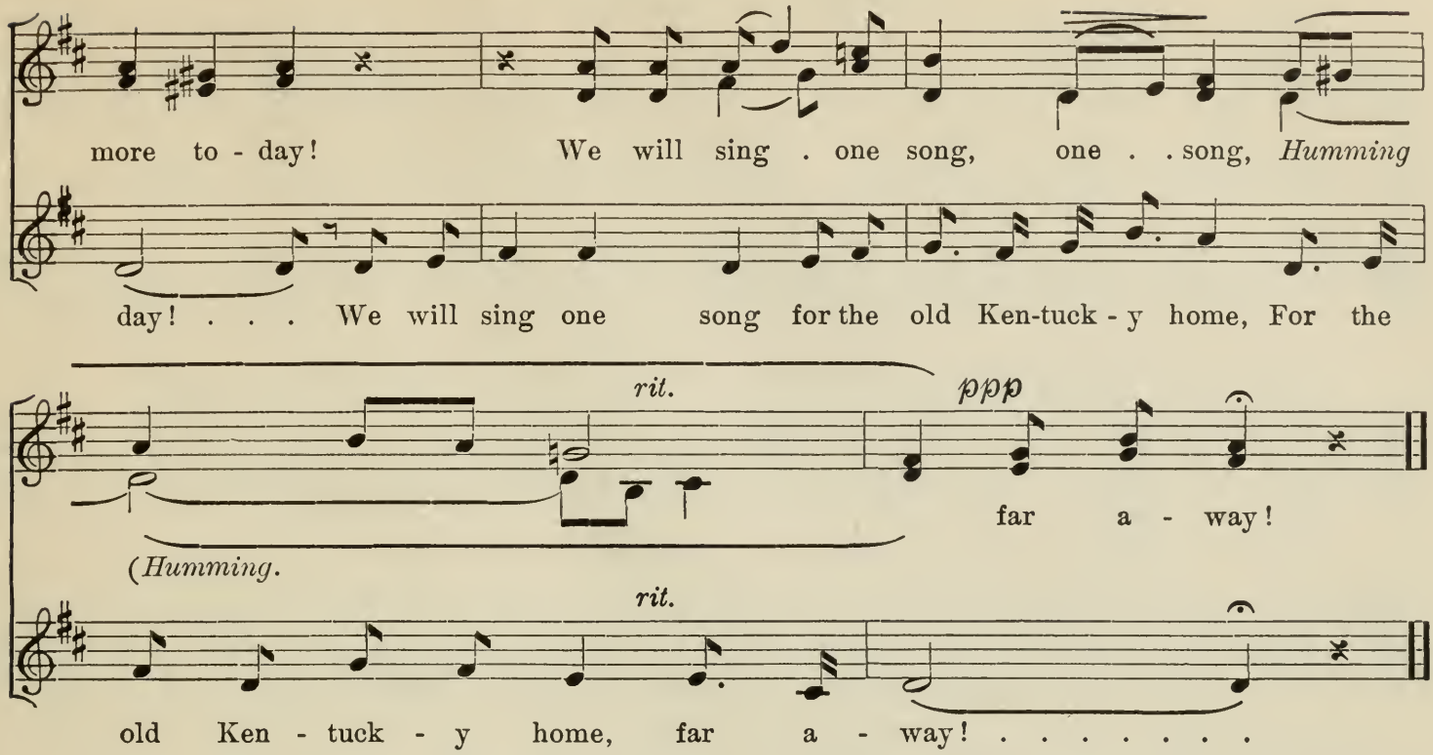
bye hard times comes a - knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck - y home, good - night!
time has come when the dark - ies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck - y home, good - night!
few more days till we tot - ter on the road, Then my old Ken-tuck - y home, good - night!

B *sempre. pp*

Weep no more, my la - dy, O weep . . . . no

*mf*

Weep no more, my la - dy, . . O weep no more to -




## RECITATIVE AND PRAYER.

FROM "OTELLO."

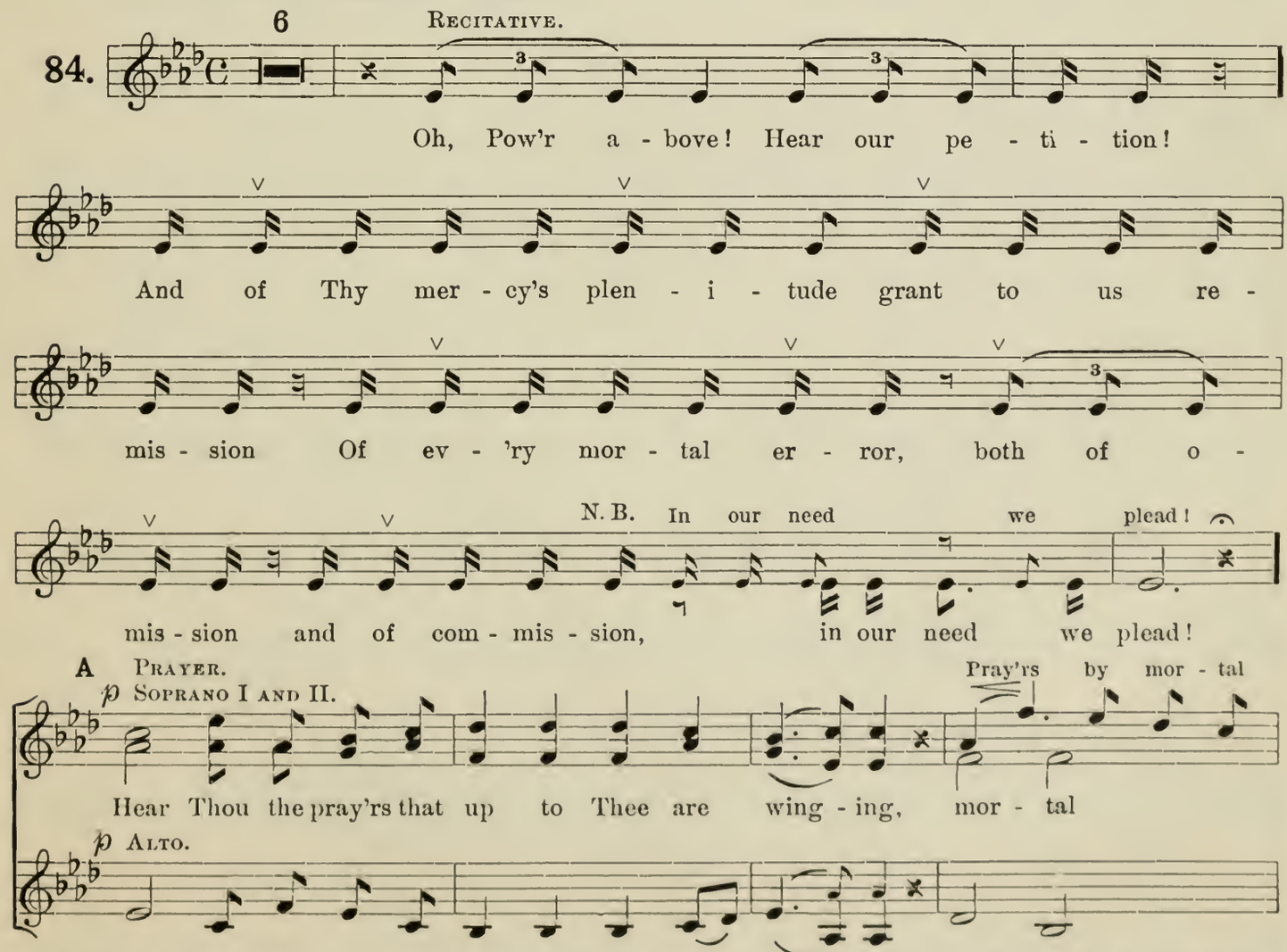
S. S. A.

***English version by Frederick H. Martens.***

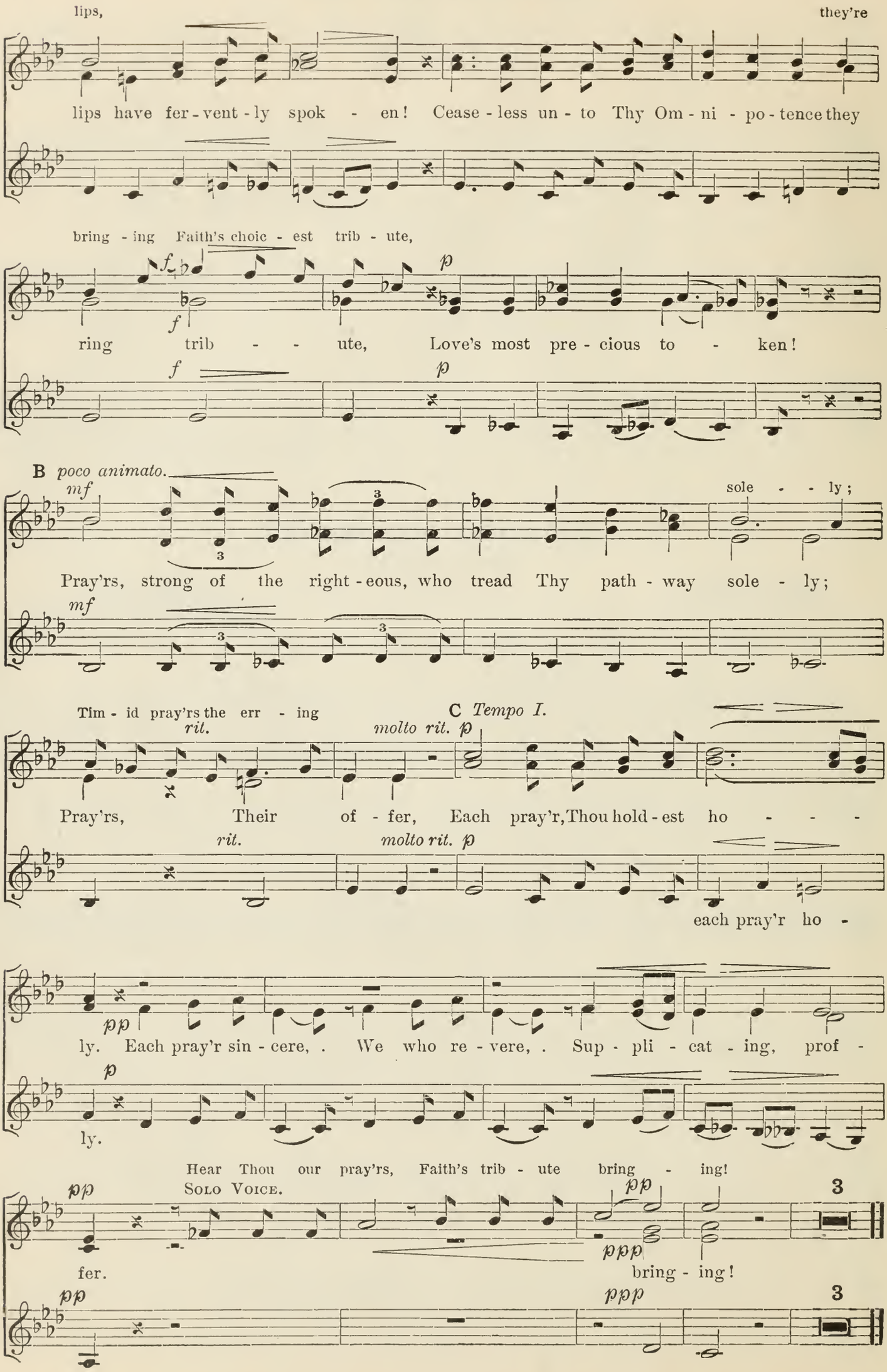
***Giuseppe Verdi. Arranged by Bertha Remick.***

*Adagio.*

ALTO SOLO OR SELECTED VOICES.



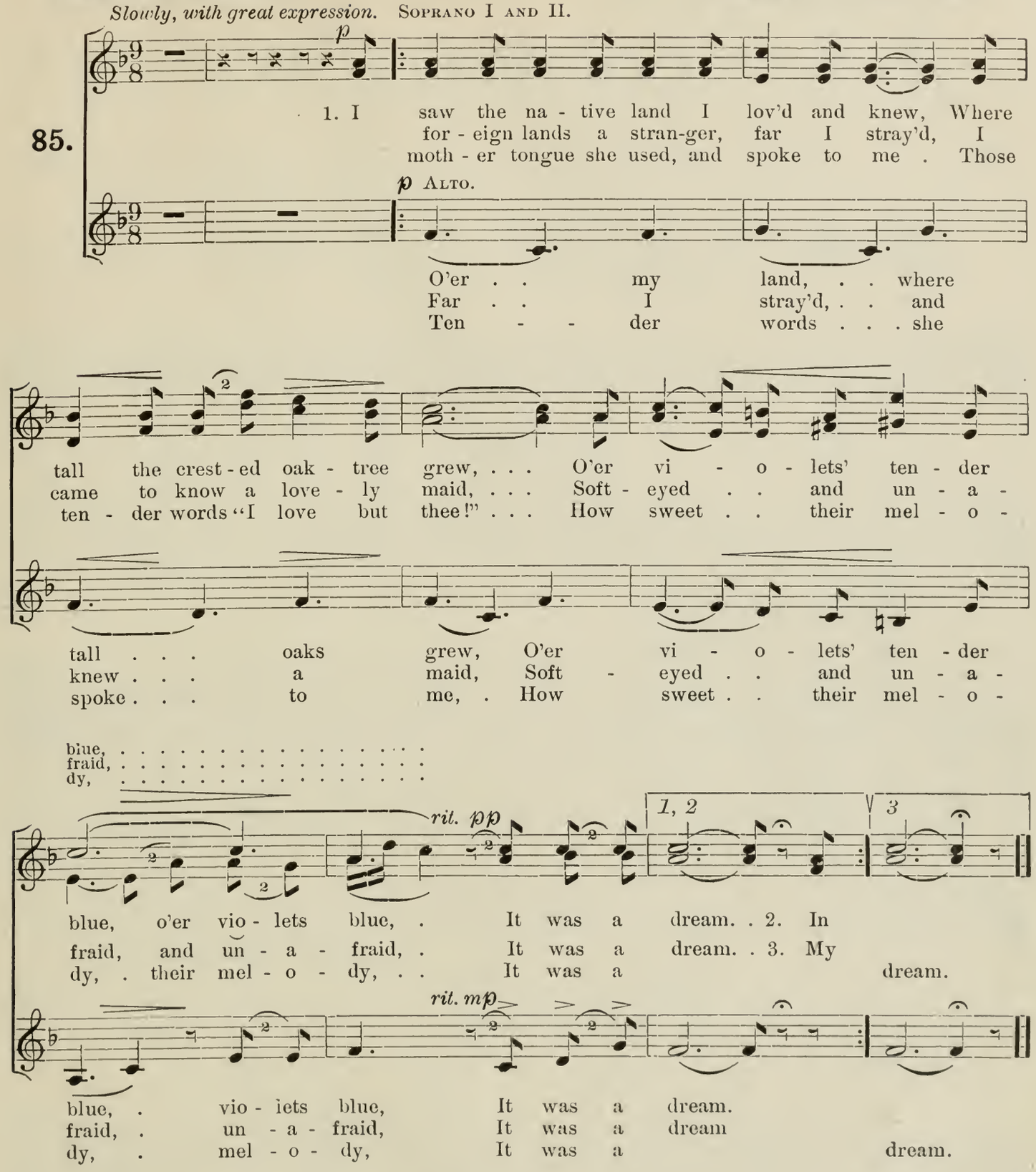

N. B. The small notes give rhythm of original, but the English version is recited to better effect on the rhythm of large notes.


lips,
they're
lips have fer - vent - ly spok - en! Cease - less un - to Thy Om - ni - po - tence they
bring - ing Faith's choic - est trib - ute,
ring trib - - - ute, Love's most pre - cious to - ken!
B poco animato.
sole - - ly;
Pray'rs, strong of the right - eous, who tread Thy path - way sole - ly;
Tim - id pray'rs the err - ing
C Tempo I.
rit.
molto rit.
Pray'rs, Their of - fer, Each pray'r, Thou hold - est ho - - -
each pray'r ho -
ly. Each pray'r sin - cere, . We who re - vere, . Sup - pli - cat - ing, prof -
ly.
Hear Thou our pray'rs, Faith's trib - ute bring - ing!
Solo Voice.
fer.
bring - ing!

# IT WAS A DREAM.

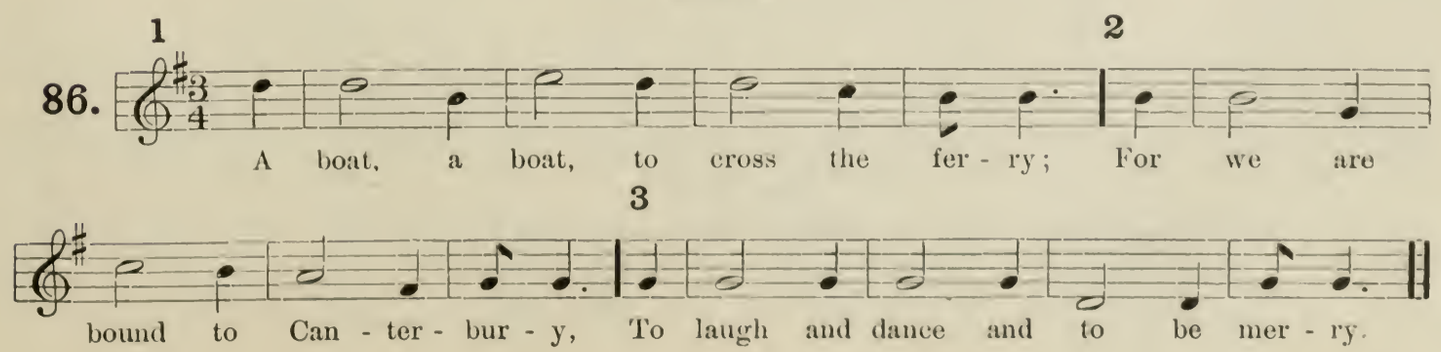
*English words by Frederick H. Martens.* S. S. A. *Eduard Lassen. Arranged by N. Clifford Page.*

*Slowly, with great expression.* SOPRANO I AND II.




# A BOAT TO CROSS THE FERRY.

ROUND.



# WHO IS SILVIA?

*Wm. Shakespeare.*
*From "The Two Gentlemen of Verona."*

S. S. A.

*Franz Schubert.*
*Arranged by Clifford Carle.*

*Moderato.*

**87.**

*mp* SOPRANO I AND II.

1. Who is Sil - via? what is she, . That all our swains com-
2. Is she kind as she is fair? For beau - ty lives with
3. Then to Sil - via? let us sing, That Sil - via is ex -

ALTO.

mend her? Ho - ly, fair . and wise is she; . The
kind - ness; Love doth to . . her eyes re - pair, . To
cell - ing; She ex - cels . each mor - tal thing, Up -

Our swains com- mend her?
It lives with kind - ness;
She is ex - cell - ing;

A *p*

Heav'n such grace did lend . her, That she . might ad - mir - ed . .
help him of his blind - ness, And be-ing helped in - hab - its . .
on the dull earth dwell - ing; To her . . let . . us gar - lands

*p*

Such grace was lent her,
To help his blind - ness,
Up - on earth dwell - ing;

That she might ad - mir - ed be.
Be - ing helped in - hab - its there.
To her let us gar - lands bring.

*mf*

*mf*

3

be, . That she . . might ad - mir - ed be.
there, And be - ing helped in - hab - its there.
bring, To her let us gar - lands bring.

*mf*

3

That she might, that she might ad - mir - ed be.
Be - ing helped, be - ing helped in - hab - its there.
Gar - lands bring, to her let . . us gar - lands bring.

# THE VIOLET AND THE ROSE.

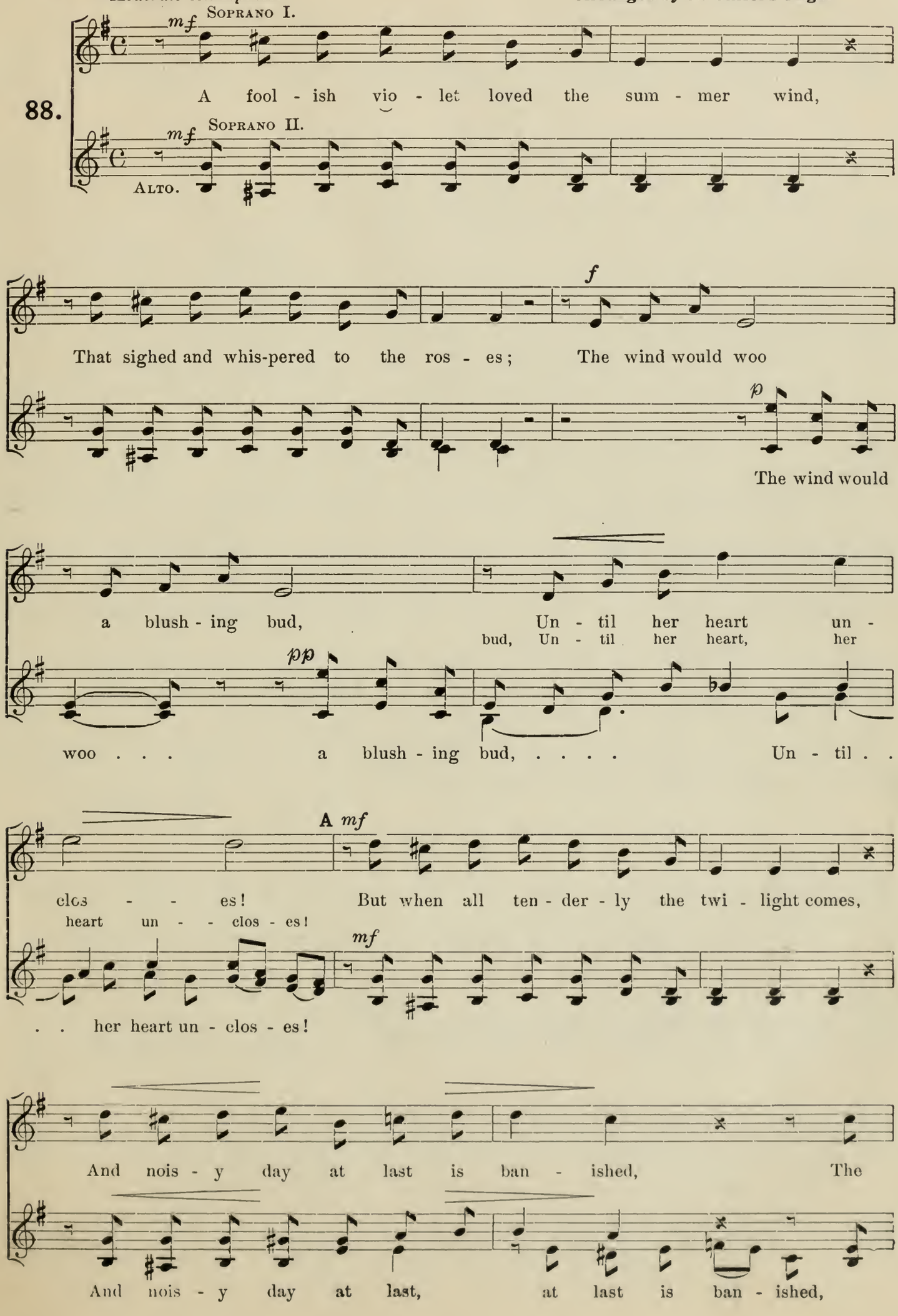
S. S. A.

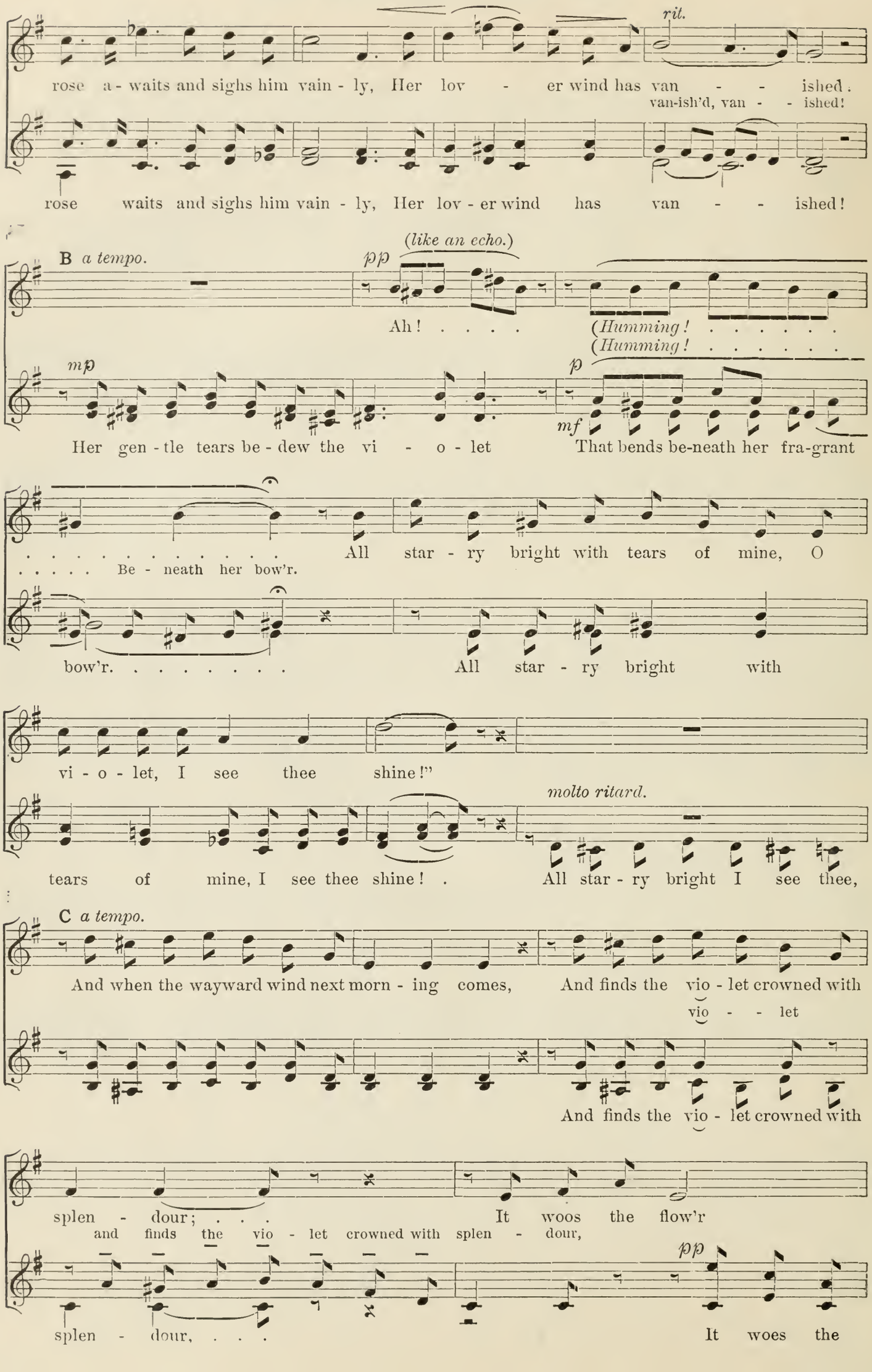
*M. Louise Baum.*

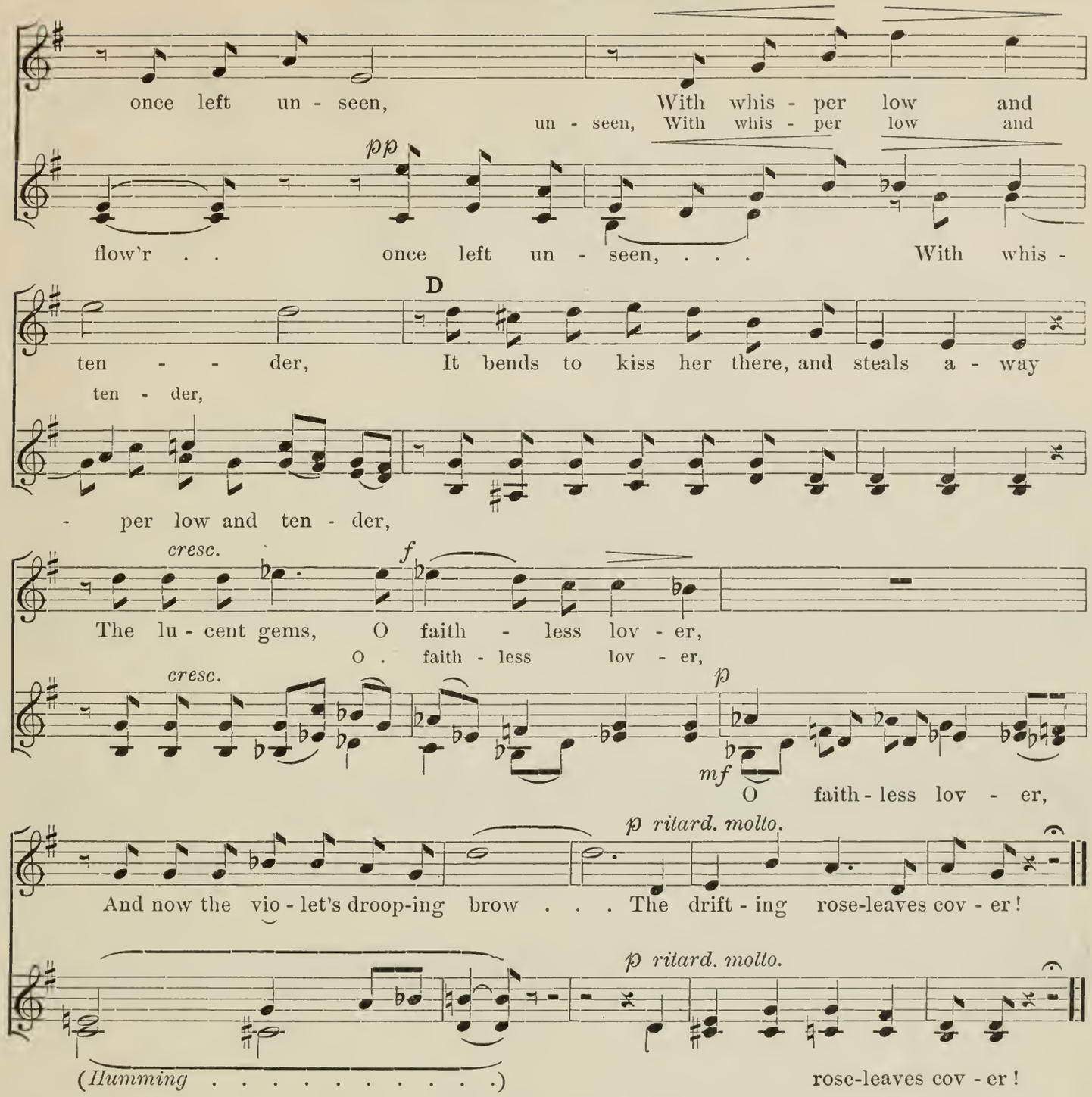
*Moderato con espress.*

*Erik Meyer-Helmund, Op. 5, No. 5.*
*Arranged by N. Clifford Page.*

88.

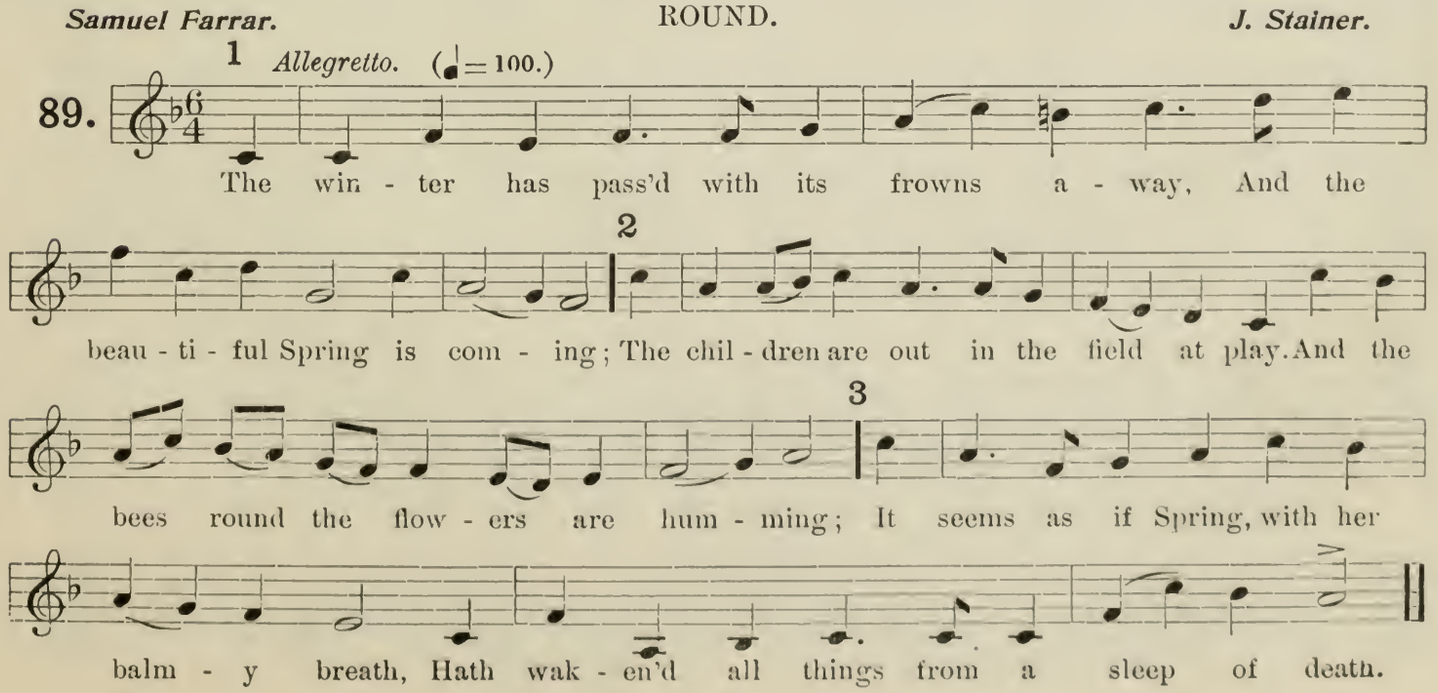



rit.
rose a - waits and sighs him vain - ly, Her lov - er wind has van - - ished.
van-ish'd, van - - ished!
rose waits and sighs him vain - ly, Her lov - er wind has van - - ished!
B a tempo.
pp (like an echo.)
Ah! . . . . (Humming! . . . . . (Humming! . . . . . .
mp p
Her gen - tle tears be - dew the vi - o - let That bends be-neath her fra-grant
mf
. . . . . All star - ry bright with tears of mine, O
. . . . . Be - neath her bow'r.
bow'r. . . . . All star - ry bright with
vi - o - let, I see thee shine!"
molto ritard.
tears of mine, I see thee shine! . All star - ry bright I see thee,
C a tempo.
And when the wayward wind next morn - ing comes, And finds the vio - let crowned with
vio - - let
And finds the vio - let crowned with
splen - dour; . . . It woos the flow'r
and finds the vio - let crowned with splen - dour,
pp
splen - dour, . . . It woes the




## SPRING.

***Samuel Farrar.*** ROUND. ***J. Stainer.***



# SLEEP, NOBLE HEARTS.

(A MEMORIAL SONG.)

*Frederic Manley.* S. S. A. *Felix Mendelssohn.*
*Arranged by Humphrey Mitchell.*

*Adagio.*

90.

Soprano I and II.

*p*

1. Sleep, no - ble hearts, your coun - try's love is o'er you; Sleep in the
2. Sleep, side by side, dear sons of one great Moth - er; Rest, for the

*p* Alto.

land you
drums will

A

*mf*

land you gave your lives to save: Long as the stars en - dure, we will a -
drums will stir your blood no more: Sleep, for the night that part - ed friend and

*mf*

land that your lives did save:
drums stir your blood no more:

B

*p*

dore you, Com - ing with May to deck each he - ro's grave. Spring lights the
broth - er, Long since is gone to curse our land no more! Sweet as the

*p*

Deck - ing with May ev - 'ry he - ro's grave.
Long since is gone curs - ing us no more!

Spring lights the earth with joy - ous beau - ty.
Sweet as the dawn on lil - ies break - ing,

*mf*

*f*

earth with glad, re - sur - gent beau - ty, Pour - ing her
light of dawn on lil - ies break - ing, Peace with her

*mf*

*f*

Pour - ing her
Peace with her

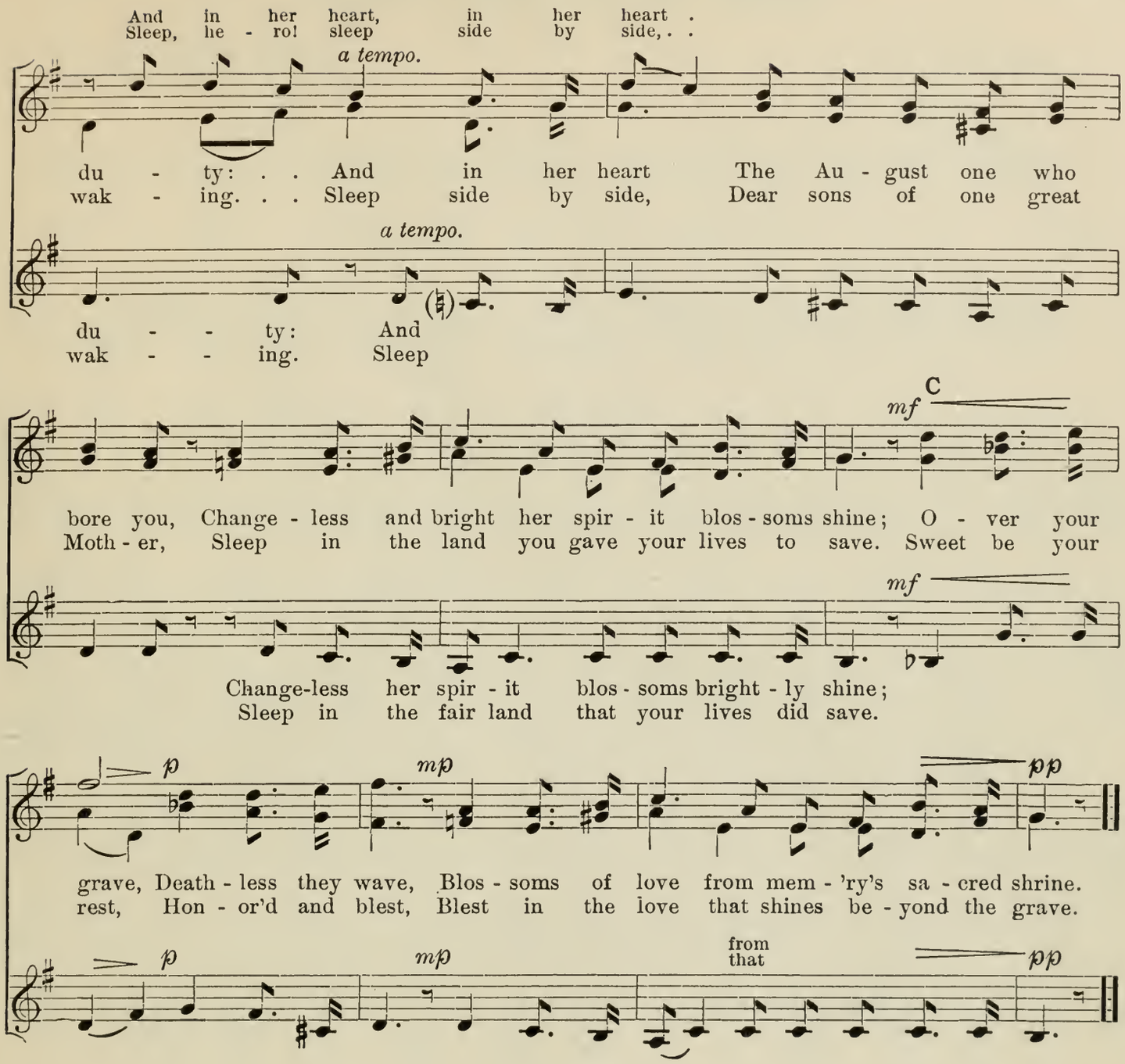
*p*

*poco riten.*

fra - grance of leaf and bud a - bout you, Oh, True and Brave Who died for home and
bless - ing of friend-ship true and ten - der, from sea to sea Thro' all our land is

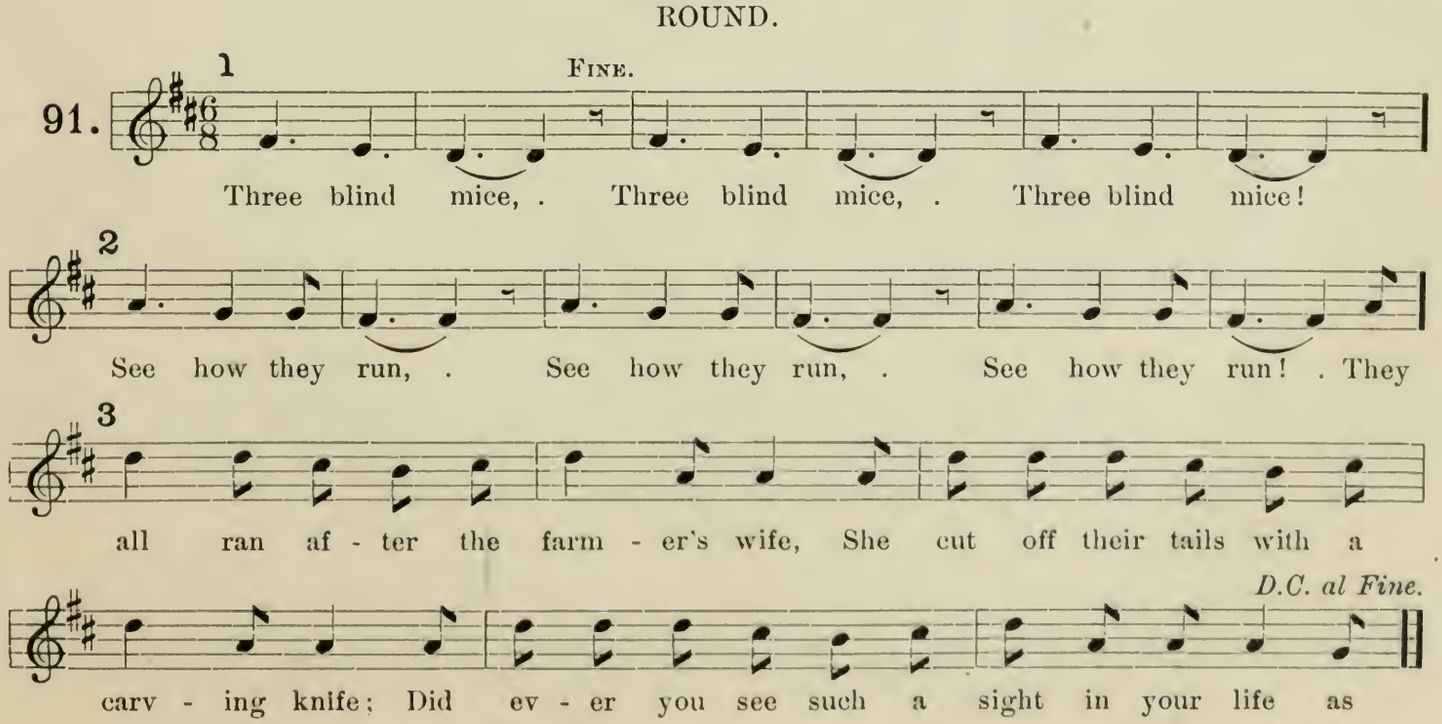
*p*

*poco riten.*




## THREE BLIND MICE.

ROUND.



# SWEET DAY IS SOFTLY DYING.

S. A. A.

*Frederic Manley.*

*Old French Melody.*
*Arranged by N. Clifford Page.*

92.

*Moderato cantabile.*

SOPRANO. *p*

Sweet day is soft - ly dy - ing Up -
(Soft) sound of sil - ver voic - es From

ALTO I AND II. *p*

Sweet day is . . soft - ly dy - ing
Soft sound of . . sil - ver voic - es

on the hills of gold; Night winds are soft - ly
brooks that laugh a - long, Sweet noise, where earth re -

Up - on the hills of gold; . . Night winds are . . .
From brooks that laugh a - long, , . Sweet noise, where .

sigh - ing Through wood - lands drear and cold:
joic - es When winds wake woods to song:

soft - ly sigh - ing Through wood - lands drear and cold:
earth re - joic - es When winds wake woods to song;

A *mf* *marcato.* *ritard.* *a tempo.* *p*

Still a host of min- strels soon will sing Cheer - ful and bold. . The
Hear the crick - et's cheer - ful car - ol ring O - ver the hill! . . The

*mf* *marcato.* *ritard.* *p a tempo.*

*poco rit.* *1 a tempo.* *2* *pppp*

dark will soon be thrill - ing The hills and mead- ows ring. Soft
Joy of Na-ture's mu - sic Is nev - er, nev - er still! . . . .

*poco rit.* *a tempo.* *pppp*

# O THOU, MY NATIVE LAND.

S. A. A.

*M. Louise Baum.* *Hugo Wolf.*
*Arr. by P. C. Warren.*

*Slowly, solemnly.*

93.

SOPRANO.

1. O thou, my na - tive land, far fam'd . . in sto - ry,
2. O thou, my coun - try's name, fair realm . . of won - der,

ALTO I AND II.

Where o - cean un - to o - cean calls, A - cross the moun -
Where u - ni - ty and free - dom bide, Where might - y chants .

A

- tain's green and tow'r-ing walls . Of glo - ry.
. . of broth - er - hood out - ride . . The thun - der.

glo - ry.
thun - der.

Where sis - ter
Where man is

Where sis - ter lakes . . . . .
Where man is man . . . . .

down To their might - y leap, . . . .
worth may tri - um - phant rise, . . . .

lakes go sing - ing down To their might - - y leap, . .
man and na - tive worth May tri - um - - - phant rise, . .

. . . go sing - ing down, . . . . . .
. . . and na - tive worth, . . . . . .

B

2

And thro' his plains the Fa - ther of wa - ters calm - ly doth gulf - ward sweep.
Where o'er u - ni - ted peo - ples a star - ry ban - ner in splen - dor flies.

2

# MAY DANCE.

S. A. A.

*Frederic Manley.* *Paul Lacome.*

*Arranged by N. Clifford Page.*

*Allegro.*

94.

8 :8: Soprano. *f*

Come where the vi - ols are sing - ing, . . and mer - ry

8 Soprano II. Alto. *f*

*mf* *mf*

laugh - ter of beau - ty is ring - ing, . . Where the lad - dies . . . and the

*mf* *p*

Where the lad - dies . . .

*f*

las - sies . . . dance as light - ly as leaves in the breeze. . .

*p*

. . and the las - sies . . . dance as leaves in the breeze. . .

A

*mf*

Youth and the May - time to - geth - er, . . . . Danc - ing the same joy - ous

*p* *p*

Youth and May to - geth - er, . . Dance a joy - ous

*p*

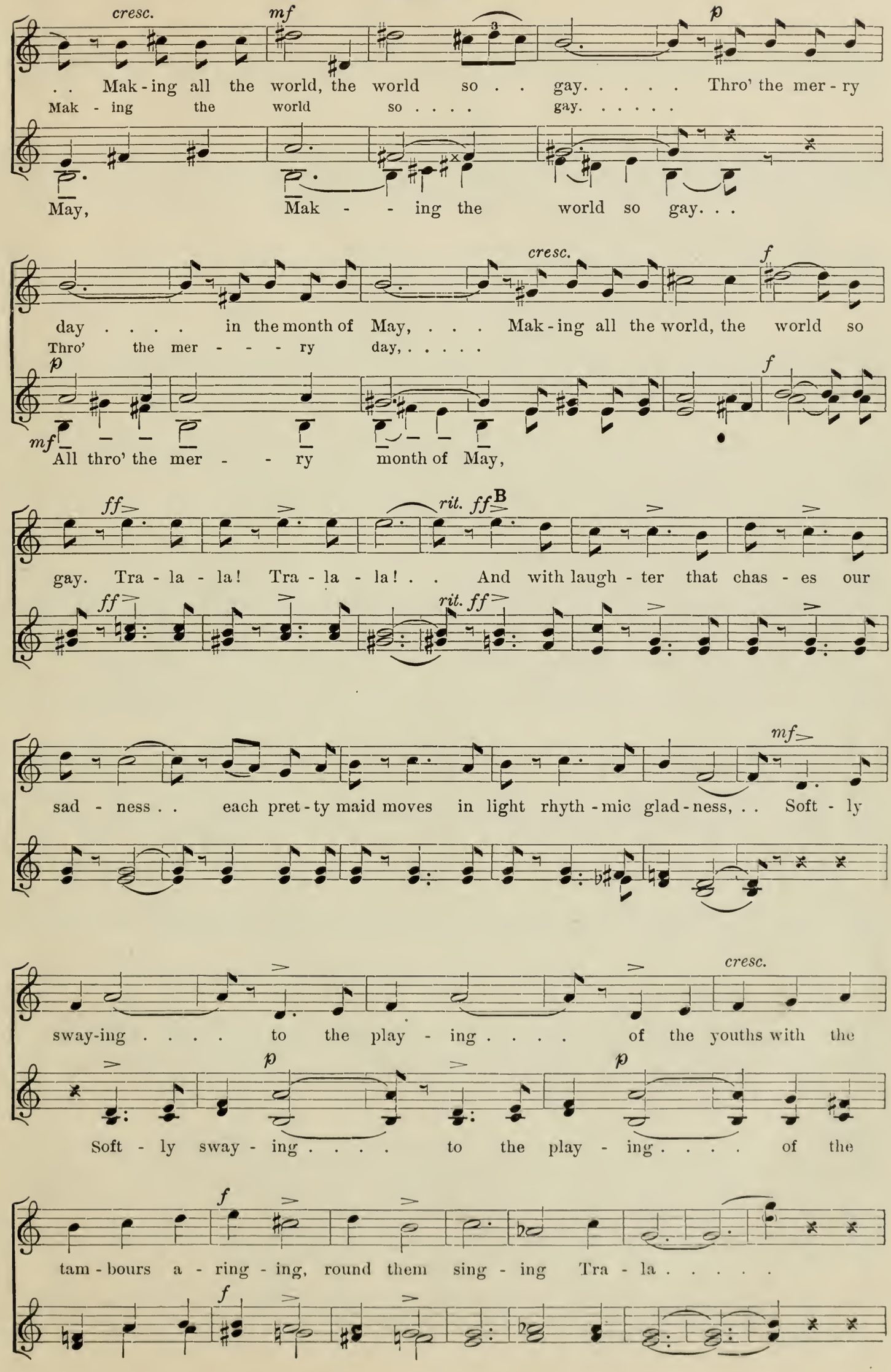
meas - ure, . Thro' the mer - ry day . . . . . in the month of May, . . . .

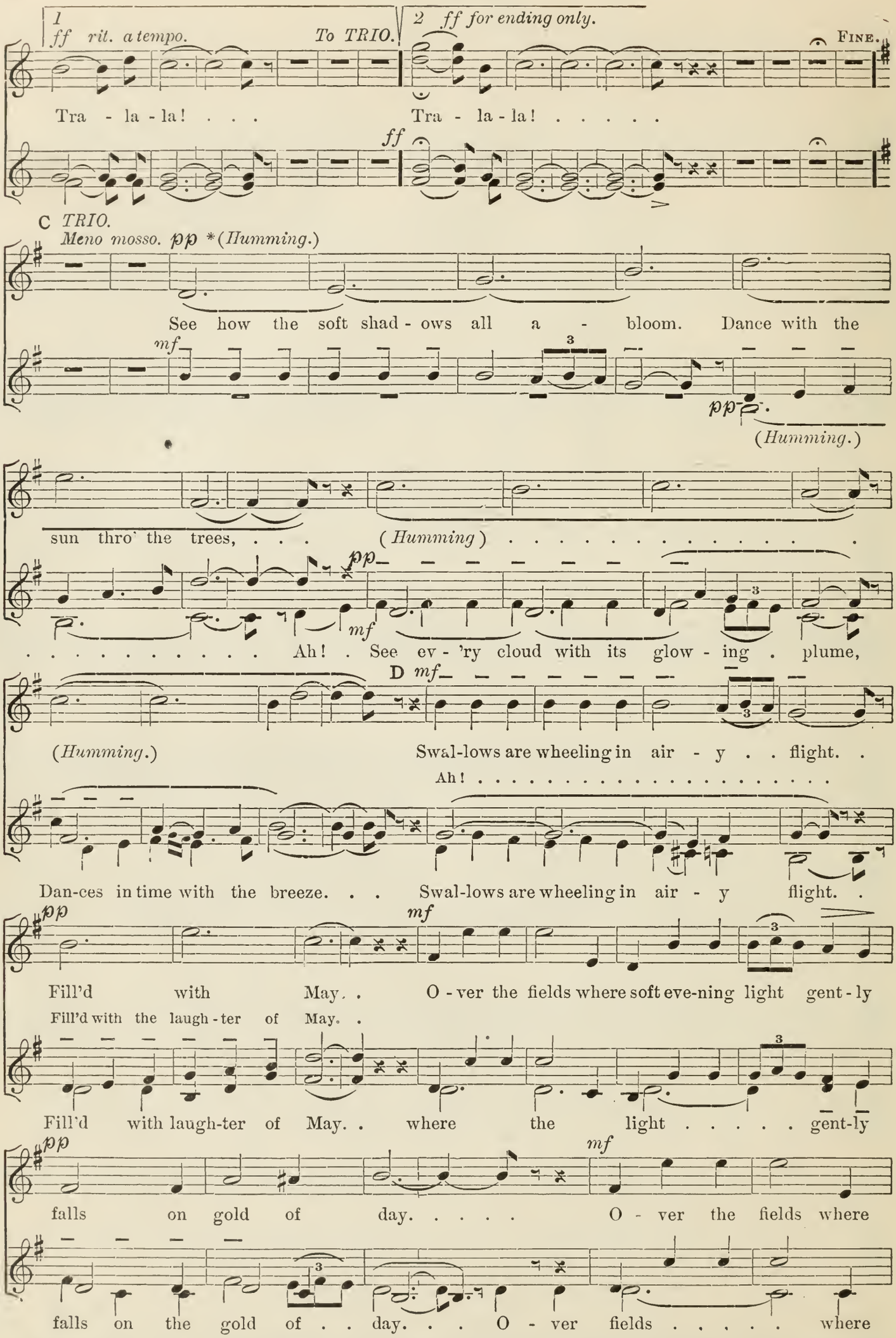
Thro' the mer - - ry day,

*pp*

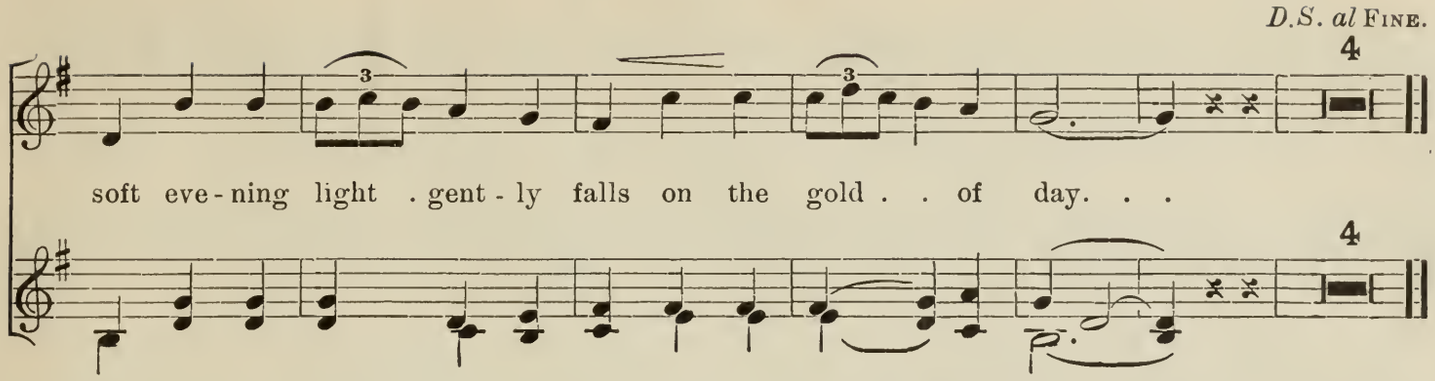
*Alto marcato. mf*

All thro' the mer - ry month of


cresc.
mf
p
. . Mak - ing all the world, the world so . . gay. . . . . Thro' the mer - ry
Mak - ing the world so . . . . gay. . . . . .
May, Mak - - ing the world so gay. . .
cresc.
f
day . . . . in the month of May, . . . Mak - ing all the world, the world so
Thro' the mer - - - - ry day, . . . . .
p
f
mf
All thro' the mer - - ry month of May,
ff
rit. ff
B
gay. Tra - la - la! Tra - la - la! . . And with laugh - ter that chas - es our
sad - ness . . each pret - ty maid moves in light rhyth - mic glad - ness, . . Soft - ly
cresc.
sway - ing . . . . to the play - ing . . . . of the youths with the
Soft - ly sway - ing . . . . to the play - ing . . . . of the
f
tam - bours a - ring - ing, round them sing - ing Tra - la . . . . .



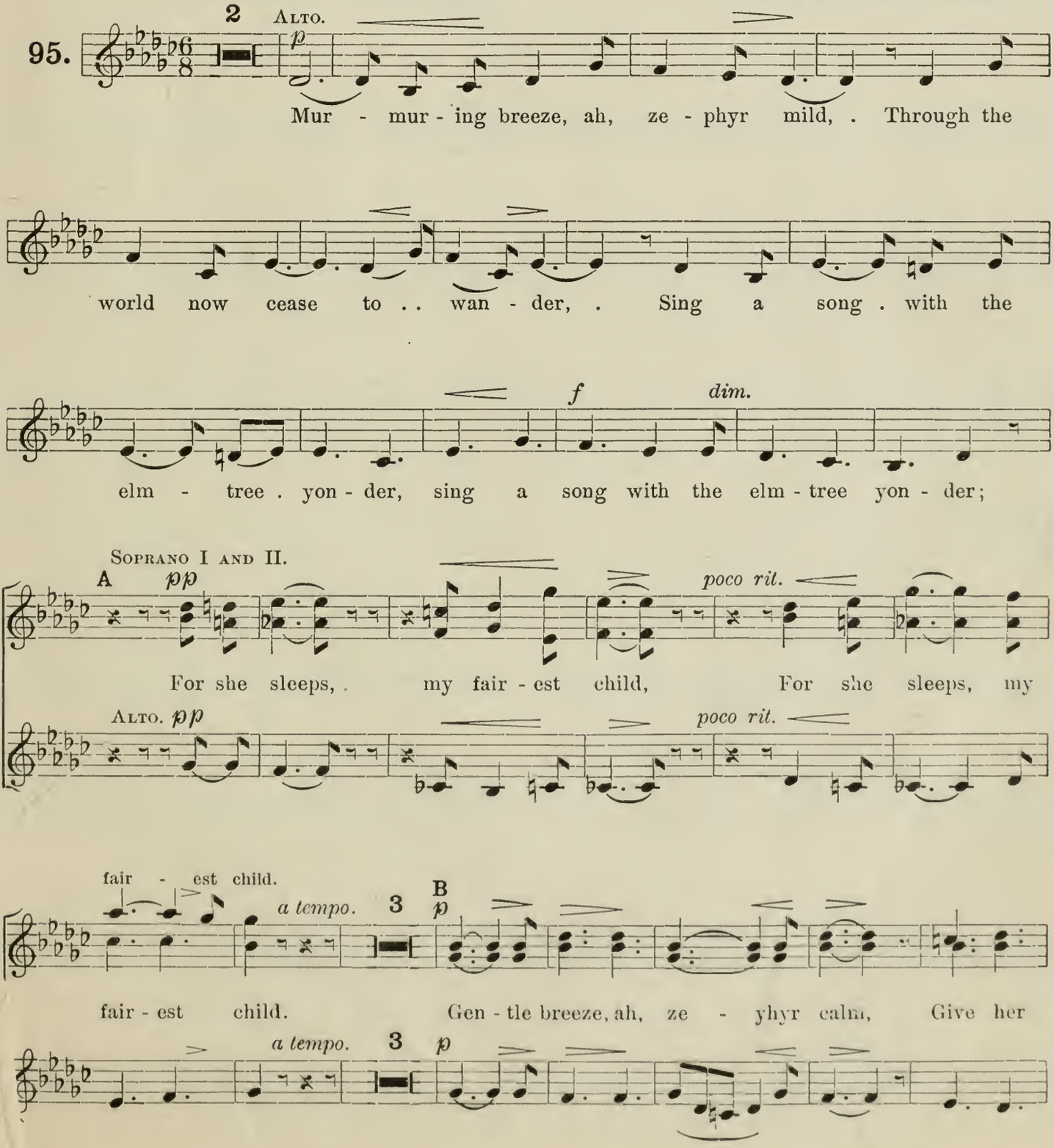

*The melody is distributed among different voice parts, but is indicated by dashes over notes; other voices to be accordingly subdued.

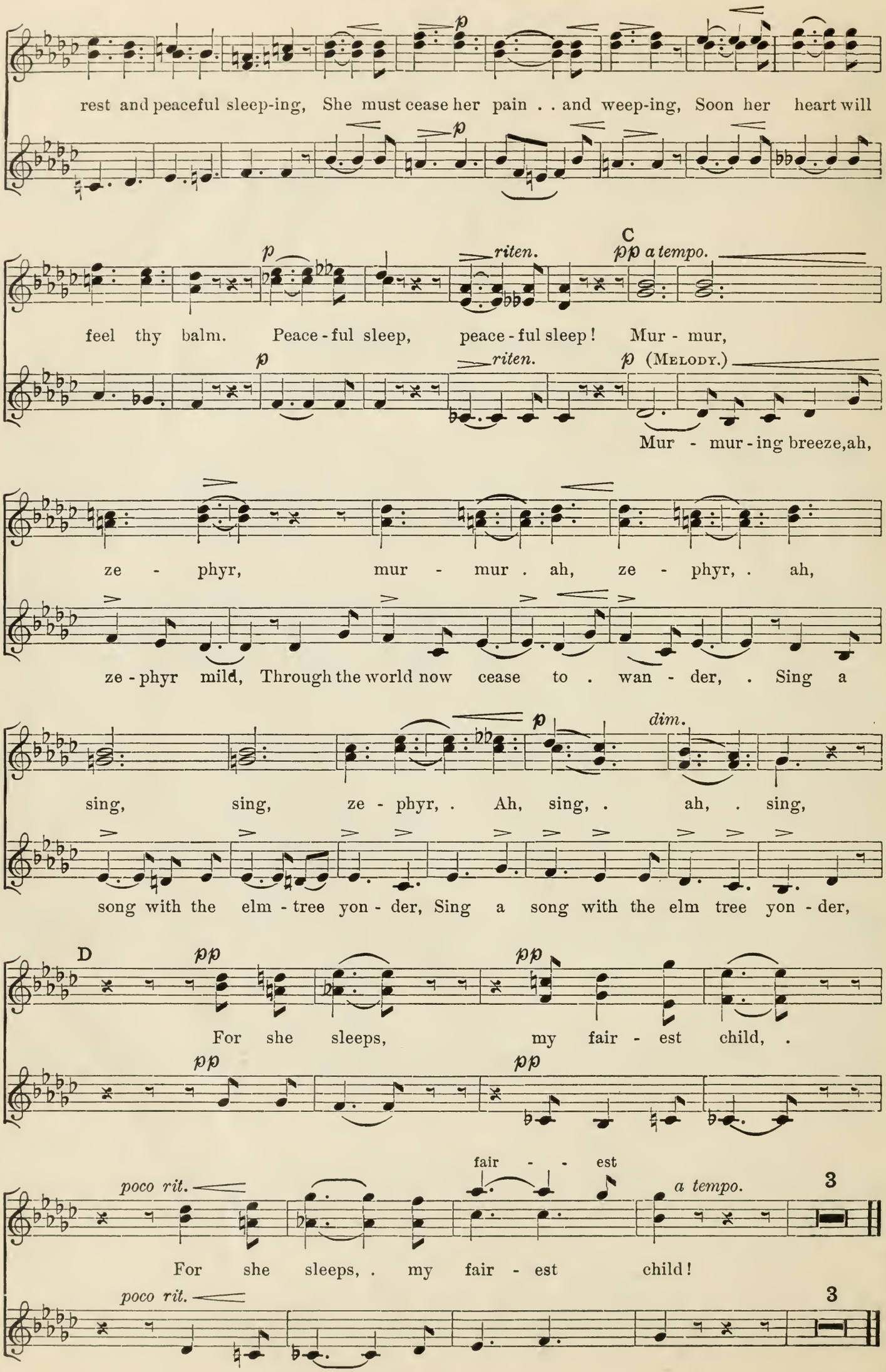



## MURMURING ZEPHYRS.

***B. R. Sharon.*** S. S. A. ***Adolf Jensen.***

*Poco mosso, con summa dolcessa.* ***Arranged by Bertha Remick.***

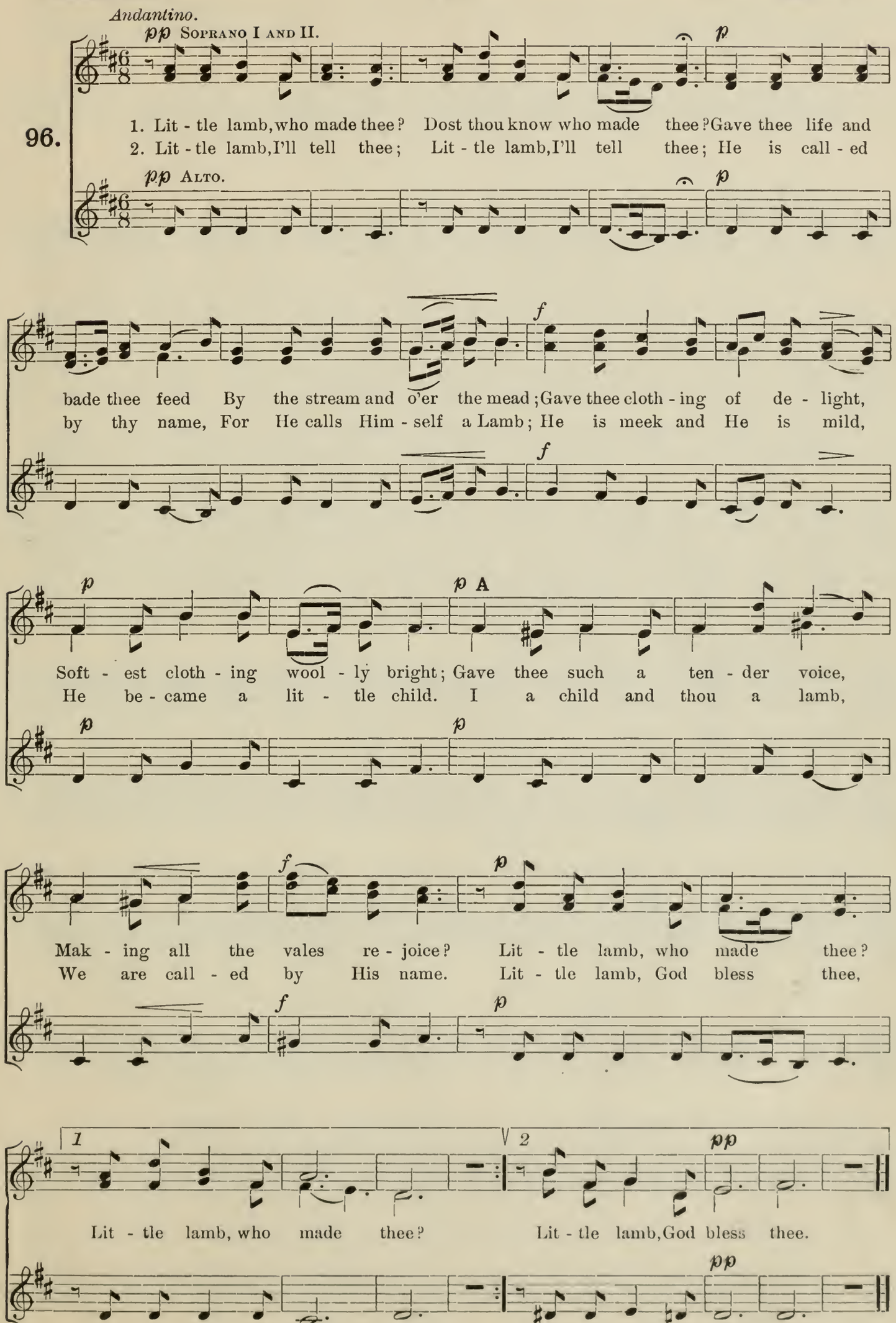



rest and peaceful sleep-ing, She must cease her pain . . and weep-ing, Soon her heart will
feel thy balm. Peace-ful sleep, peace-ful sleep! Mur-mur,
riten.
C
pp a tempo.
riten.
(Melody.)
Mur-mur-ing breeze, ah,
ze-phyr, mur-mur . ah, ze-phyr, . ah,
ze-phyr mild, Through the world now cease to . wan-der, . Sing a
dim.
sing, sing, ze-phyr, . Ah, sing, . ah, . sing,
song with the elm-tree yon-der, Sing a song with the elm tree yon-der,
D
For she sleeps, my fair-est child, .
fair - - est
poco rit.
a tempo.
For she sleeps, . my fair-est child!
poco rit.

# THE LAMB.

*William Blake.* S. S. A. *G. W. Chadwick.*

96.



# THE FAIRY DANCE.

S. S. A.

*Frederick H. Martens.* *Luigi Arditi.*
*Arranged by N. Clifford Page.*

97. *Allegro moderato.* *ff* *p*

GAVOTTE. (♪ = 132.)

SOPRANO I. *p*

1. Trip - ping light where the moon is beam - ing, See the fai - ries rev - el
wings are like rain - bows glow - ing, In soft beau - ty quiv - 'ring

SOPRANO II.

hold, Danc - ing gay in the light waves gleam - ing, Un - der -
light; Ra - diant they in the dance are show - ing, There with -

1 A

neath the stars of gold, Un - der - neath the stars of gold! 2. Gau - zy
in the cir - cle bright, There with - in the cir - cle ——

B

2 SOPRANO I AND II. *p* *cresc.* *mf* *cresc.* *f*

bright. Fair they seem, Like a dream, All a - gleam!

ALTO. *p* *cresc.* *mf* *cresc.* *f*

All a - round the wood - land dream - ing, Wakes to voice its joy in sound, As the

*dim.* *p*

All 'round the glade wakes, voic - ing sound,

*dim.*

C

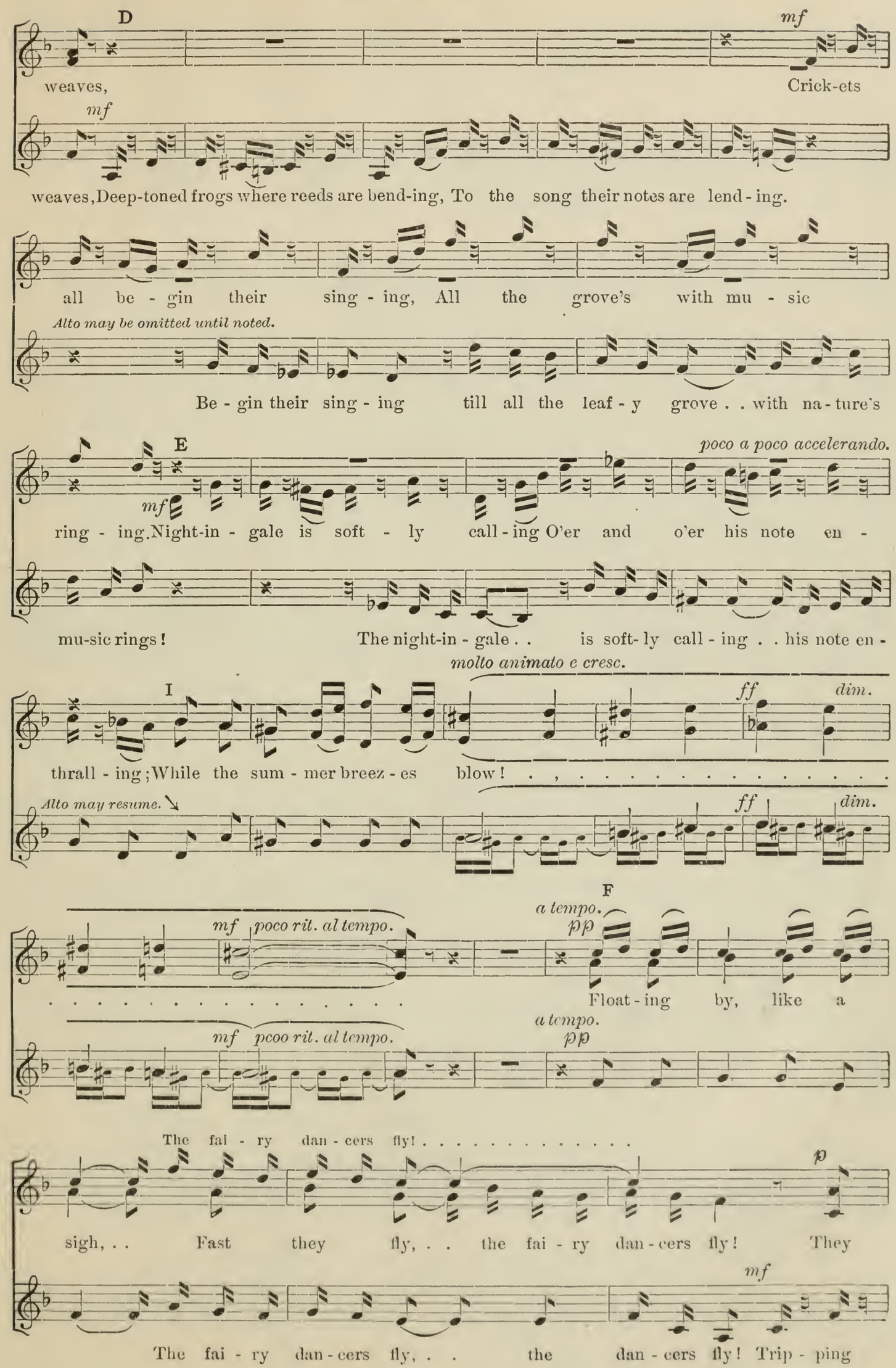
fai - ries dance their round, Soft . . . . . Their whis - per

*pp*

voic - ing sound, Soft the rus - tle of for - est leaves, To their foot - fall its whis - per

*p*

Soft rus - tle leaves, Their whis - per


D
mf
weaves,
Crick-ets
mf
weaves, Deep-toned frogs where reeds are bend-ing, To the song their notes are lend-ing.
all be-gin their sing-ing, All the grove's with mu-sic
Alto may be omitted until noted.
Be-gin their sing-ing till all the leaf-y grove . . with na-ture's
E
poco a poco accelerando.
mf
ring-ing. Night-in-gale is soft-ly call-ing O'er and o'er his note en-
mu-sic rings! The night-in-gale . . is soft-ly call-ing . . his note en-
molto animato e cresc.
I
ff
dim.
thrall-ing; While the sum-mer breez-es blow!
Alto may resume.
ff
dim.
F
mf poco rit. al tempo.
a tempo.
pp
Float-ing by, like a
mf pcoo rit. al tempo.
a tempo.
pp
The fai-ry dan-cers fly!
p
sigh, . . Fast they fly, . . the fai-ry dan-cers fly! They
mf
The fai-ry dan-cers fly, . . the dan-cers fly! Trip-ping

G

pp

fly! beams . . . o'er them fall, Myr - iad

pp

light where the moon is beam - ing, As the for - est ech - oes call,

And

mf

stars o - ver - head Move in mea - sure to their tread, Ah! . And

And ev - er

clear - er, bright - er fall Sil - ver moon - beams o - ver all.

H

I.

clear, . . . . . Sil - ver beams o'er all. Till at length the stars are

mf

*Alto 4 measures ad lib.*

clear - er, fall moon - beams . . . o'er all. The stars of

I

II.

pal - ing In the skies that grey - ly show, . . And the

gold . are grow - ing pal - er . . in skies that grey - ly show,

Be - fore, . . . . . be - -

p

moon's soft rays are fail - ing, Fast be - fore the dawn - ing's glow, Aye, be -

p

Be - fore dawn's glow, be -

fore dawn's glow. Hark the el - fin mu - sic!

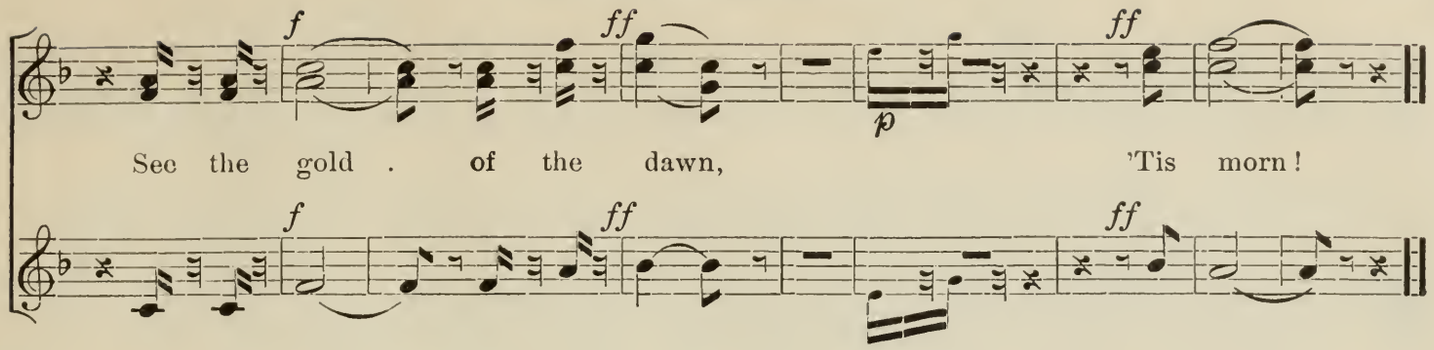
p

pp

fore the dawn - ing glow. Hark the mu - sic! They must go! . .

p

fore dawn's glow. Hark the mu - sic! Hark the el - fin mu - sic!




## PILGRIMS' CHORUS.

FROM "TANNHAUSER."

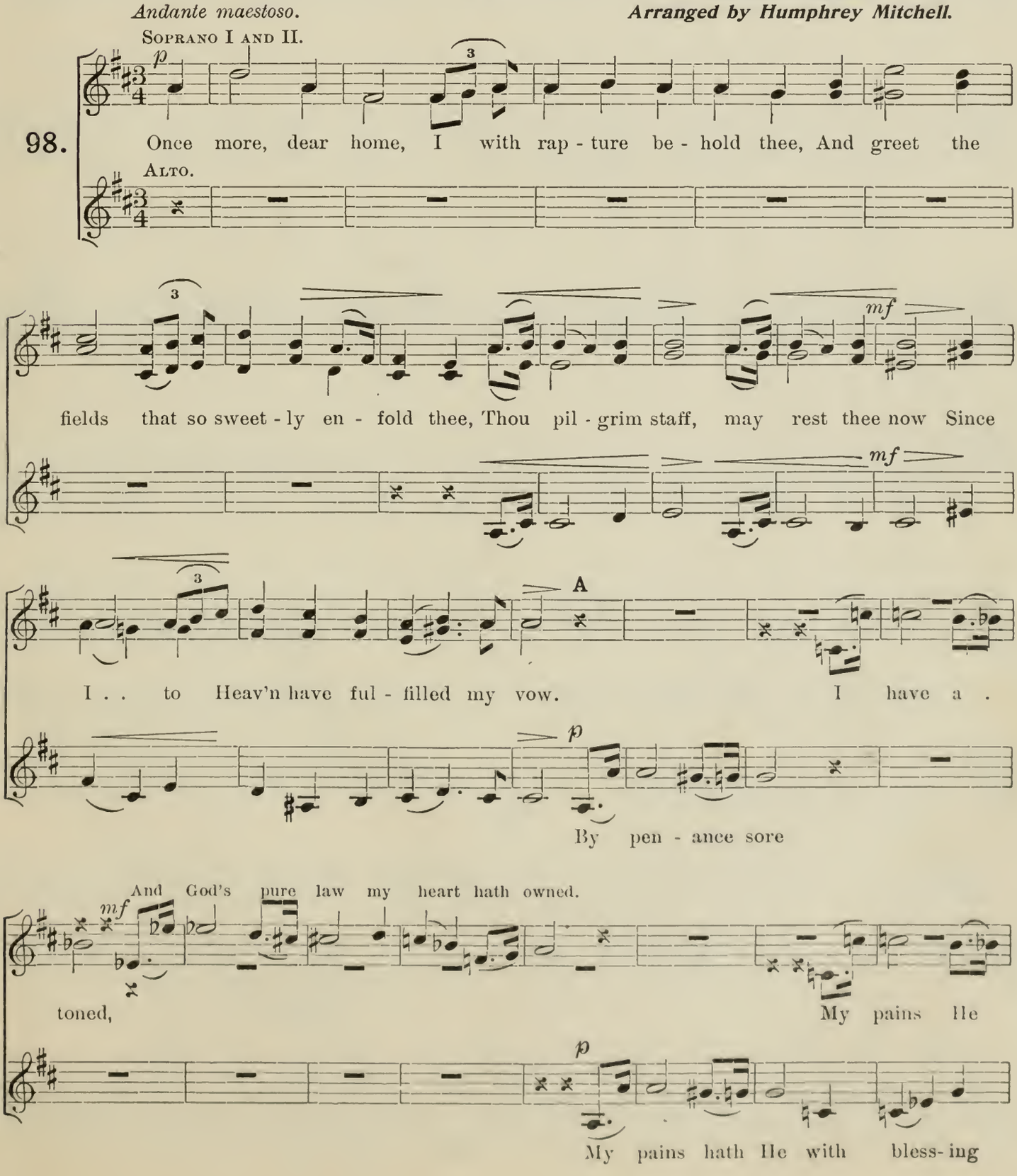
S. S. A.

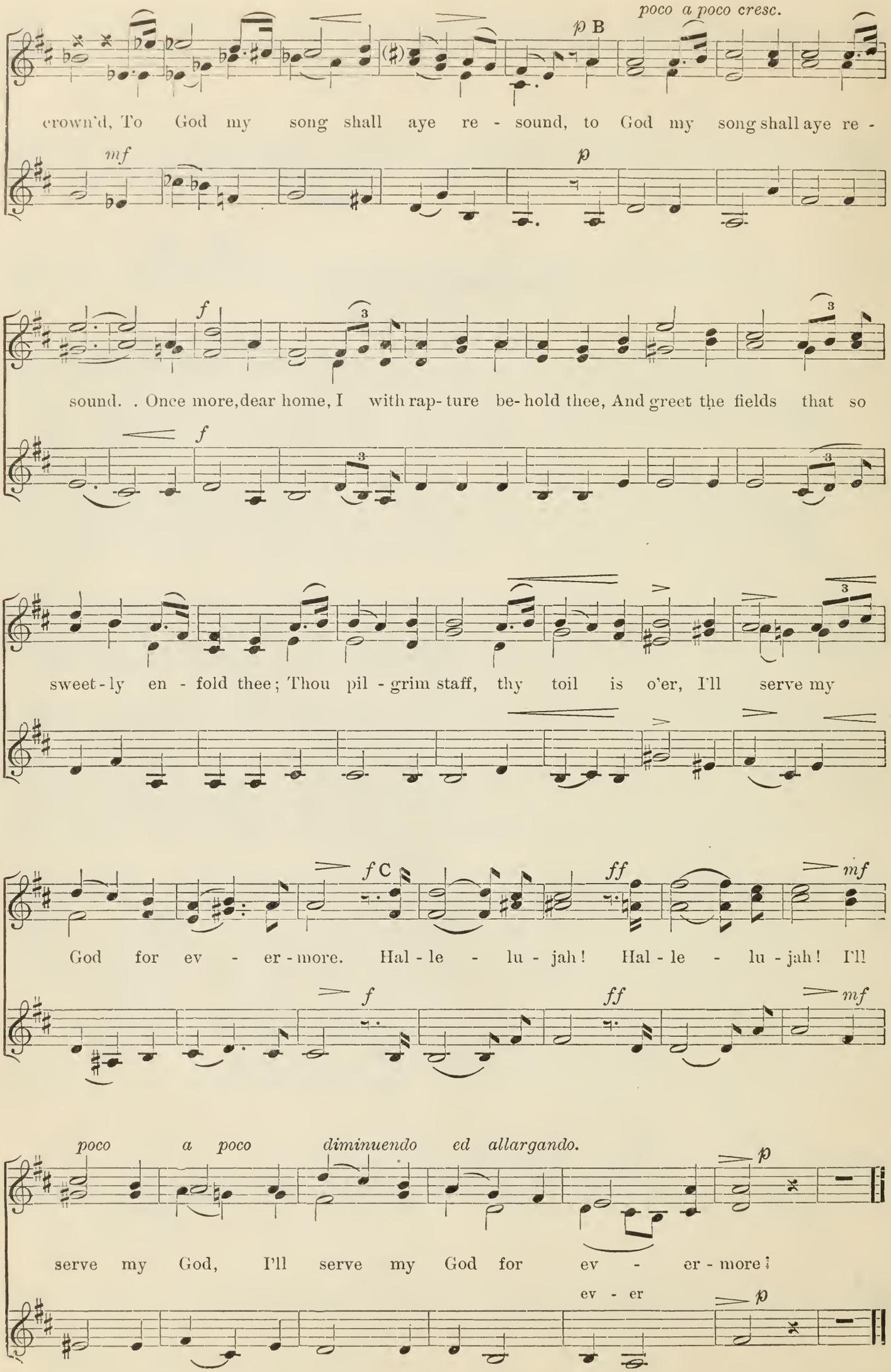
*Richard Wagner.*

*Arranged by Humphrey Mitchell.*

*Andante maestoso.*

98.




poco a poco cresc.
p B
crown'd, To God my song shall aye re - sound, to God my song shall aye re -
mf
p
f
sound. . Once more, dear home, I with rap- ture be- hold thee, And greet the fields that so
sweet - ly en - fold thee; Thou pil - grim staff, thy toil is o'er, I'll serve my
f C
ff
mf
God for ev - er - more. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I'll
poco a poco diminuendo ed allargando.
p
serve my God, I'll serve my God for ev - er - more!
ev - er

# IN THE BOAT.

S. S. A.

*English text by*
***Frederick H. Martens.***

***Edvard Grieg.***
***Arranged by P. C. Warren.***

*Allegretto grazioso.*

99.

3 SOPRANO I AND II.

1. Sea - gulls drift - ing on pin - ions snow - y! . Sun - lit peace!
2. Loose your tress - es so gold - en twin - ing!. Moon - lit joy!
3. Gen - tly cra - dle me ris - ing, fall - ing, . Bil - lows bland!

3 ALTO.

2 A *pp*

Proud of their plum - age so white and show - y, March the geese.
On yon - der shore we will dance the shin - ing June - night through.
With voice so ten - der, my love is call - ing, From the strand.

2 *pp*

B *a tempo.*

Row, row, the white sands gleam, Where the waves o'er the shal - lows dream,
Wait, wait till * Saint John's Day, You shall dance at our wed - ding gay,
Rock, rock and bring me dreams, Till our life a . . vis - ion seems,

On - ward glid - ing.
Are you will - ing?
Round me dy - ing.

*rit.* *1, 2 a tempo.* *3. a tempo.* 6

Sea - tides slum - ber - ing, rid - ing, On - ward glid - ing.
Fid-dles all mer - ri - ly shrill - ing, Are you will - ing?
Mu - sic wave - ech - oed, sigh - ing, Round me dy - ing.

6

* St. John's Day: A day popular for weddings in Norway.

# THE SONG OF THE MILL-STREAM.

S. S. A.

*M. Louise Baum.*

*Stephen Adams.*
*Arranged by N. Clifford Page.*

This arrangement may be simplified by treating the first eight measures as unison for selected voices, using upper notes in upper staff where two notes are given. The refrain (three-four time) sung with three voices until special notice.

100.

*Andante con moto.*

SOPRANO I AND II.

1. Down a - cross the mead - ow The wa - ters dance and play, With
2. Round and round they're whirl - ing To grind the mil - ler's corn, A -

ALTO.

mus - ic and with laugh - ter They charm the hours a - way; They're
mid the flash - ing tor - rents They toil from ear - ly morn; By

They charm the hours a - way; They
They toil from ear - ly morn; The

rac - ing to the mill - wheel, That drives them at its will, And
night the wheel is i - dle, And t'ward the sound - ing sea, They

SOPRANO II.

seek the . . mill - wheel, That drives them at its will, And
wheel is . . i - dle, And t'ward the sound - ing sea, They

*poco rit.*

all a - mid their la - bors, We hear them sing - ing still. .
pass the sleep - ing cit - ies, And call it clear and free: .

*poco rit.*

through their - . la - bors, We hear them sing - ing still. . .
pass the . . cit - ies, And call it clear and free: .

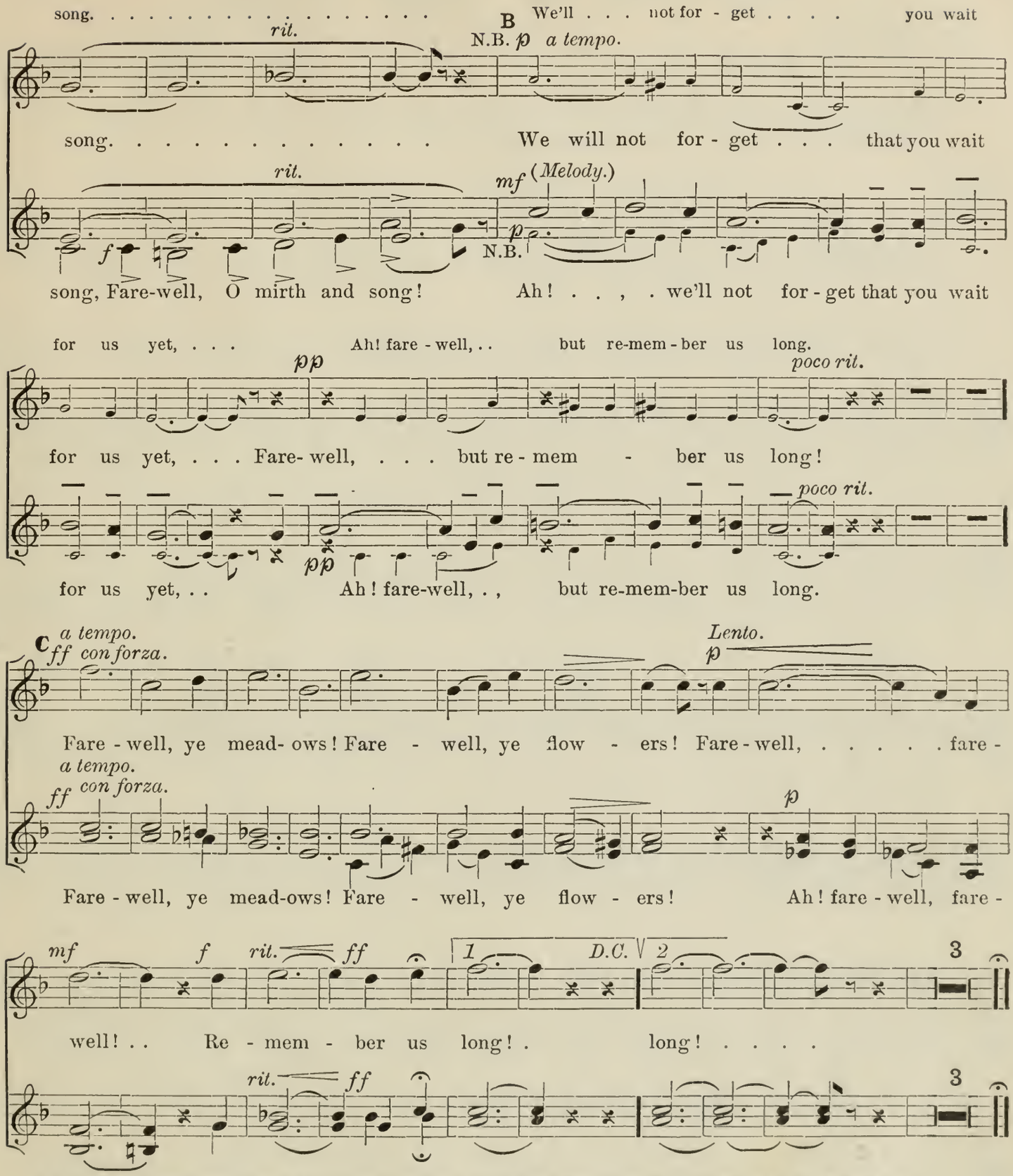
A *Tempo di Valse.*

*p*

Fare - well, ye mead-ows, Fare - well, ye flow - ers, Fare - well, laugh - ter and

*p*

Fare - well, ye mead-ows, Fare - well, ye flow - ers, Fare - well, laugh - ter and

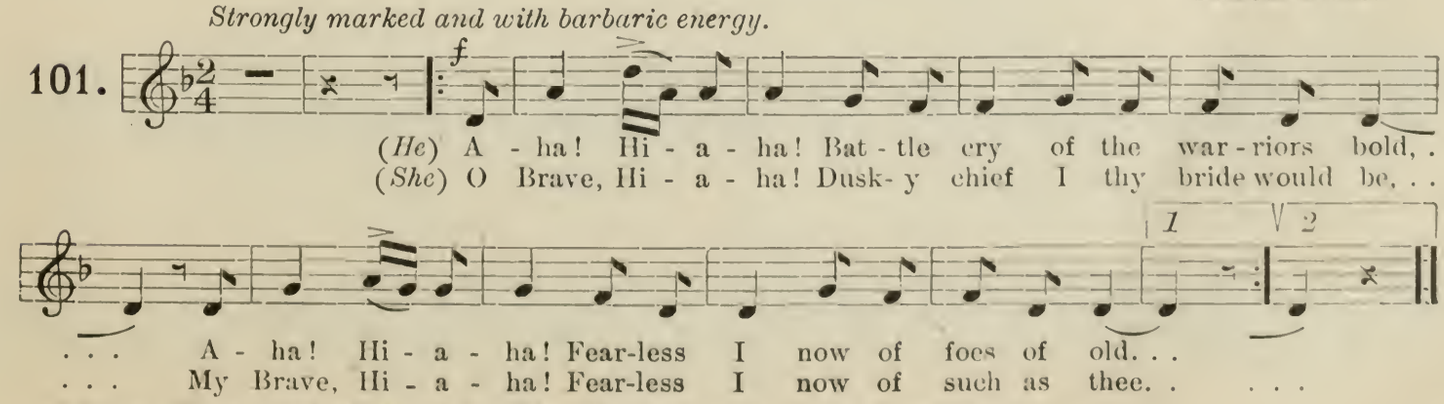



* N. B. Here the Soprano I and Alto may be omitted, using the *upper* notes only in lower staff for 14 measures.

## INDIAN SONG.*

*Dakota Tribe.*

*Strongly marked and with barbaric energy.*

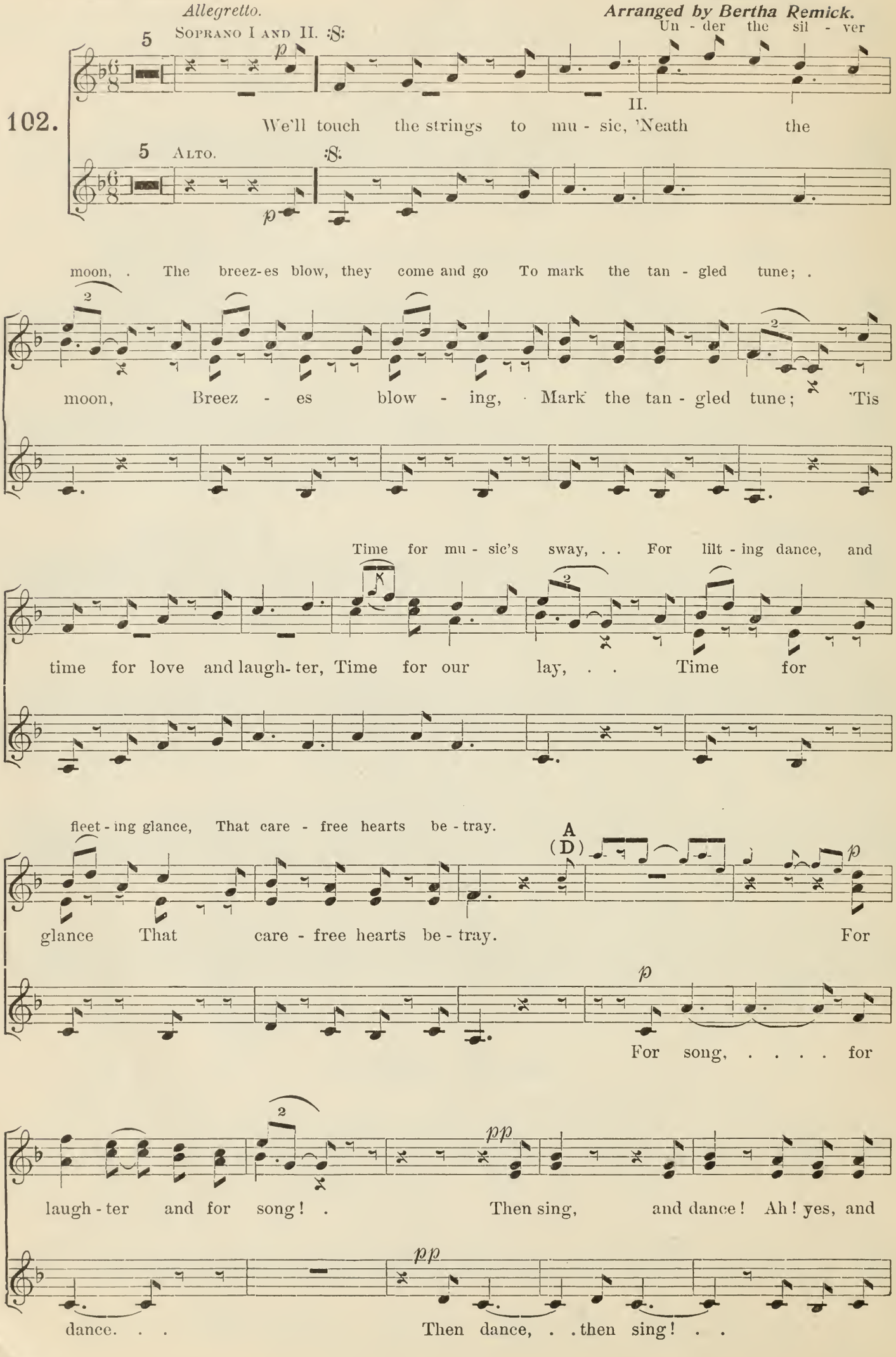


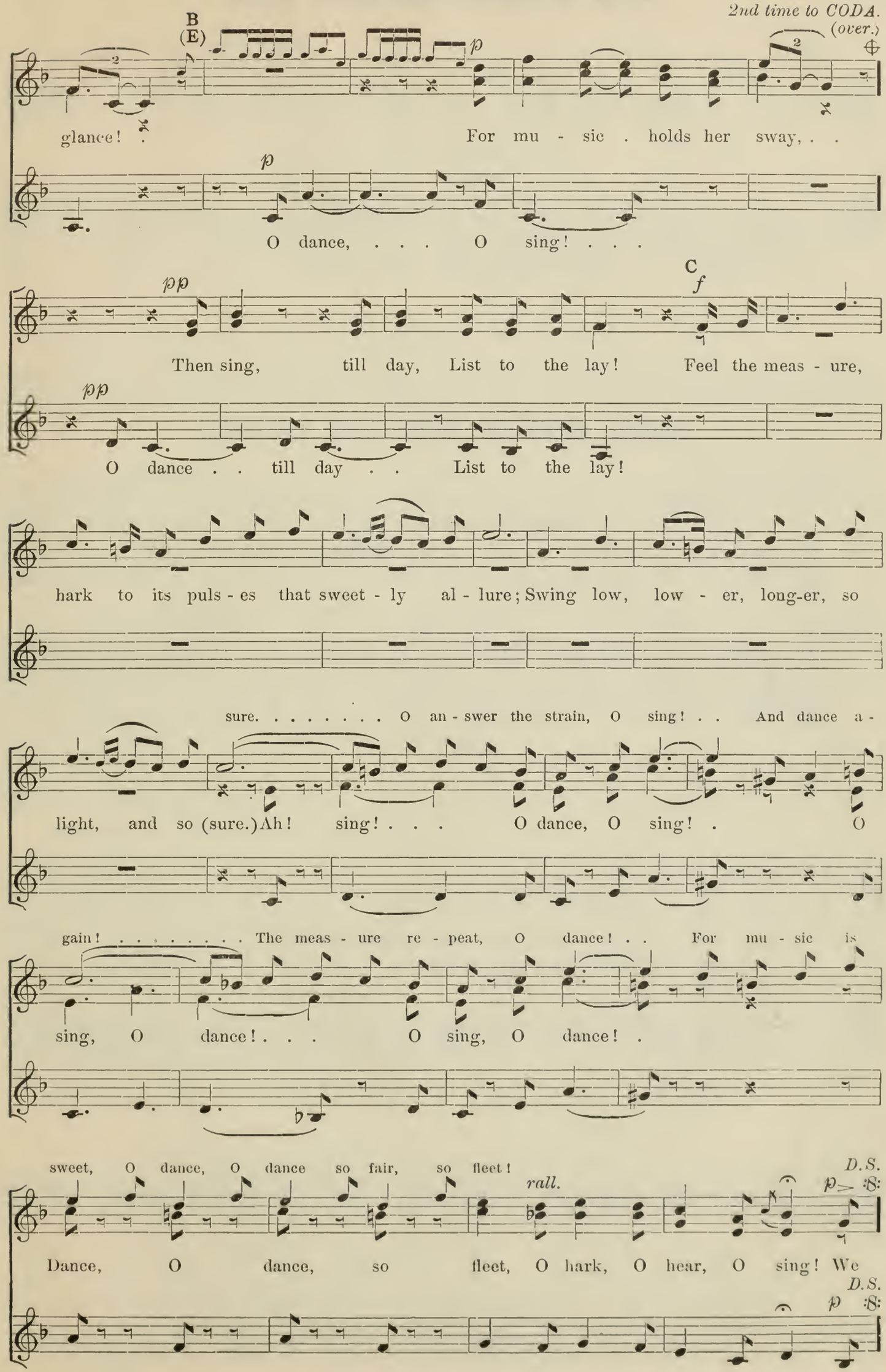

* NOTE. This melody has been used by Edw. McDowell in his "Indian Suite" Op. 48.

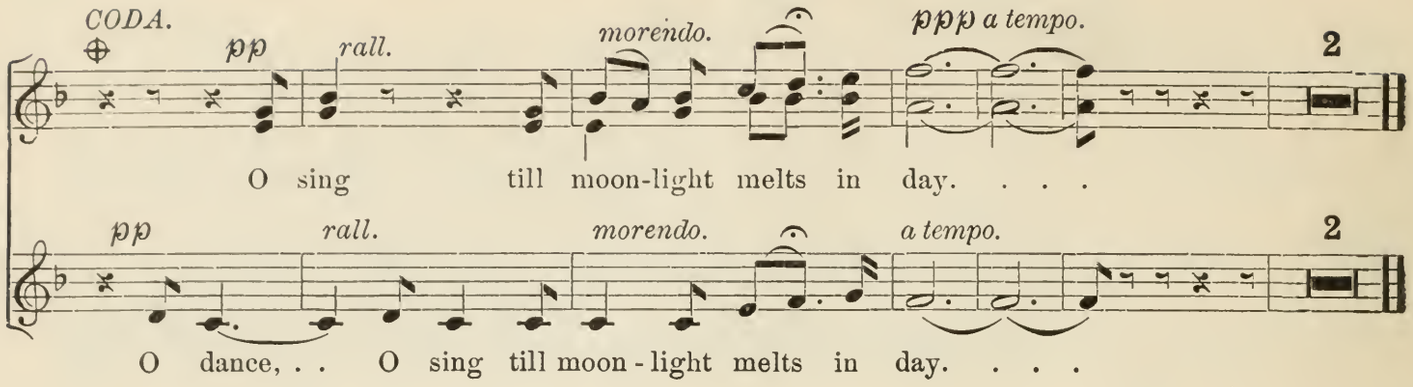
# WE'LL TOUCH THE STRINGS TO MUSIC.

*M. Louise Baum.* S. S. A. *E. Paladilhe.*

*Allegretto.* *Arranged by Bertha Remick.*

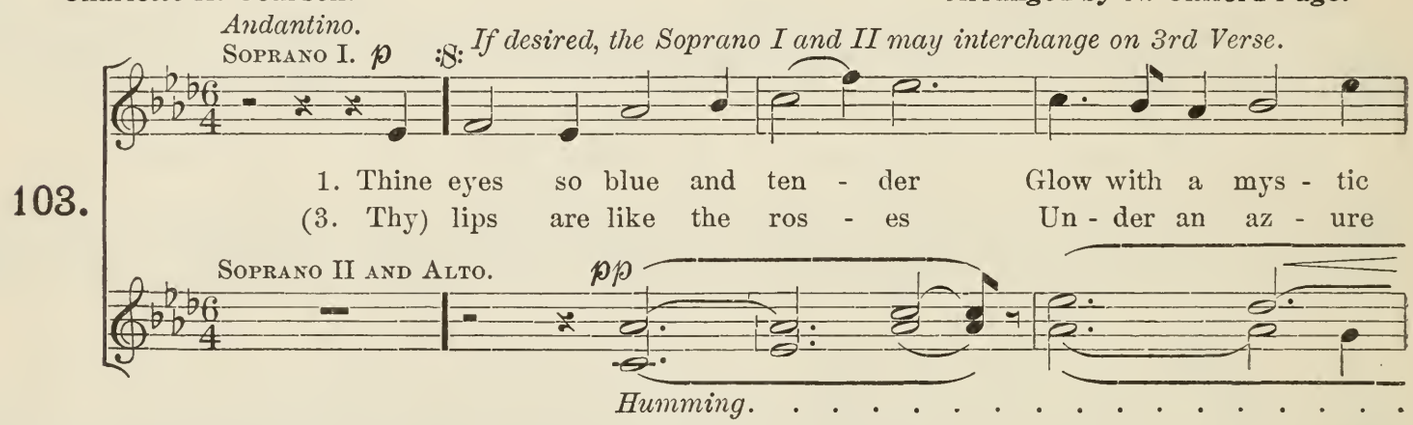


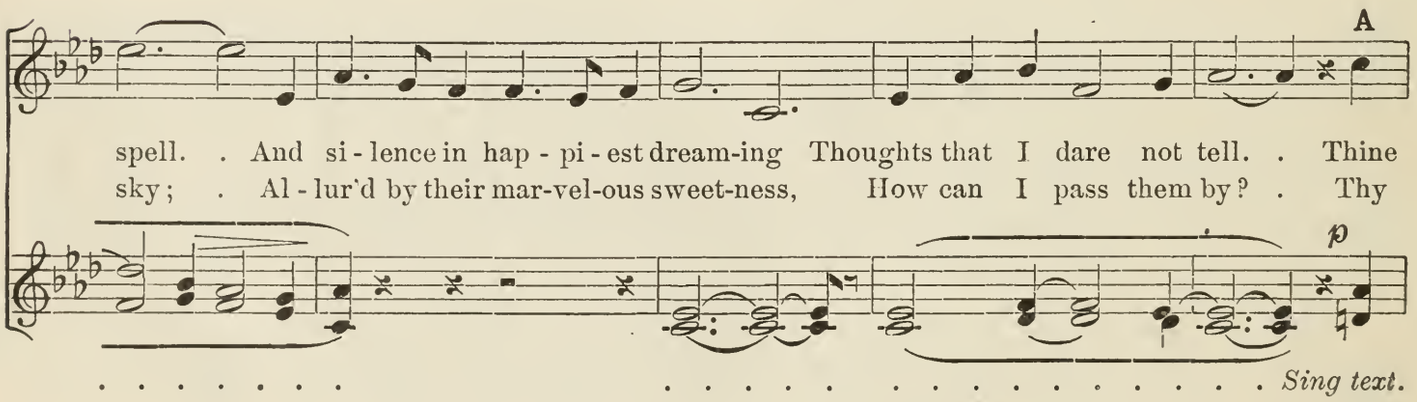

2nd time to CODA.
(over.)
B
(E)
p
glance! For mu - sic . holds her sway, . .
p
O dance, . . . O sing! . . .
C
pp
f
Then sing, till day, List to the lay! Feel the meas - ure,
pp
O dance . . till day . . List to the lay!
hark to its puls - es that sweet - ly al - lure; Swing low, low - er, long-er, so
sure. . . . . O an - swer the strain, O sing! . . And dance a -
light, and so (sure.) Ah! sing! . . . O dance, O sing! . O
gain! . . . . . The meas - ure re - peat, O dance! . . For mu - sic is
sing, O dance! . . . O sing, O dance! .
sweet, O dance, O dance so fair, so fleet!
rall.
D.S.
p
Dance, O dance, so fleet, O hark, O hear, O sing! We
D.S.
p

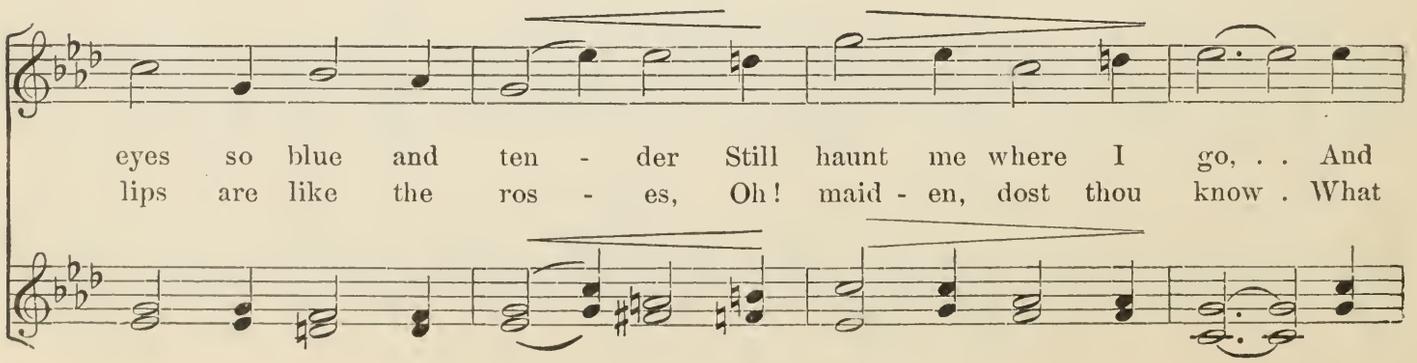


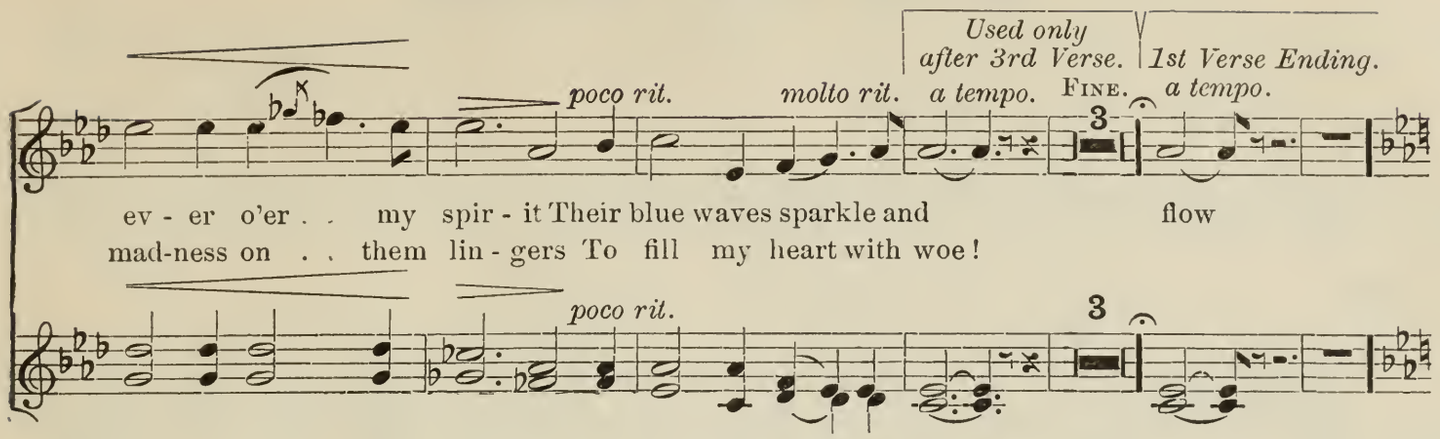

## THINE EYES SO BLUE AND TENDER.

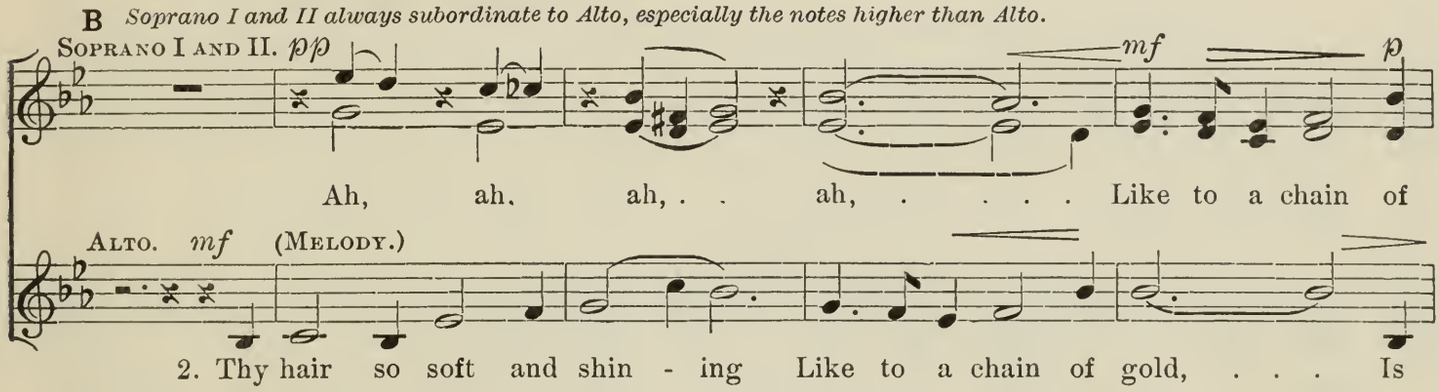
***English version by Charlotte H. Coursen.*** S. S. A. ***E. Lassen. Arranged by N. Clifford Page.***

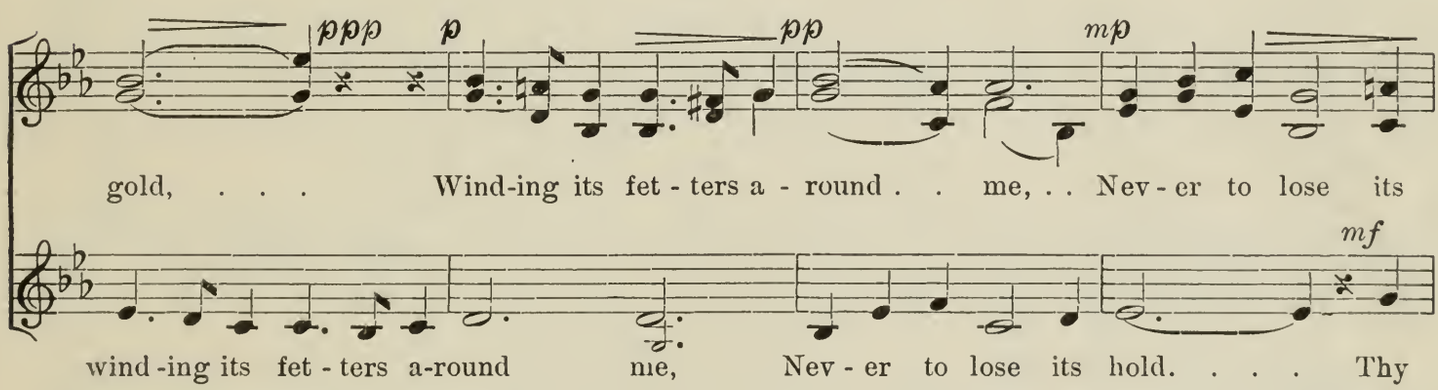


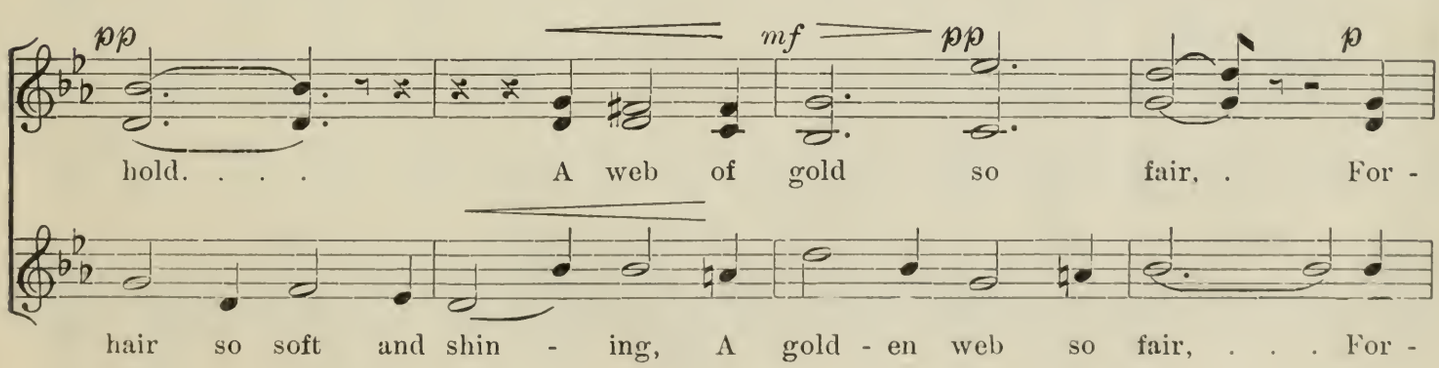



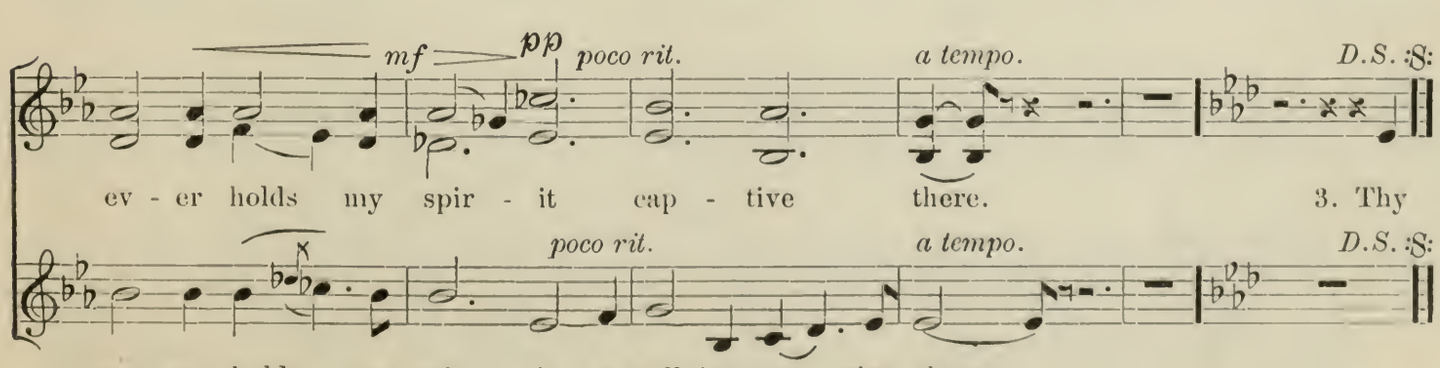




Used only after 3rd Verse.
1st Verse Ending.
poco rit.
molto rit.
a tempo.
FINE.
a tempo.
3
ev - er o'er . . my spir - it Their blue waves sparkle and flow
mad-ness on . . them lin - gers To fill my heart with woe!
poco rit.
3


B Soprano I and II always subordinate to Alto, especially the notes higher than Alto.
SOPRANO I AND II. pp
mf
p
Ah, ah, ah, . . ah, . . . . Like to a chain of
ALTO. mf (MELODY.)
2. Thy hair so soft and shin - ing Like to a chain of gold, . . . Is


ppp
p
pp
mp
gold, . . . Wind-ing its fet - ters a - round . . me, . . Nev - er to lose its
mf
wind - ing its fet - ters a-round me, Nev - er to lose its hold. . . . Thy


pp
mf
pp
p
hold. . . . A web of gold so fair, . For -
hair so soft and shin - ing, A gold - en web so fair, . . . For -


mf
pp
poco rit.
a tempo.
D.S.
ev - er holds my spir - it cap - tive there. 3. Thy
poco rit.
a tempo.
D.S.
ev - er holds my spir - it a will - ing cap - tive there. . .

# WELCOME, PRETTY PRIMROSE.

S. S. A.

*Ciro Pinsuti.*
*Arranged by N. Clifford Page.*

*Allegretto moderato. Meno mosso.*

104.

8 *p* Soprano I.

1. Wel - come, pret - ty prim - rose flow'r, That
2. Gaz - ing on thee, ear - ly flow'r, I

8 Soprano II and Alto. *pp* (*like an echo.*)

Wel - come, pret - ty prim - rose
Gaz - ing on thee, ear - ly

comes when sun - shine comes, When rain - bows arch the sil - ver
seem to hear the spring, That calls the sun - shine ev - 'ry

flow'r, That comes when sun - shine comes, When
flow'r, I seem to hear the spring, That

show'r Of ev - 'ry cloud that roams, Of
hour, And tells the bird to sing, And

rain - bows arch the sil - ver show'r . . . . Of ev - 'ry cloud that
calls the sun - shine ev - 'ry hour, . . . . And tells the bird to

ev - 'ry cloud that roams.
tells the bird to sing.

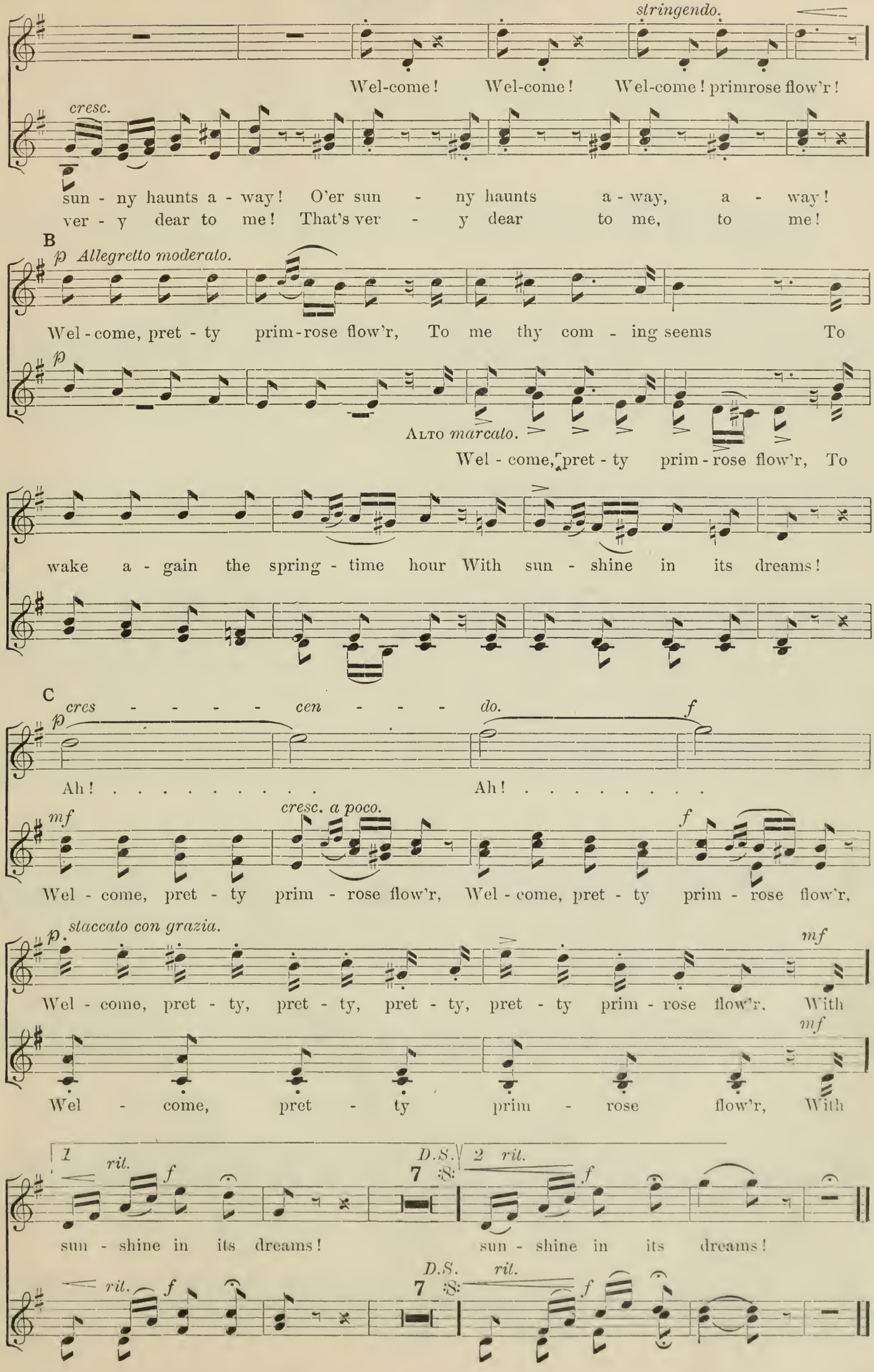
A

*rit. mf a tempo.*

roams, that roams. I joy to see thy prom - ise bloom That
sing, to sing, And as I dream, my dream is rife With

*f*

tells of spring's new day, And in my thoughts a - far I roam O'er
thoughts a - kin to thee, Of glad spring life, a sweet spring life, That's


stringendo.
Wel-come! Wel-come! Wel-come! primrose flow'r!
cresc.
sun - ny haunts a - way! O'er sun - ny haunts a - way, a - way!
ver - y dear to me! That's ver - y dear to me, to me!
B
p Allegretto moderato.
Wel - come, pret - ty prim - rose flow'r, To me thy com - ing seems To
p
Alto marcato.
Wel - come, pret - ty prim - rose flow'r, To
wake a - gain the spring - time hour With sun - shine in its dreams!
C
p cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do. f
Ah! . . . . . Ah! . . . . . .
mf cresc. a poco. f
Wel - come, pret - ty prim - rose flow'r, Wel - come, pret - ty prim - rose flow'r,
p staccato con grazia. mf
Wel - come, pret - ty, pret - ty, pret - ty, pret - ty prim - rose flow'r, With
mf
Wel - come, pret - ty prim - rose flow'r, With
1 rit. f
D.S. 7 8
2 rit. f
sun - shine in its dreams! sun - shine in its dreams!
rit. f
D.S. 7 8
rit. f

# LOVELY SPRING.

S. S. A.

*Text revised by B. R. Sharon.* *Willem Coenen.*
*Arranged by Bertha Remick.*

105.

*Andante.* 𝄋 Soprano I and II. I.

1. When the spring has . climb'd the
2. When the brooks dance . down the

II.

(the)
(the)

𝄋 Alto.

moun - tain's height, When be - neath the bright sun melts the snow, When the
moun - tain's side, When the breeze is grow - ing warm and sweet, When the

(sun)
(is)

first green leaf comes forth to sight, And their ear - liest flowers the
glad new song rings far and wide, And the joy - ous birds the

flowers the mead - - - - - ows
birds the spring - - - - - time

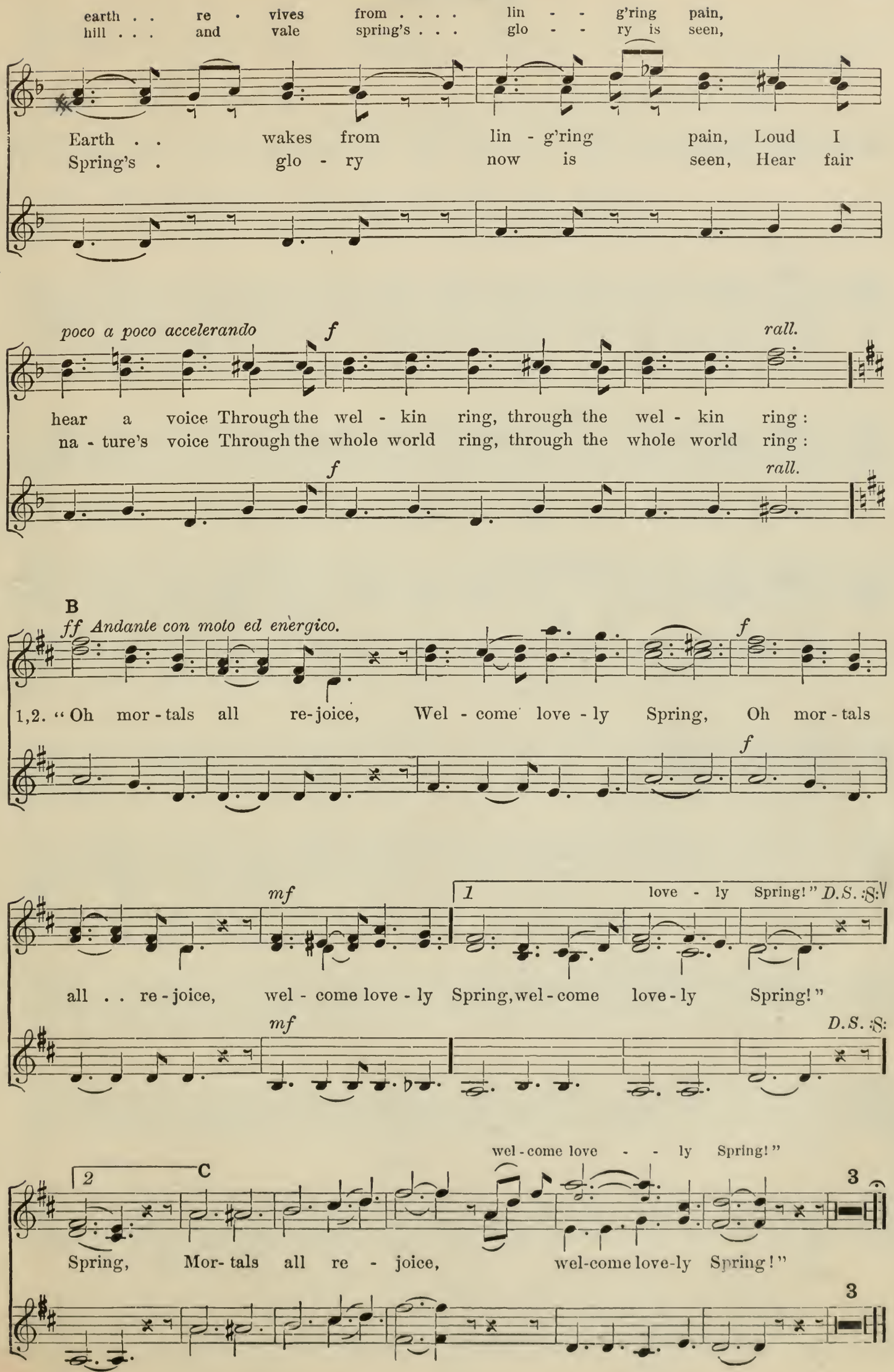
mead - ows show, their ear - liest flowers, their ear - liest flowers they
spring - time greet, the joy - ous birds, the birds the spring - time

A

show. When on hill and plain, ends old win - ter's reign, . And the
greet. O'er the wood - land green, in the sun - light sheen, On each

*agitato.*

show. Ends . old . . win - ter's reign, .
greet. Green . woods, . sun - light sheen, .


earth . . re - vives from . . . . lin - - g'ring pain,
hill . . . and vale spring's . . . glo - - ry is seen,
Earth . . wakes from lin - g'ring pain, Loud I
Spring's . glo - ry now is seen, Hear fair
poco a poco accelerando
f
rall.
hear a voice Through the wel - kin ring, through the wel - kin ring:
na - ture's voice Through the whole world ring, through the whole world ring:
f
rall.
B
ff Andante con moto ed energico.
f
1,2. "Oh mor - tals all re - joice, Wel - come love - ly Spring, Oh mor - tals
f
mf
1
love - ly Spring!" D.S.
all . . re - joice, wel - come love - ly Spring, wel - come love - ly Spring!"
mf
D.S.
wel - come love - - ly Spring!"
2
C
3
Spring, Mor - tals all re - joice, wel - come love - ly Spring!"
3

# HABANERA.

FROM "CARMEN."

S. A. (A. 2 *ad lib.*)

***Bertha Remick.*** ***G. Bizet.***

***Arranged by Bertha Remick.***

*Allegretto quasi Andantino.* ( ♩ = 72.)

106.

*p* Soprano Solo or Selected Voices.

1. Wild birds wing - ing, so joy - ous, free, Thro' all the
2. Wild birds cap - tured, will die ere long, The vales and

shin - ing, sun - lit sky; Gyp - sies sing - ing, a - glow with glee, Ah, none so
hills they crave to see; Gyp - sies pine for their for - est home, So if I

*portando la voce.*

gay, so glad as I! Camp-fires leap at the twink - ling stars, The moon-light
stay, be - ware of me! Night is gleam-ing with myr - iad stars; I must a -

*portando la voce.*

shines o'er wood and plain, Gyp - sies play on their loud gui - tars The Ha - ba -
way to wood and plain, Where gyp - sies play on their loud gui - tars The Ha - ba -

A

*espress.*

ner - a's gay re - frain. Ah, come! Ah,

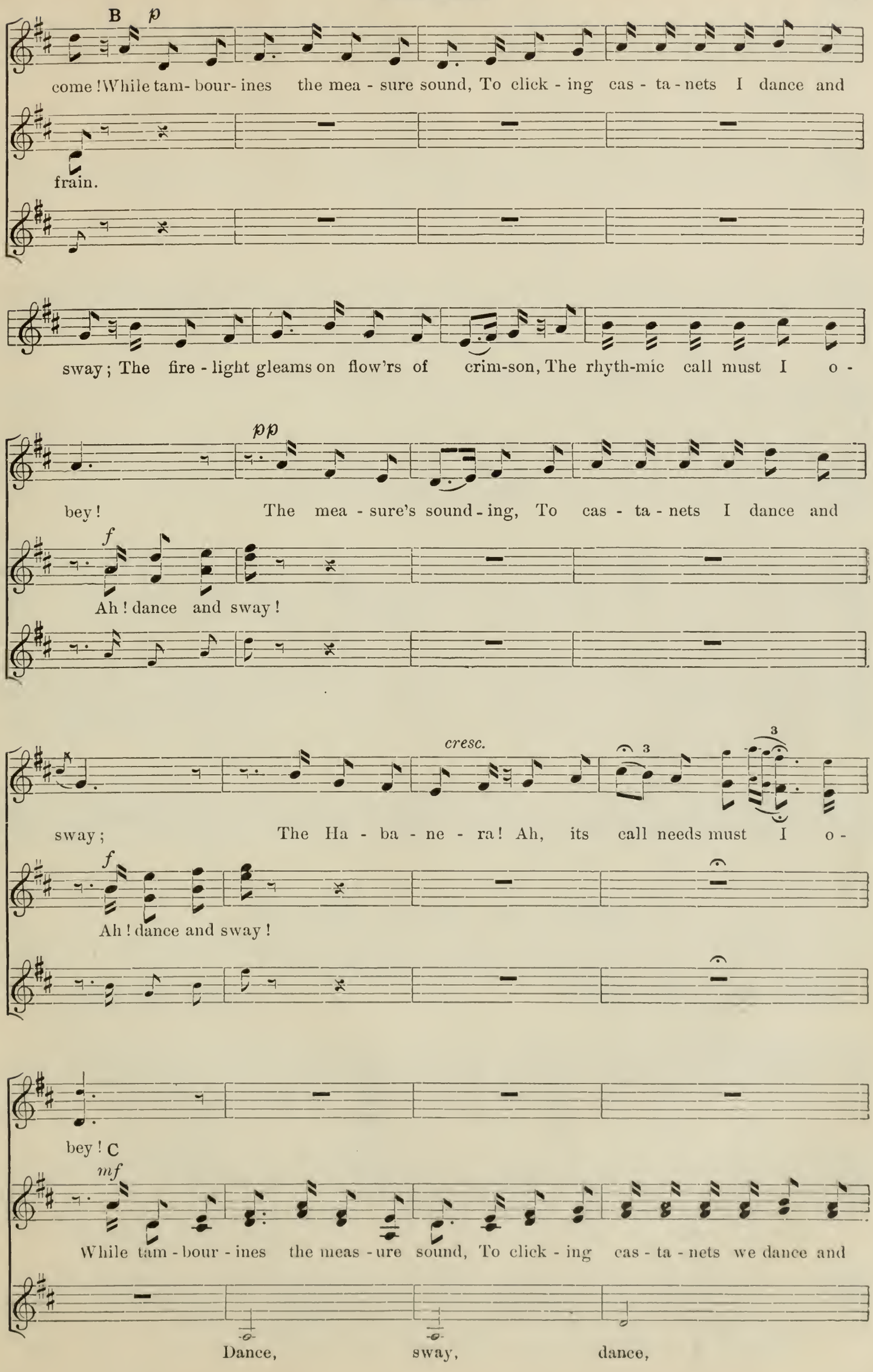
S. A.

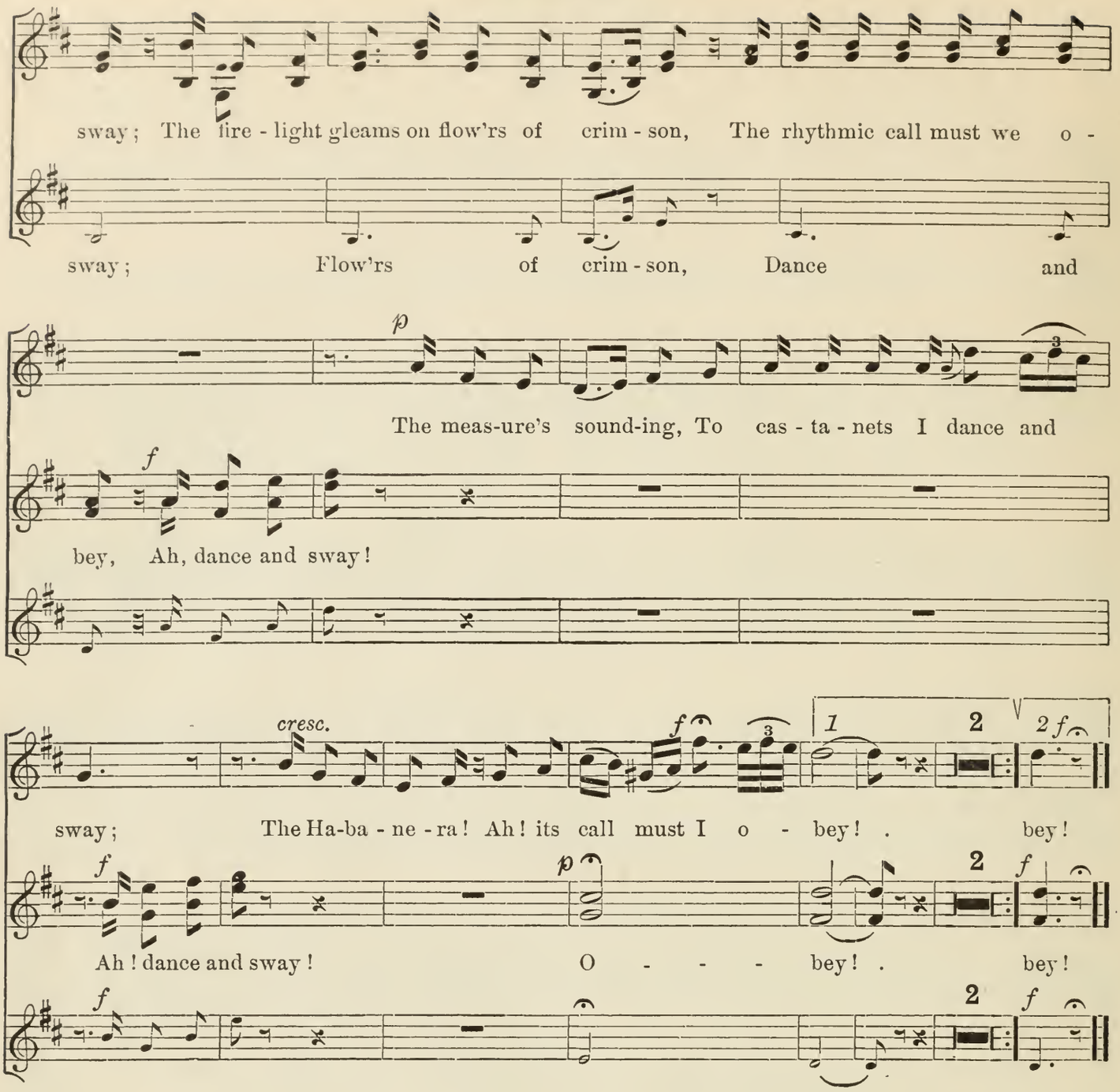
Camp-fires leap at the twinkling stars, The moonlight shines o'er wood and
Night is gleam-ing with myr - iad stars, We must a - way to wood and

(A. 2.)

come! Ah, come! Ah,

plain; Gyp - sies play on their loud gui - tars The Ha - ba - ner - a's gay re -


B
p
come! While tam- bour- ines the mea - sure sound, To click - ing cas - ta - nets I dance and
frain.
sway; The fire - light gleams on flow'rs of crim-son, The rhyth-mic call must I o -
pp
bey! The mea - sure's sound - ing, To cas - ta - nets I dance and
f
Ah! dance and sway!
cresc.
3
3
sway; The Ha - ba - ne - ra! Ah, its call needs must I o -
f
Ah! dance and sway!
bey! C
mf
While tam - bour - ines the meas - ure sound, To click - ing cas - ta - nets we dance and
Dance, sway, dance,




## SOFTLY MY HEART UNFOLDS.

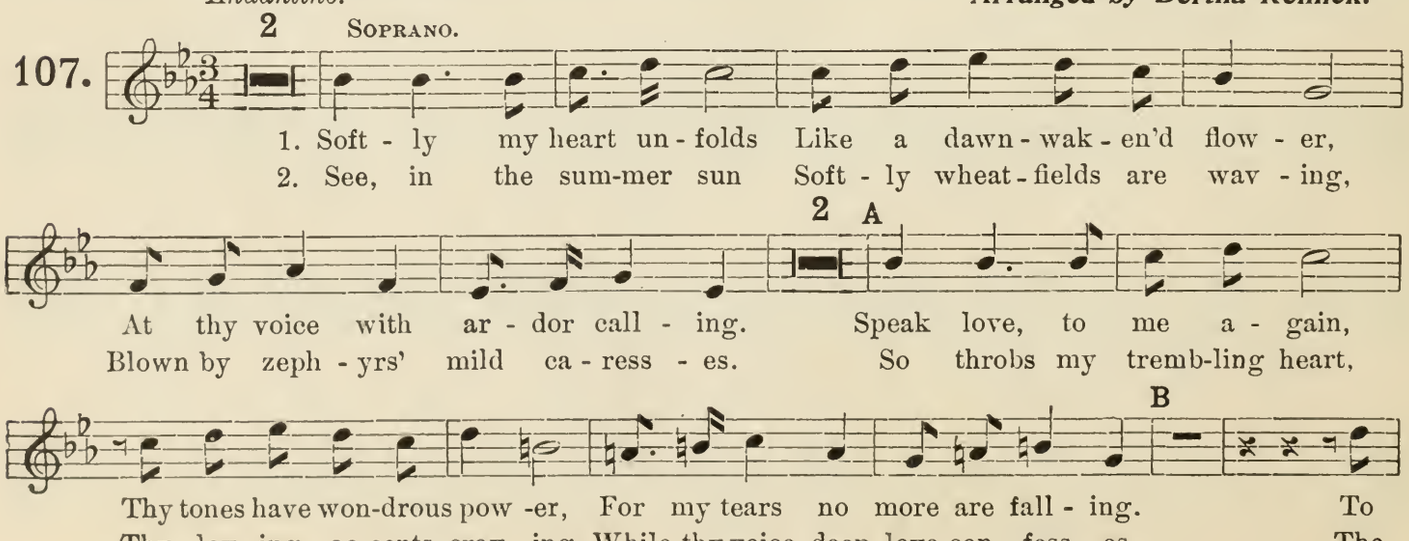
(MY HEART AT THY SWEET VOICE.)

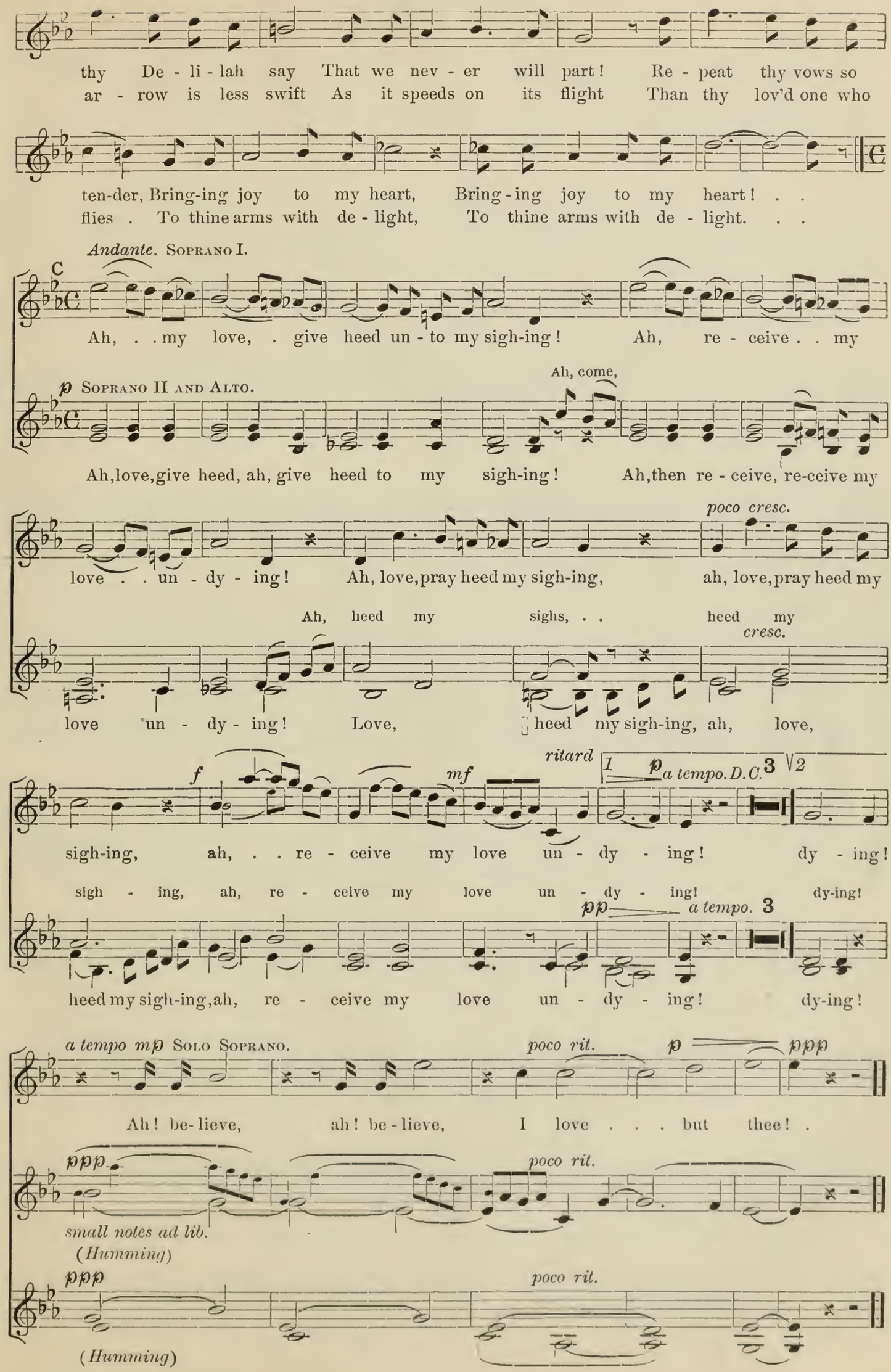
FROM "SAMSON AND DELILAH."

***English version by Bertha Remick.*** S. S. A. ***Camille Saint-Saëns.***

*Andantino.* ***Arranged by Bertha Remick.***

107. SOPRANO.




thy De - li - lah say That we nev - er will part! Re - peat thy vows so
ar - row is less swift As it speeds on its flight Than thy lov'd one who
ten-der, Bring-ing joy to my heart, Bring - ing joy to my heart! . .
flies . To thine arms with de - light, To thine arms with de - light. . .
Andante. Soprano I.
Ah, . . my love, . give heed un - to my sigh-ing! Ah, re - ceive . . my
p Soprano II and Alto.
Ah, come,
Ah,love,give heed, ah, give heed to my sigh-ing! Ah,then re - ceive, re-ceive my
poco cresc.
love . . un - dy - ing! Ah, love,pray heed my sigh-ing, ah, love,pray heed my
Ah, heed my sighs, . . heed my
cresc.
love un - dy - ing! Love, heed my sigh-ing, ah, love,
ritard
f
mf
1 p a tempo. D.C. 3 2
sigh-ing, ah, . . re - ceive my love un - dy - ing! dy - ing!
sigh - ing, ah, re - ceive my love un - dy - ing! dy-ing!
pp a tempo. 3
heed my sigh-ing,ah, re - ceive my love un - dy - ing! dy-ing!
a tempo mp Solo Soprano.
poco rit.
p ppp
Ah! be-lieve, ah! be-lieve, I love . . . but thee! .
ppp
poco rit.
small notes ad lib.
(Humming)
ppp
poco rit.
(Humming)

# SANCTUS.

FROM "ST. CECILIA" MASS.

*Edited by* M. Louise Baum.

S. S. A.

*Charles Gounod.* *Arranged by Bertha Remick.*

108. *Andante* (*not too slow.*)

6 Soprano Solo.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, . Lord God Al - might - y, . .
*San - ctus, san - ctus, . san - ctus Do - mi - nus, .*

*poco cresc.*

Ho - ly, ho - ly, . . Lord . . . . God, . God of Sa - ba -
*San - ctus, san - ctus, . De - - - us . . Sa - - - - ba -*

*cresc.*

oth, . Lord . . God, . God of Sa - - ba - oth. . .
*oth, . De - us . . Sa - - - - ba - oth. . .*

Soprano I and II.

A *ppp*

Ho - ly, ho - ly, . Lord God of Sa - ba - oth, . . Ho - ly,
*San - ctus, san - ctus, . san - ctus Do - mi - nus, . . San - ctus,*

*ppp* Alto.

*poco cresc.* *cresc.* *dim.* *p* 2

ho - ly, . God of Sa - ba - oth, . Lord God of Sa - - ba - oth.
*san - ctus, De - us Sa - ba - oth, . De - us . . Sa - - ba - oth.*

*cresc.* 2

Selected Voices.

B *p*

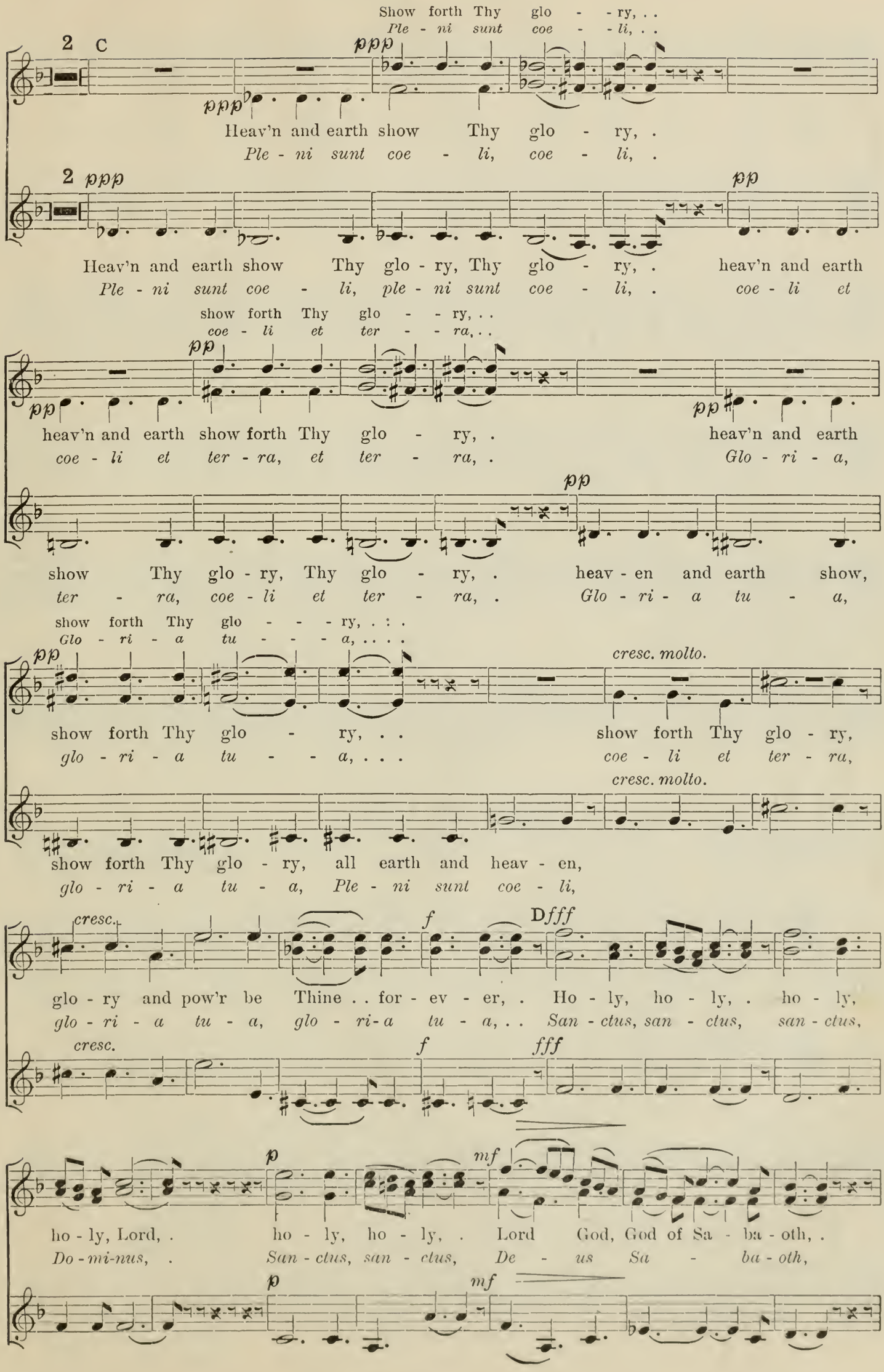
Heav'n and earth . show Thy glo - ry, . . Heav'n and earth are
*Ple - ni sunt coe - - li et ter - ra, . . Ple - - ni sunt*

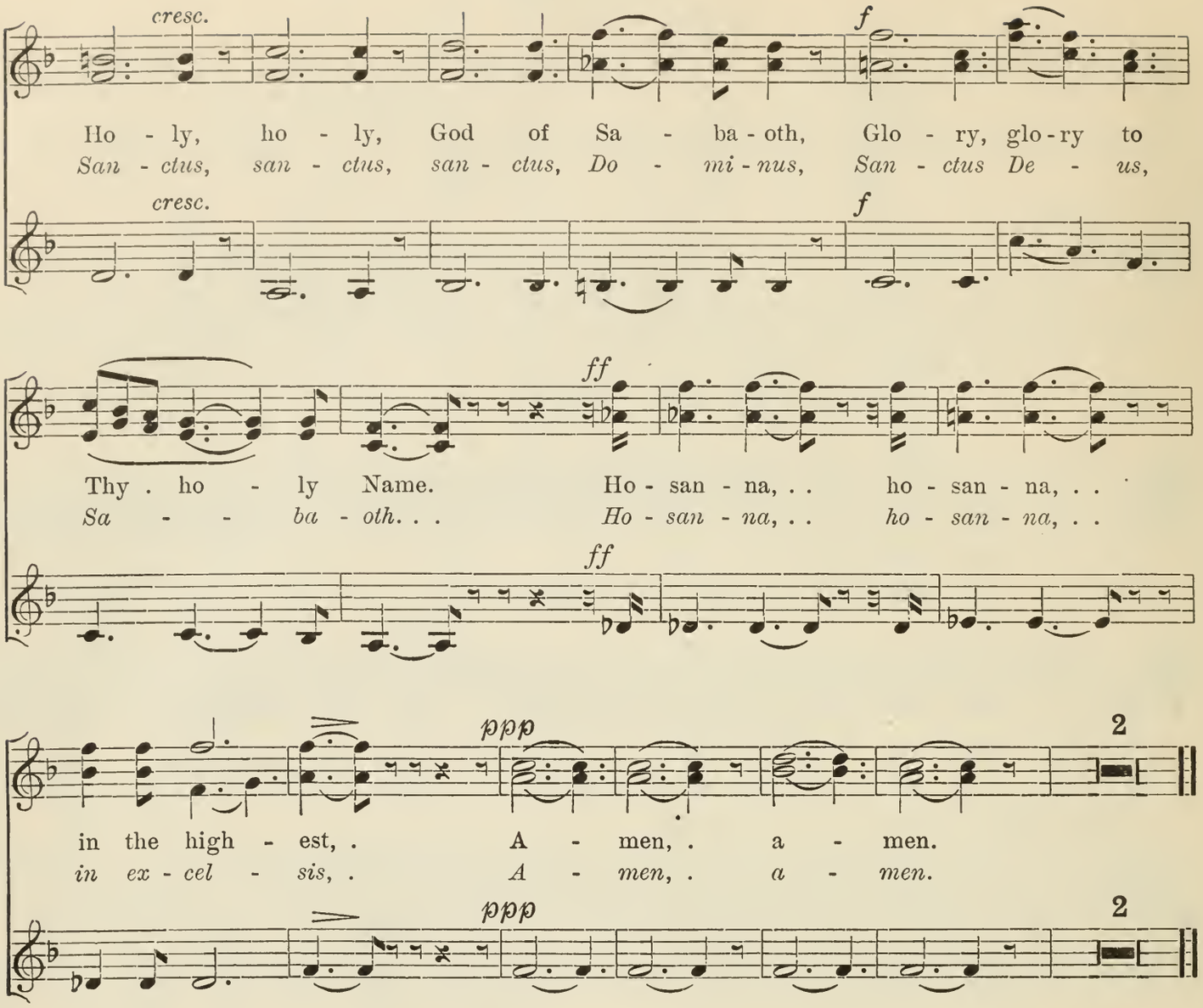
full of Thy glo - ry, full of Thy glo - ry, full of Thy glo - ry,
*coe - li et ter - ra glo - ri - a tu - a, Ple - ni sunt coe - li,*

*p* *p* *p*

full of Thy glo - ry, Heav'n and earth are full, full of Thy glo - ry,
*coe - li et ter - ra, Ple-ni sunt, ple - ni sunt glo - ri - a tu - a,*

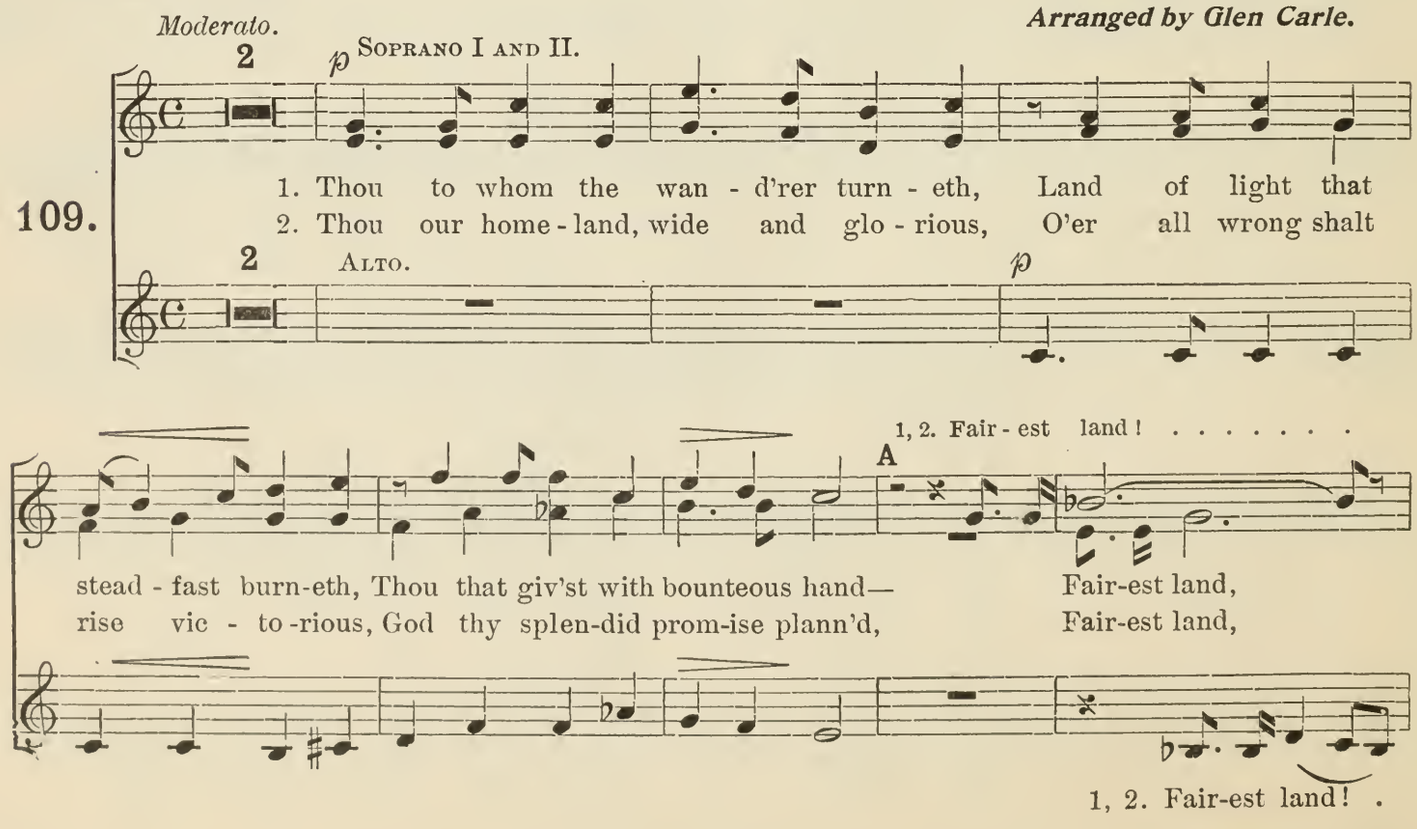
Lord God, heav'n is . . full, full of Thy glo - ry. .
*Ple - ni sunt, ple - ni . . sunt glo - ri - a tu - - a. .*

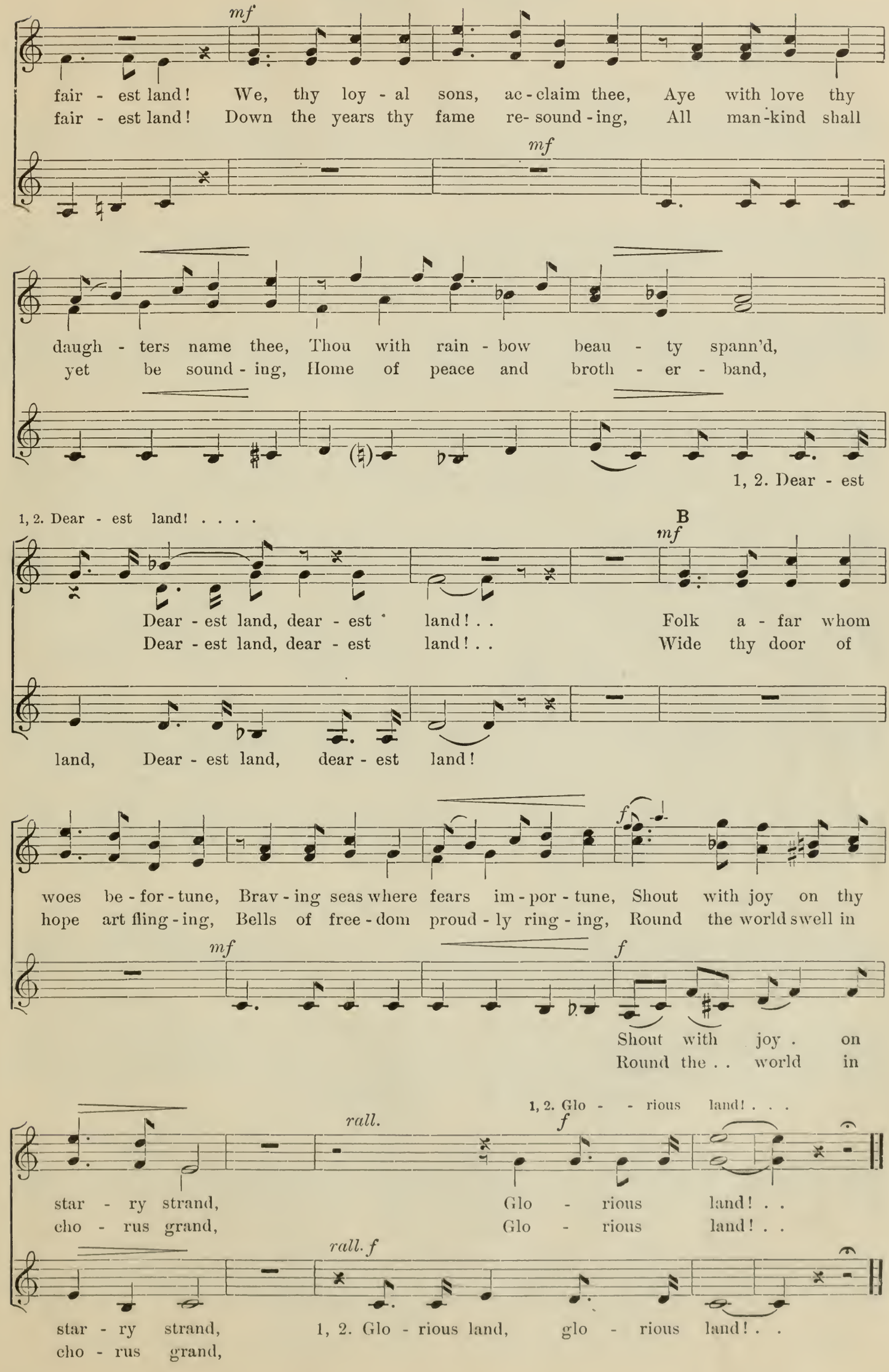

Show forth Thy glo - - ry, . .
Ple - ni sunt coe - - li, . .
2 C
ppp
Heav'n and earth show Thy glo - ry, .
Ple - ni sunt coe - li, coe - li, .
2 ppp
pp
Heav'n and earth show Thy glo - ry, Thy glo - ry, . heav'n and earth
Ple - ni sunt coe - li, ple - ni sunt coe - li, . coe - li et
show forth Thy glo - - ry, . .
coe - li et ter - - ra, . .
pp
heav'n and earth show forth Thy glo - ry, . heav'n and earth
coe - li et ter - ra, et ter - ra, . Glo - ri - a,
show Thy glo - ry, Thy glo - ry, . heav - en and earth show,
ter - ra, coe - li et ter - ra, . Glo - ri - a tu - a,
show forth Thy glo - - - ry, . : .
Glo - ri - a tu - - - a, . . . .
cresc. molto.
show forth Thy glo - ry, . . show forth Thy glo - ry,
glo - ri - a tu - - a, . . . coe - li et ter - ra,
cresc. molto.
show forth Thy glo - ry, all earth and heav - en,
glo - ri - a tu - a, Ple - ni sunt coe - li,
cresc.
f
D fff
glo - ry and pow'r be Thine . . for - ev - er, . Ho - ly, ho - ly, . ho - ly,
glo - ri - a tu - a, glo - ri - a tu - a, . . San - ctus, san - ctus, san - ctus,
cresc.
f
fff
p
mf
ho - ly, Lord, . ho - ly, ho - ly, . Lord God, God of Sa - ba - oth, .
Do - mi - nus, . San - ctus, san - ctus, De - us Sa - ba - oth,
p
mf




## LAND OF LIGHT.

*M. Louise Baum.* S. S. A. *Richard Strauss.*
*Arranged by Glen Carle.*




mf
fair - est land! We, thy loy - al sons, ac - claim thee, Aye with love thy
fair - est land! Down the years thy fame re- sound - ing, All man - kind shall
mf
daugh - ters name thee, Thou with rain - bow beau - ty spann'd,
yet be sound - ing, Home of peace and broth - er - band,
1, 2. Dear - est
1, 2. Dear - est land! . . . .
B
mf
Dear - est land, dear - est land! . . Folk a - far whom
Dear - est land, dear - est land! . . Wide thy door of
land, Dear - est land, dear - est land!
f
woes be - for - tune, Brav - ing seas where fears im - por - tune, Shout with joy on thy
hope art fling - ing, Bells of free - dom proud - ly ring - ing, Round the world swell in
mf
f
Shout with joy . on
Round the . . world in
rall.
1, 2. Glo - - rious land! . . .
f
star - ry strand, Glo - rious land! . .
cho - rus grand, Glo - rious land! . .
rall. f
star - ry strand, 1, 2. Glo - rious land, glo - rious land! . .
cho - rus grand,

# GOD OF ALL NATURE.

"ANDANTE CANTABILE" FROM 5TH SYMPHONY.

*Text by* **M. Teresa Armitage.** S. S. A. ***P. I. Tschaikowsky.*** ***Arranged by Bertha Remick.***

*Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza.* (♩. = 54.)

110.

7 *p* ALTO SOLO.

God of the dawning, God of the noon-time, God of the tran-quil and brooding

A

twi - light, Fa- ther, O bless us, Fa-ther, O guide us, Give us the peace of Thy ho - ly

presence, Lord ! Father, O bless us, Father, now guide us, Give us the peace of Thy presence, O

Lord ! Fa-ther, O bless us, Fa-ther, O guide us, Give us the peace of Thy presence, O

SOPRANO I. B *mf*

God of the star-shine, God of the moon-light, God of the joy - ful and glow - ing

SOPRANO II. *mf* glow - - - ing

ALTO.

Lord ! Star - shine, moon - light, glow - ing

*riten.*

sun-beams ; Help us in sor - row, Help us in glad-ness, Give us the bliss of Thy ra - diant

Give us Thy help, O

sun - beams ; Sor - row, glad - ness, *riten.*

*f* C *animando.*

pres-ence, Lord ! Help us in sor-row, Help us in glad-ness, Give us the bliss of Thy presence, O

Lord ! Sor - - - row, glad - - - ness. *animando.*

*f*

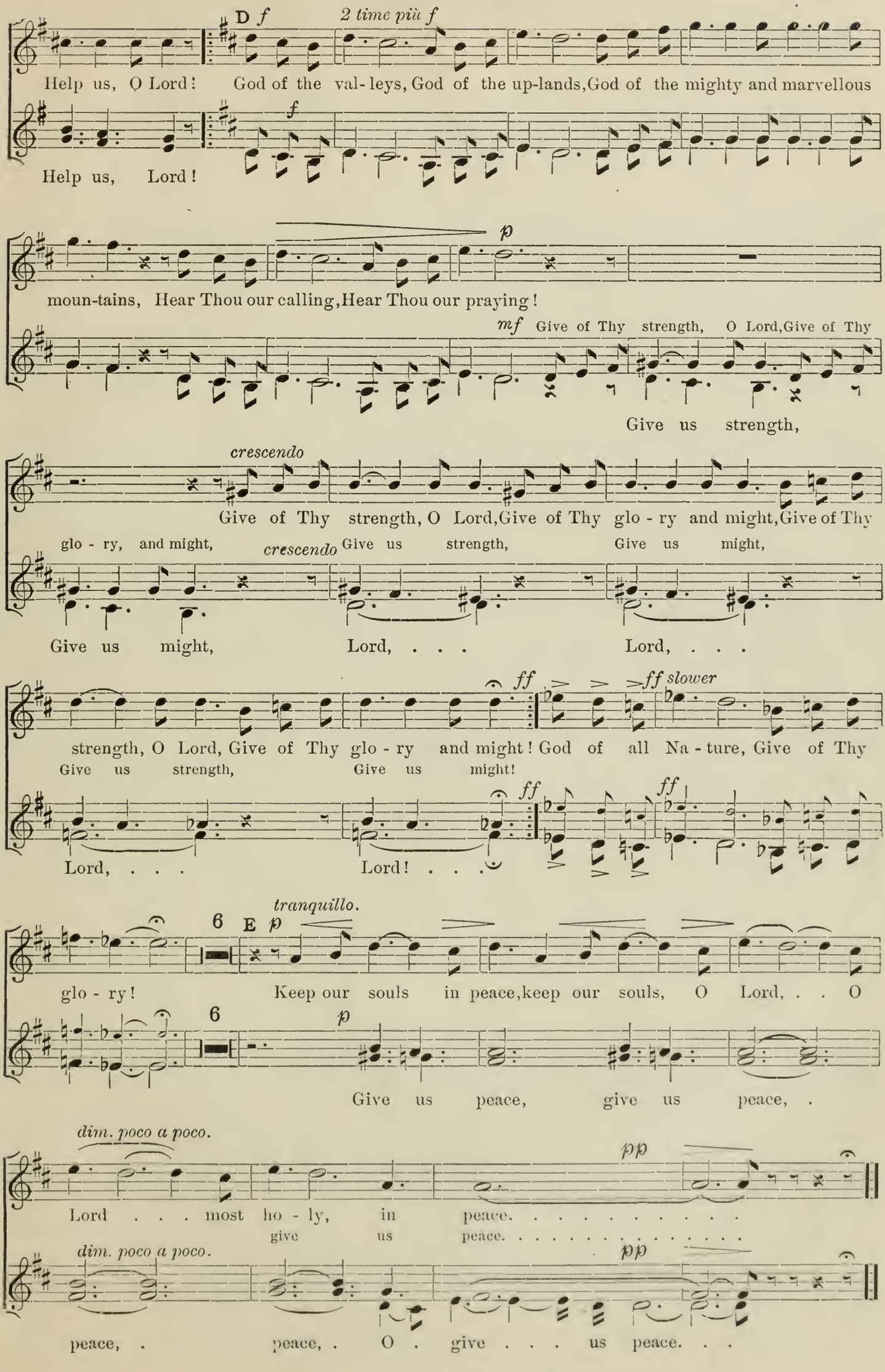
Help us in sor-row, Help us in glad-ness, Give us help, O

*cresc.*

Lord. Help us in sor - row, Help us in glad-ness, Give us the bliss of Thy pres-ence, O

Sor - - - row, glad - - - ness, *cresc.*

Lord. Help us in sor - row, Help us in glad-ness, Give us help, O . .

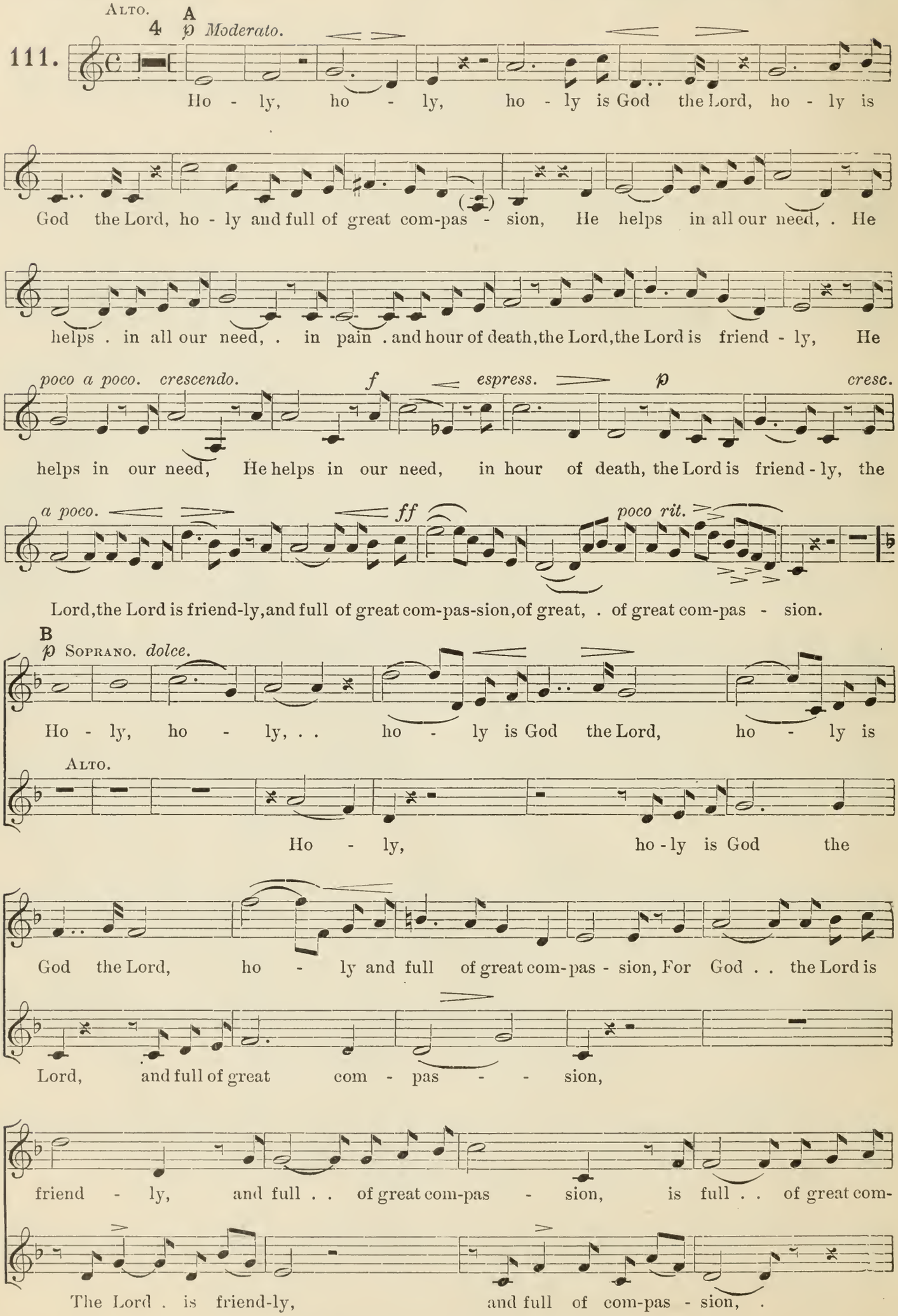

D f
2 time più f
Help us, O Lord! God of the val-leys, God of the up-lands, God of the mighty and marvellous
f
Help us, Lord!
p
moun-tains, Hear Thou our calling, Hear Thou our praying!
mf Give of Thy strength, O Lord, Give of Thy
Give us strength,
crescendo
Give of Thy strength, O Lord, Give of Thy glo-ry and might, Give of Thy
glo-ry, and might,
crescendo Give us strength, Give us might,
Give us might, Lord, . . . Lord, . . .
ff
ff slower
strength, O Lord, Give of Thy glo-ry and might! God of all Na-ture, Give of Thy
Give us strength, Give us might!
ff
ff
Lord, . . . Lord! . . .
tranquillo.
6
E p
glo-ry! Keep our souls in peace, keep our souls, O Lord, . . O
6
p
Give us peace, give us peace, .
dim. poco a poco.
pp
Lord . . . most ho-ly, in peace. . . . . .
give us peace. . . . . .
dim. poco a poco.
pp
peace, . peace, . O . give . . . us peace. . .

# MEDITATION.

*Bertha Remick.*
*From the German.*

S. S. A.

*Bach-Gounod.*
*Arranged by Bertha Remick.*

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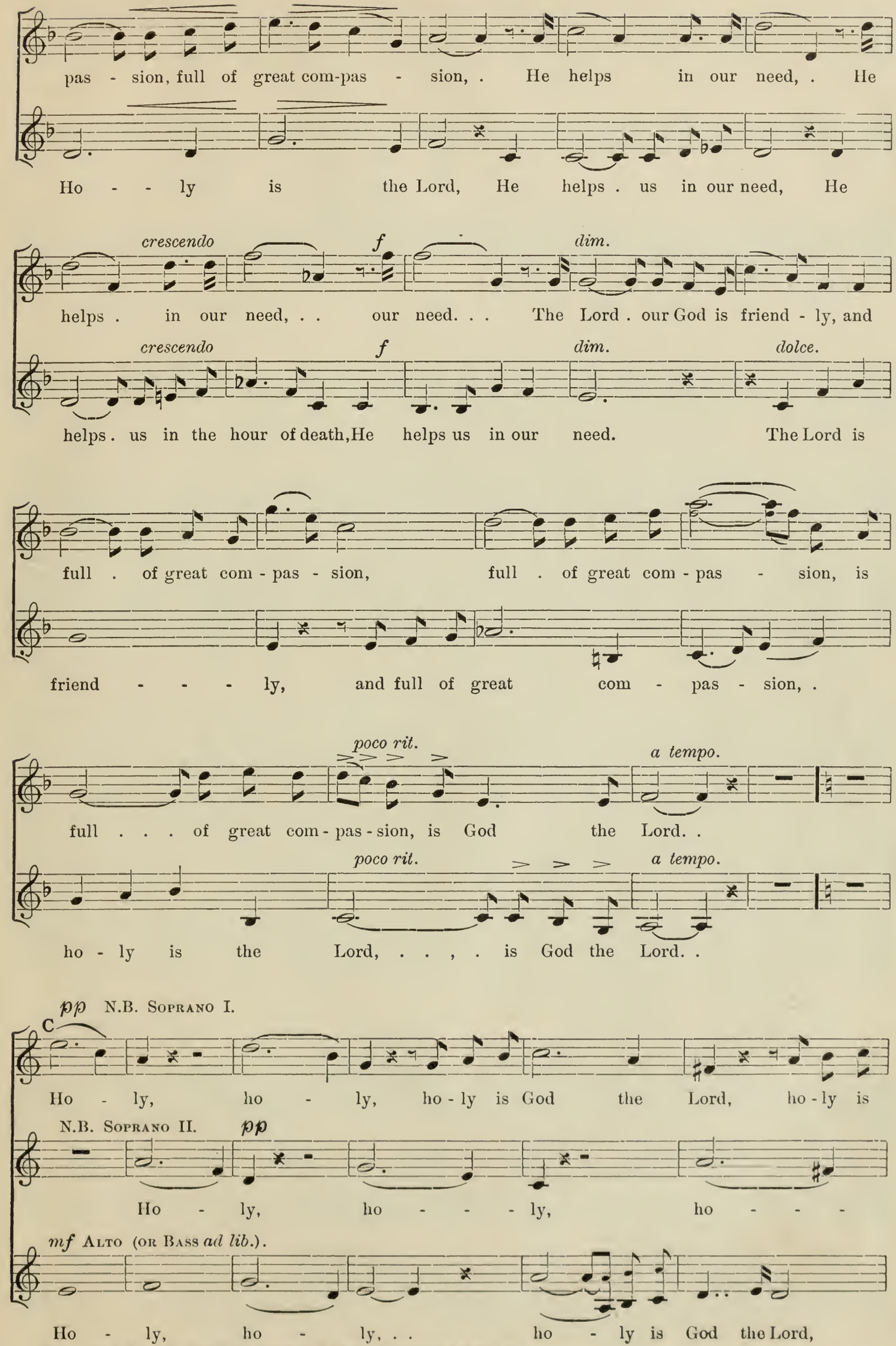
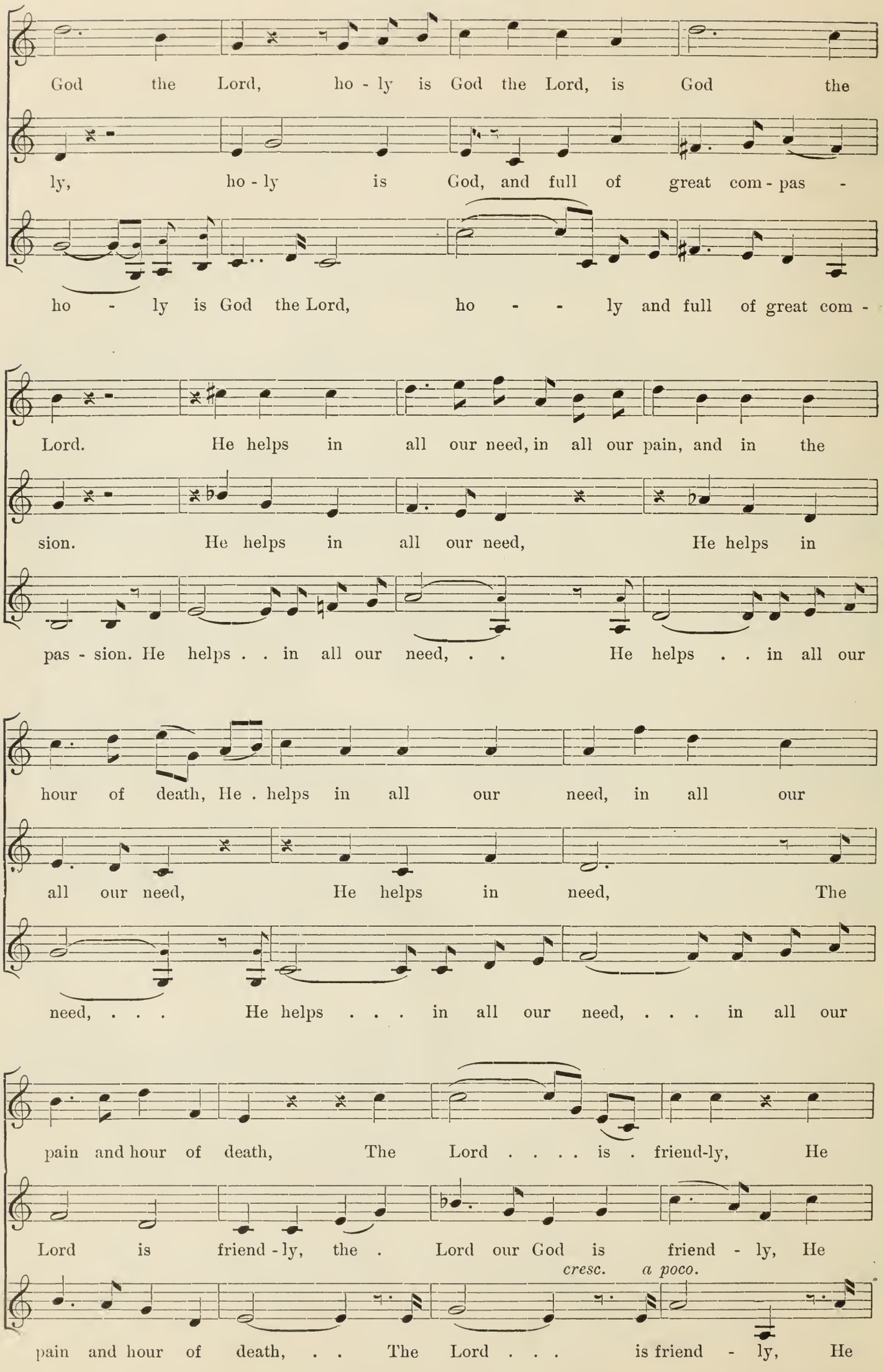
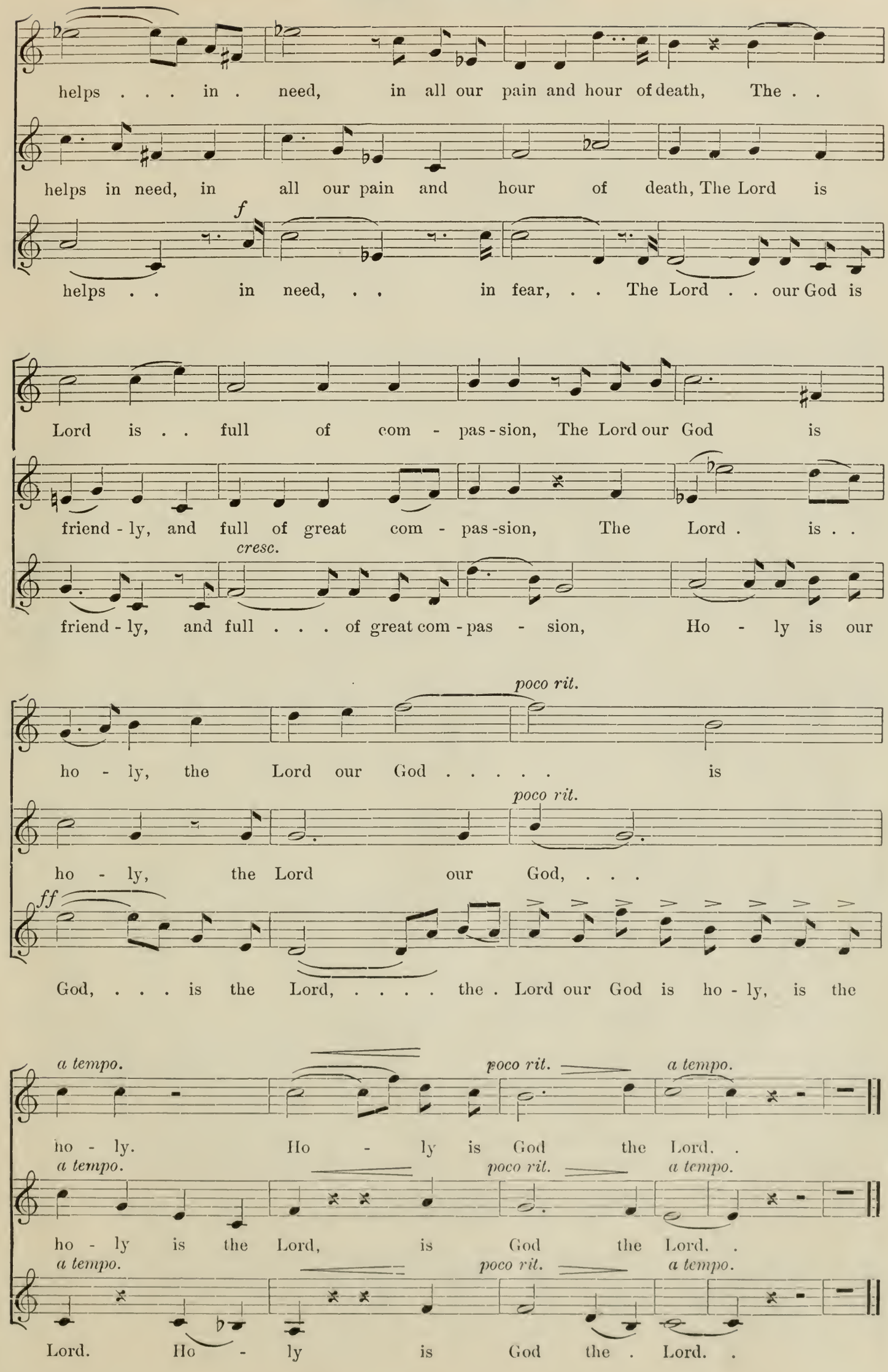



N.B. From here on to end the Soprano I-II to be subordinate to Alto.


God the Lord, ho - ly is God the Lord, is God the
ly, ho - ly is God, and full of great com - pas -
ho - ly is God the Lord, ho - - ly and full of great com -
Lord. He helps in all our need, in all our pain, and in the
sion. He helps in all our need, He helps in
pas - sion. He helps . . in all our need, . . He helps . . in all our
hour of death, He . helps in all our need, in all our
all our need, He helps in need, The
need, . . . He helps . . . in all our need, . . . in all our
pain and hour of death, The Lord . . . . is . friend-ly, He
Lord is friend - ly, the . Lord our God is friend - ly, He
cresc. a poco.
pain and hour of death, . . The Lord . . . is friend - ly, He


helps . . . in . need, in all our pain and hour of death, The . .
helps in need, in all our pain and hour of death, The Lord is
f
helps . . in need, . . in fear, . . The Lord . . our God is
Lord is . . full of com - pas - sion, The Lord our God is
friend - ly, and full of great com - pas - sion, The Lord . is . .
cresc.
friend - ly, and full . . . of great com - pas - sion, Ho - ly is our
poco rit.
ho - ly, the Lord our God . . . . . is
poco rit.
ho - ly, the Lord our God, . . .
ff
God, . . . is the Lord, . . . . the . Lord our God is ho - ly, is the
a tempo.
poco rit.
a tempo.
ho - ly. Ho - ly is God the Lord. .
a tempo.
poco rit.
a tempo.
ho - ly is the Lord, is God the Lord. .
a tempo.
poco rit.
a tempo.
Lord. Ho - ly is God the . Lord. .

# ALMIGHTY LORD.

*Frederic Manley.* S. S. A. *Pietro Mascagni. Arranged by Frederick Henry.*

112.

*p* SELECTED VOICES.

1. Al- might-y Lord, oh hear our pray'r, Though un- wor - thy we may be; By the great love Thou show- est, We are blest, and trusting lift our hearts to Thee.
2. When from Thy side . our foot-steps stray, . And . Thou see - est us un - true, Pray for-give us our . . weak-ness, Lead us back a-gain Thy gra-cious will to do. .

A *p*

In sor-row's hour, 'Mid triumph's pow'r, Grant Thou that we may ev-er strive Thy truth to see. .
For all a - lone, No strength we own, Then hear us, Lord, when for Thy help we hum-bly pray.

B FULL CHORUS.

twi - light and morns of
night fall - eth, dark and

Fa - ther dear, through twi - light and glad - ness, Thou dost bless us with
Hear Thy child when night fall - eth star - less, When our sor - row is

Through hours of pain and sad - ness, 'Mid grief and sin and mad - ness,
When hope's sweet light is dy - ing, And faith for Thee is cry - ing,

Thy sweet word. . Thro' hours of sad - ness, And grief and mad - ness,
strong and deep. . When hope is dy - ing, And faith is cry - ing,

Thy truth, al - might - y Lord, Is as a might - y sword. In dark - est night Thy love most
Oh God of stars and dawn, Be near us when we weep. Let love be born, Let hate and

C

Thy truth, O Lord, Is as a might - y sword. Thy love most
Oh God of dawn, Be near us when we weep. Let hate and

bright, Fills all our hearts with morn, O make us
scorn, Be lost in black - est night, O make us

bright Fills our hearts with morn, Make white with thoughts of light a - mid a
scorn Be in black - est night, Make white with thoughts of light and fill our

O fill our souls with songs of light,
O teach us love and songs of light,

*dim. e ril.* *pp* *ppp*

world of scorn; O fill our souls with songs of light. . . .
spir - it with morn; O teach us all Thy songs of light. . . .

# THE LOST CHORD.

*Adelaide A. Procter.* S. S. A. *Arthur Sullivan.* *Arranged by Osbourne McConathy.*

113. *Andante moderato.*

Seat - ed one day at the or - gan, I was wea - ry and ill at ease, And my

fin - gers wan-dered i - dly O - ver the nois - y keys. I know not what I was

play - ing Or what I was dream-ing then, But I struck one chord of mu - sic Like the

sound of a great A - men, Like the sound of a great . . A - men. It

flood - ed the crim - son twi - light, Like the close of an An - gel's Psalm, And it

lay on my fev - er'd spir - it, With a touch of in - fi - nite calm; It qui - et - ed pain and

sor - row, Like love o - ver - com - ing strife, It seem'd the har - mo - nious ech - o From

our dis - cord - ant life. It linked all per-plex - ed mean-ings, In - to one per - fect

peace, And trem-bled a - way in - to si - lence, As if it were loth to cease. I have

sought, but I seek it vain - ly, That one lost chord di - vine, Which came from the soul of the

or - gan, And en - ter'd in - to mine. It may be that Death's bright an - gel Will

speak in that chord a - gain, It may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall hear that grand A -

men, It may be that Death's bright An - gel Will speak in that chord a -

gain, It may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men. .

# LOVE DIVINE.

*Words by M. Louise Baum.* S. S. A. A. *Friedrich Silcher, 1789-1860.*
*Edited by N. Clifford Page.*

*Moderately.* ♩ = 84.

114.

Soprano I and II. *mp dolce.*

Love di - vine, faith - ful, mild, Grant Thy
Love su - preme, bound - less light, Still vic -

Alto I and II. *mp*

II. Love di - vine, faith - ful, mild,
Love su - preme, bound-less light,

bless - ing un - de - fil'd; Fa - ther ho - ly,
to - rious. o'er all night. Show Thy chil - dren

I. *mf*

Fa - ther
Show Thy

II.

Grant Thy bless -ing, un - de - fil'd; Fa - ther ho - ly,
Still vic - to - rious, o'er all night. Show Thy chil - dren

A *mf*

Hear . . Thy child! Send us life and peace, we pray Thee;
Thy . . pure might. Lift the shad - ows that en - snare us,

*mf*

Hear Thy child!
Thy pure might.

*f*

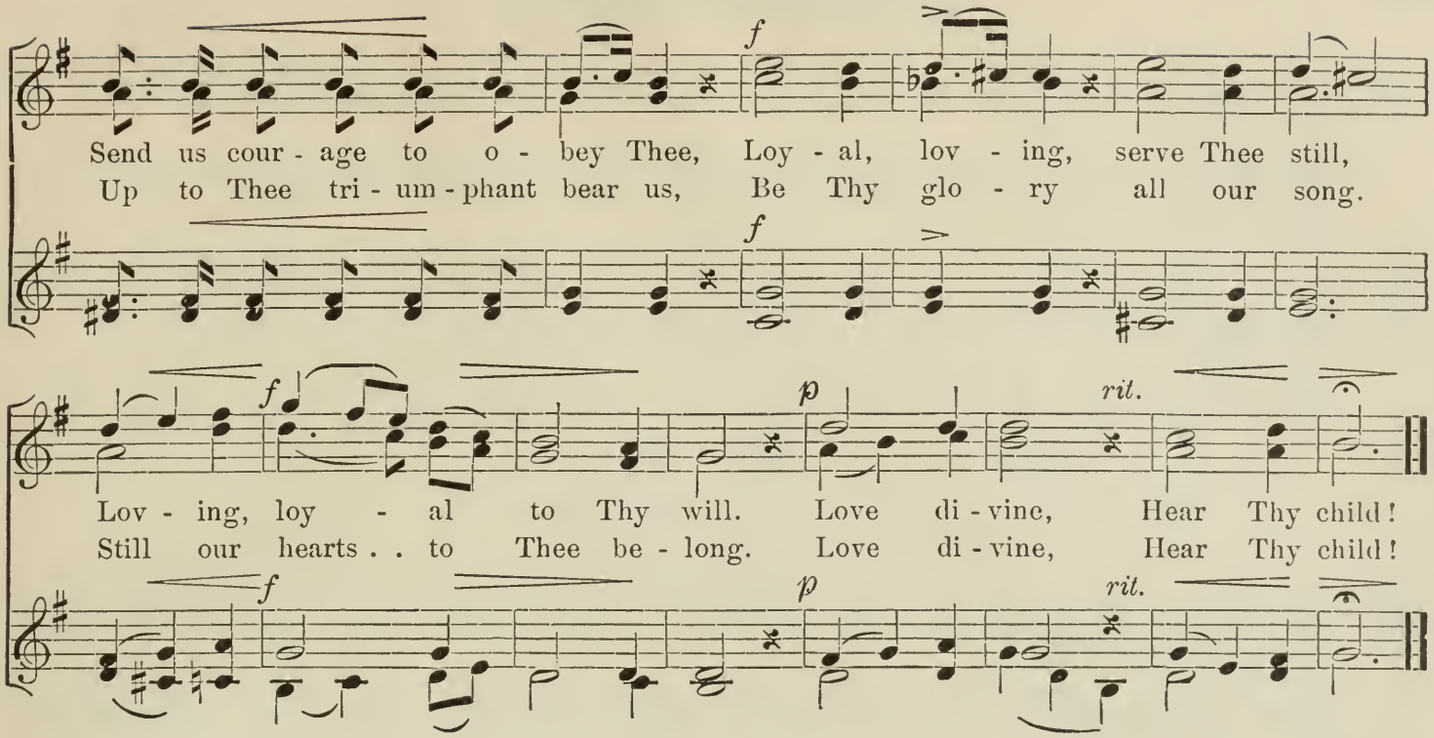
Send us cour- age to o - bey Thee; Loy - al, lov - ing, serve Thee still,
Up to Thee tri - um-phant bear us, Be Thy glo - ry all our song,

*f*

B *mf*

Lov - ing, loy - al to Thy will, Send us life and peace, we pray Thee,
Still our hearts to Thee be - long. Lift the shadows that en - snare us,

*mf*



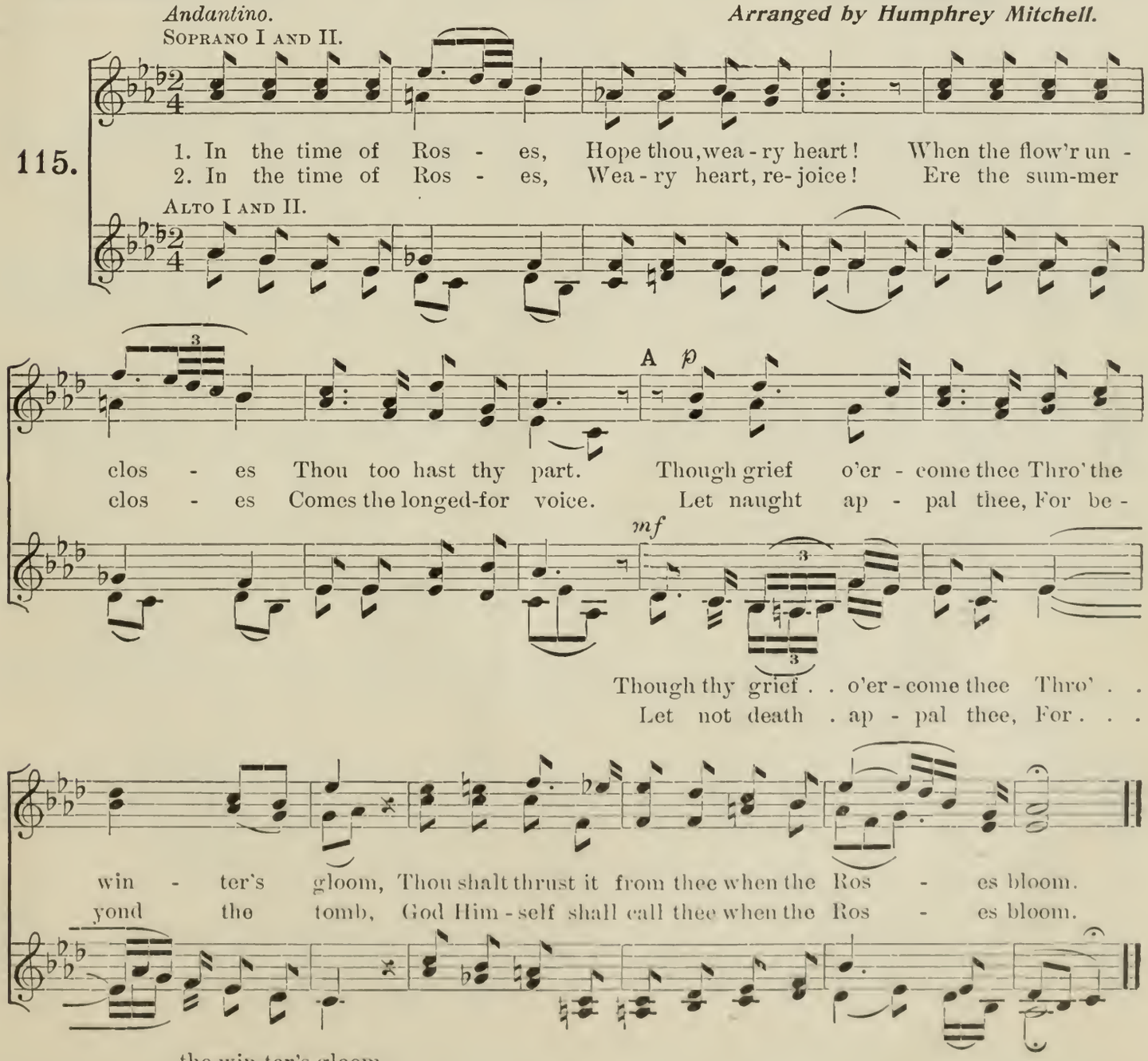

## IN THE TIME OF ROSES.

*Text edited by A. Bode.* S. S. A. A. *Luise Reichardt.*

*Andantino.* *Arranged by Humphrey Mitchell.*

SOPRANO I AND II.

115.



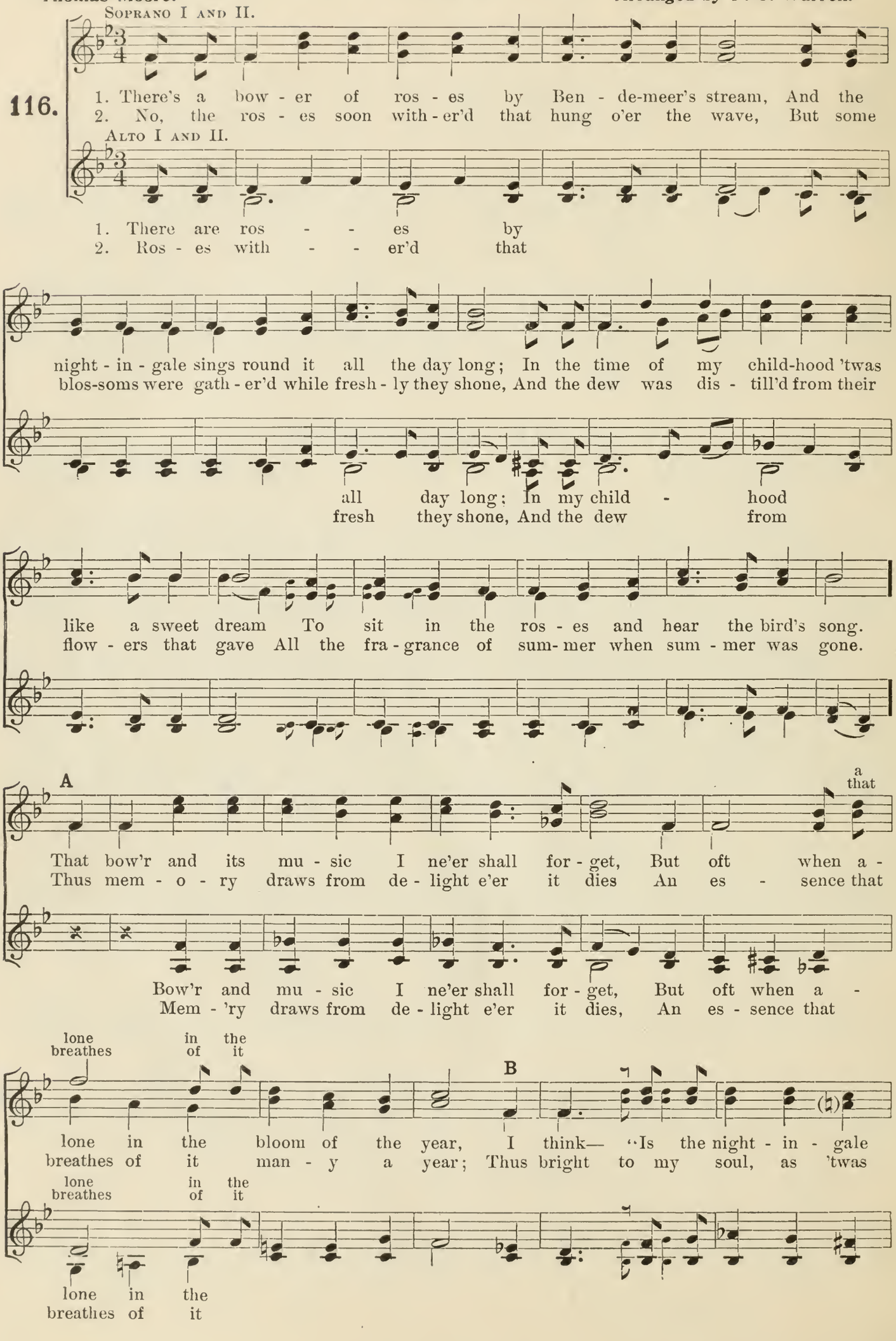
# BENDEMEER'S STREAM.

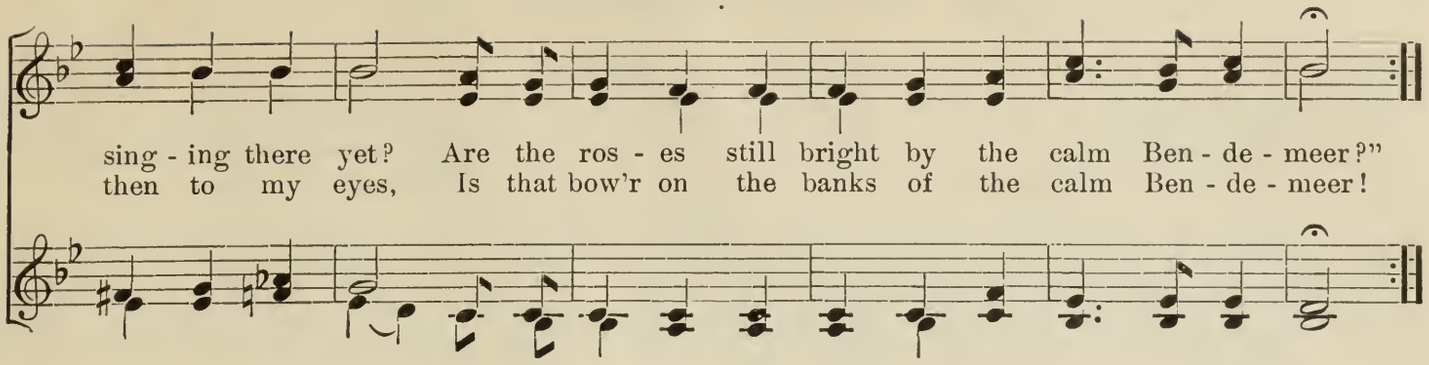
S. S. A. A.

*Thomas Moore.*

*Old Irish Melody.*
*Arranged by P. C. Warren.*

**116.**






## AMERICA.

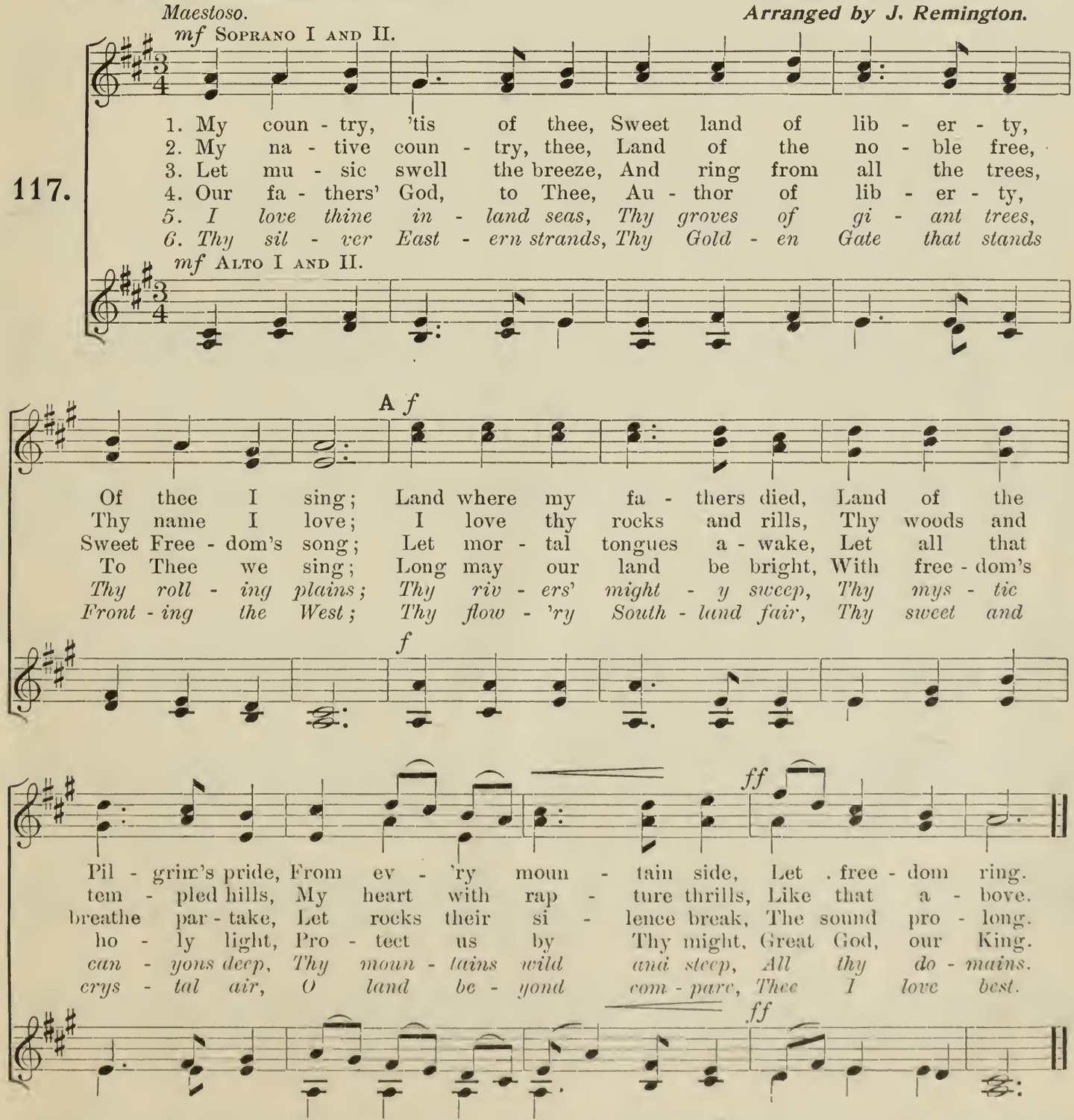
(MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.)

S. S. A. A.

***Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, 1808–1895.*** ***Henry Carey, 1685–1743.***

*Maestoso.* ***Arranged by J. Remington.***

117.




The air, in varying forms, has been used in many countries, from about 1603 A. D. on. The version here given and most generally known, appears to have been introduced by Henry Carey in London (1740), as "God Save the King"; but the air was not original with him. The 5th and 6th verses (italics) were written by Henry Van Dyke D.D., L.L.D. in 1908.

# ARISE TO THE GOOD AND TRUE.

(A CHRISTMAS CAROL.)

*E. Babette Deutsch.*

S. S. A. A.

*Old French Carol.*
*Harmonized by F. A. Gevaert.*
*Arranged by Bertha Remick.*

*Andantino.*

SOPRANO I AND II.

**118.**

*p*

1, 2. Now the frost- y air Sweet with mu - sic ring - ing, Filled with fra-grance rare,

**A**

Thrills us in - to sing - ing. Hol - ly and the mis - tle - toe Find our hearts with

Life is still un - fold - ing, Joy each hour is

love a - glow. Life is still un - fold - ing,

hold - ing, So the hap - py cho - rus swells, Ming - ling with the

Joy each hour is hold - ing, So hap - pi - ly the

bells; *mf*

cho - rus swells, "Ban - ish wrong, With our song, Days of Christ-mas cheer pro - long!"

*pp* **B** *p*

The year brings its gifts of peace and joy un - told. The myrrh, fra - grant

ALTO I AND II.

*pp* *p*

*ff* *riten. poco.*

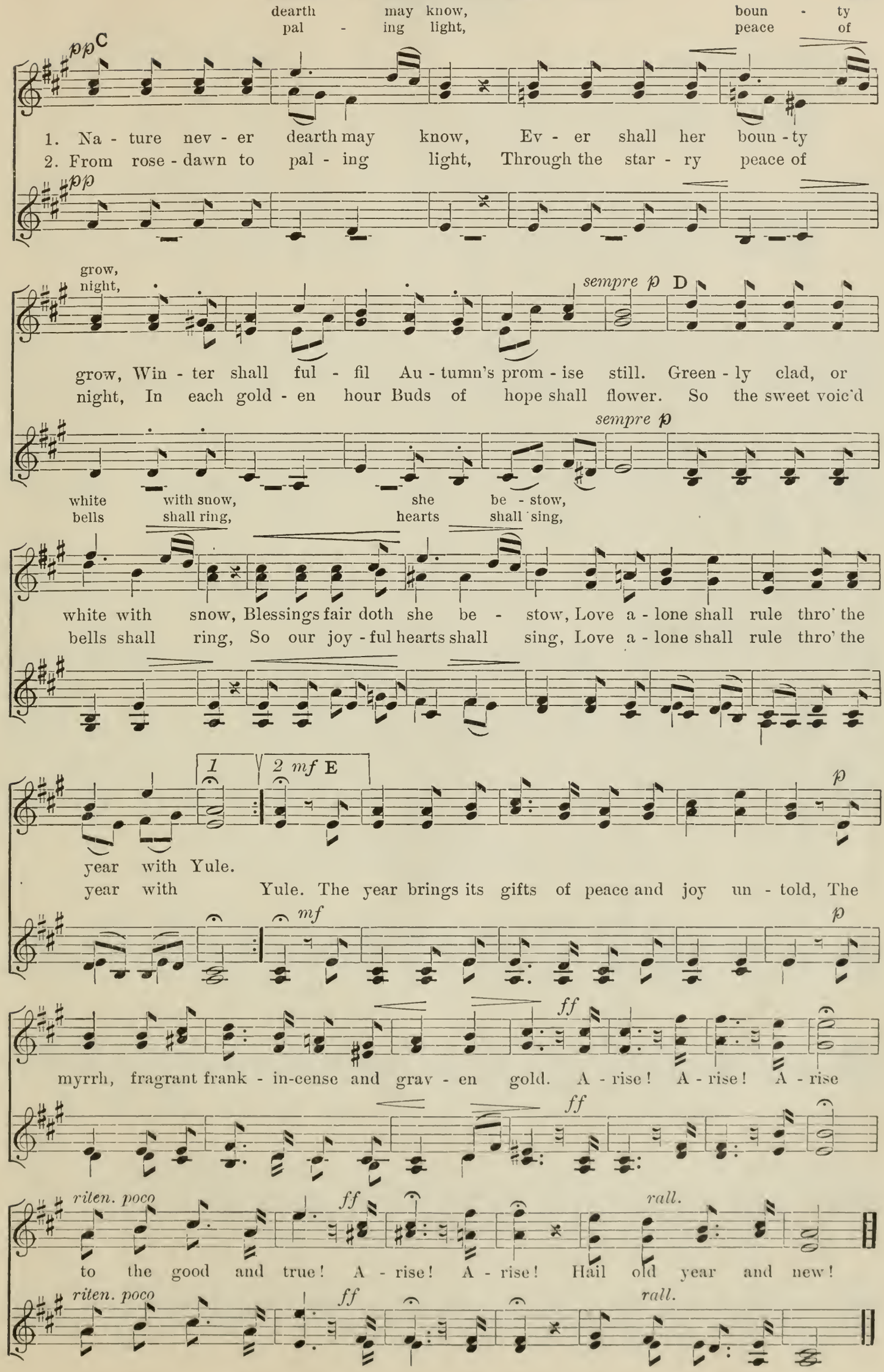
frank - in-cense, and grav - en gold. A - rise! A - rise! A - rise to the good and

*ff* *riten. poco.*

*a tempo.*

true! A - rise! A - rise! Hail old year and new!

*a tempo.*


dearth may know, boun - ty
pal - ing light, peace of
pp C
1. Na - ture nev - er dearth may know, Ev - er shall her boun - ty
2. From rose - dawn to pal - ing light, Through the star - ry peace of
pp
grow, night,
sempre p D
grow, Win - ter shall ful - fil Au - tumn's prom - ise still. Green - ly clad, or
night, In each gold - en hour Buds of hope shall flower. So the sweet voic'd
sempre p
white with snow, she be - stow,
bells shall ring, hearts shall sing,
white with snow, Blessings fair doth she be - stow, Love a - lone shall rule thro' the
bells shall ring, So our joy - ful hearts shall sing, Love a - lone shall rule thro' the
1 2 mf E
p
year with Yule.
year with Yule. The year brings its gifts of peace and joy un - told, The
mf
p
ff
myrrh, fragrant frank - in-cense and grav - en gold. A - rise! A - rise! A - rise
ff
riten. poco
ff
rall.
to the good and true! A - rise! A - rise! Hail old year and new!
riten. poco
ff
rall.

# STARLIGHT.

S. S. A. A.

*Franz von Suppé.*
*Arranged by N. Clifford Page.*

*Frederick H. Martens.*

119.

*Andante con moto.*

2 Soprano I and II. *p*

1. Oh star - light, so ra - diant beam - ing, In
2. Dim star - light, to me you're dear - er Than

2 Alto I and II. *p*

ten - der ef - ful-gence gleam - ing, No light of sun or moon . . is half so
a - ny whose beam is clear - er, You cast a pen - sive charm . up - on the

No light of sun or . . moon is half so
You cast a pen - sive . charm up - on the

A

*molto dim. pp*

fair, . Star - light, star - light, a - gleam when dark - - ness cov - ers
air, . Star - light, star - light, a - gleam when dark - - ness cov - ers

*molto dim. pp*

fair, . . . . Star - light, star - light, a - gleam when dark-ness cov - ers,
air, . . . . Star - light, star - light, a - gleam when dark-ness cov - ers,

B

Star - light to me your beams re - call, . . . . Star - eyes I

*mf* *p*

all, . . . . . Star - light to me your beams re - call, Star - eyes I

*p*

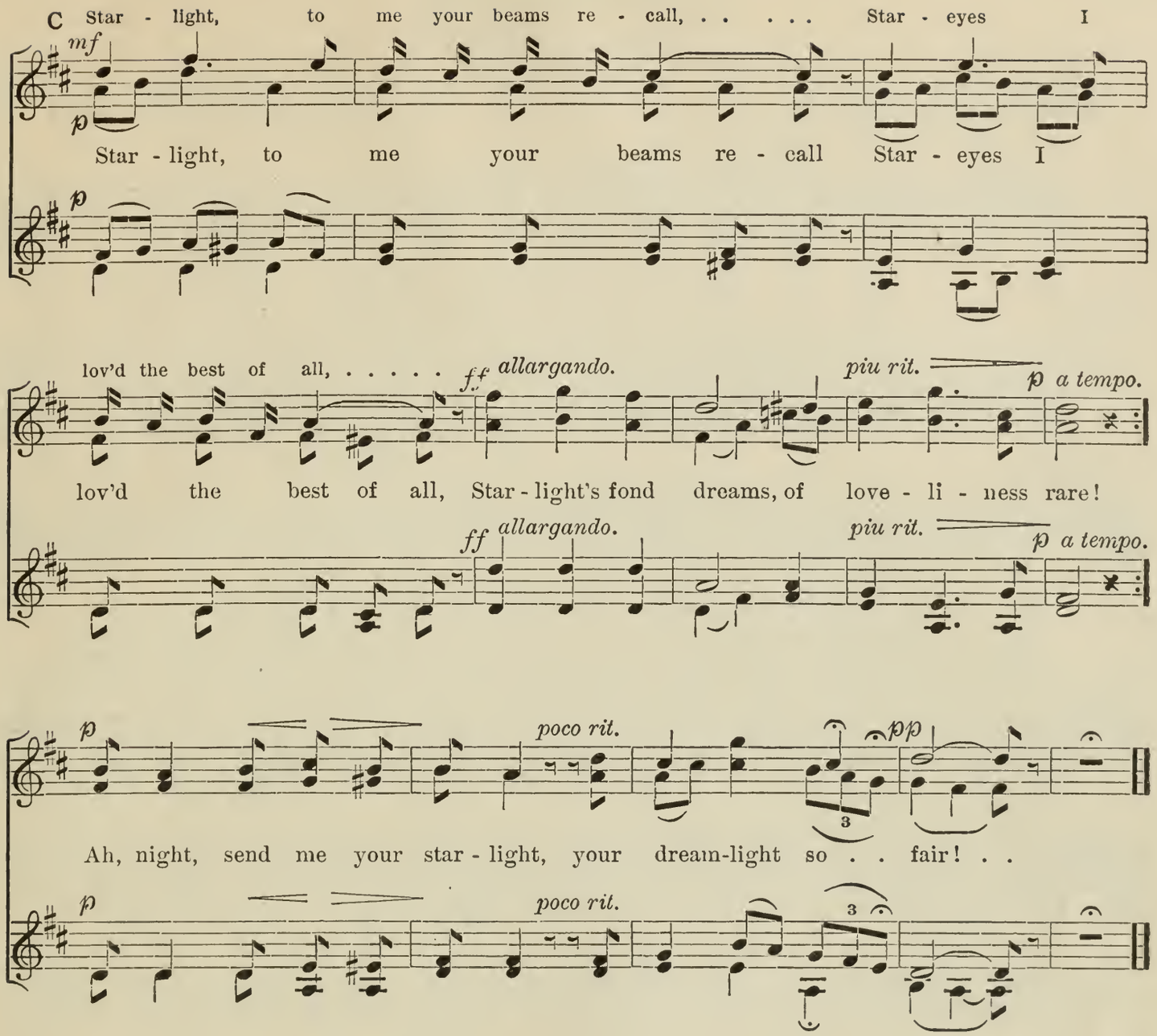
cov - ers all, . .

lov'd the best of all, . . . .

*f* *p*

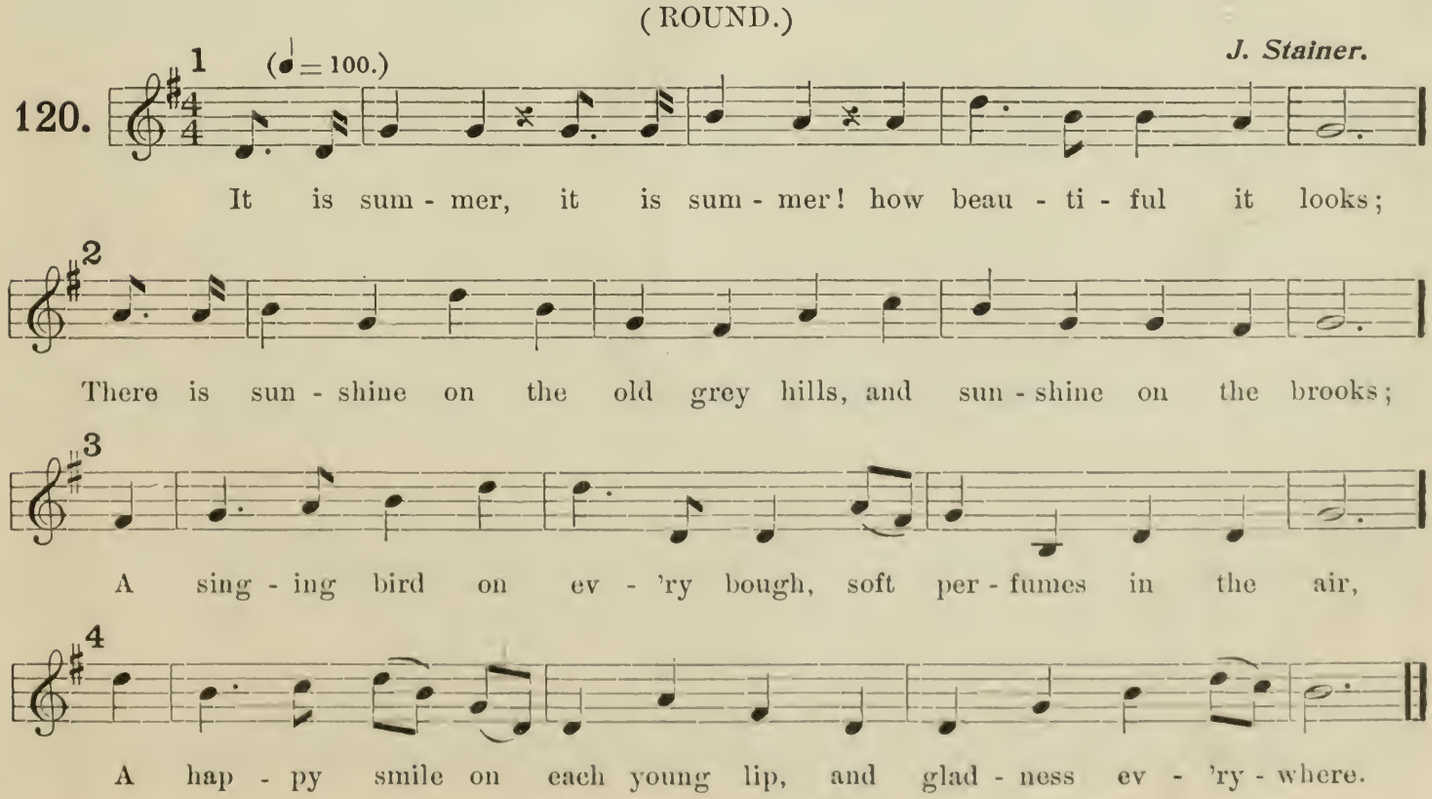
lov'd the best of all, Star - light's fond dreams of . love - li - ness rare!

*f* *p*




## IT IS SUMMER.

(ROUND.)



# OLAF TRYGVASON.

(LANDKJENDING.)

*English version by B. R.*
*from Bjornsterne Björnson.*

S. S. A. A.

*Edvard Grieg.*
*Arranged by Bertha Remick.*

*Allegro energico.* *Allegro moderato.*

121.

5 *mf* SOPRANO I AND II.

(A) 1. O - laf the Vi - king sailed a - way, O - laf Try - gva - son was
(B) 2. O - laf the Vi - king sought the shore, O - laf Try - gva - son the
(C) 3. O - laf the Vi - king gazed in joy, O - laf Try - gva - son the

5 *mf* ALTO I AND II.

*cresc.*

he; . . Seek - ing that King-dom fair and might - y, Far o'er the North - ern sea. . .
brave, Vain seem'd his hopes and king - ly long - ings, Shat - ter'd by wind and wave;
bold. Rose might - y cas - tles, walls and tow - ers, Snow white and gleam-ing gold.

*cresc.*

*p* *f* *f* *fz* *p*

Vi - sions of tow - ers gleam - ing Came at last to the King, as tho' he were
See where the mist is clear - ing, Glist-'ning sands and har - bor wide . . ap -
Filled with a might - y long - ing Then has-ten'd the war - riors, shore - ward

*p* *f* *f* *fz* *p*

D

1 3 2 18 3 3 *ff*

dream - ing.
pear - ing.
throng - ing.

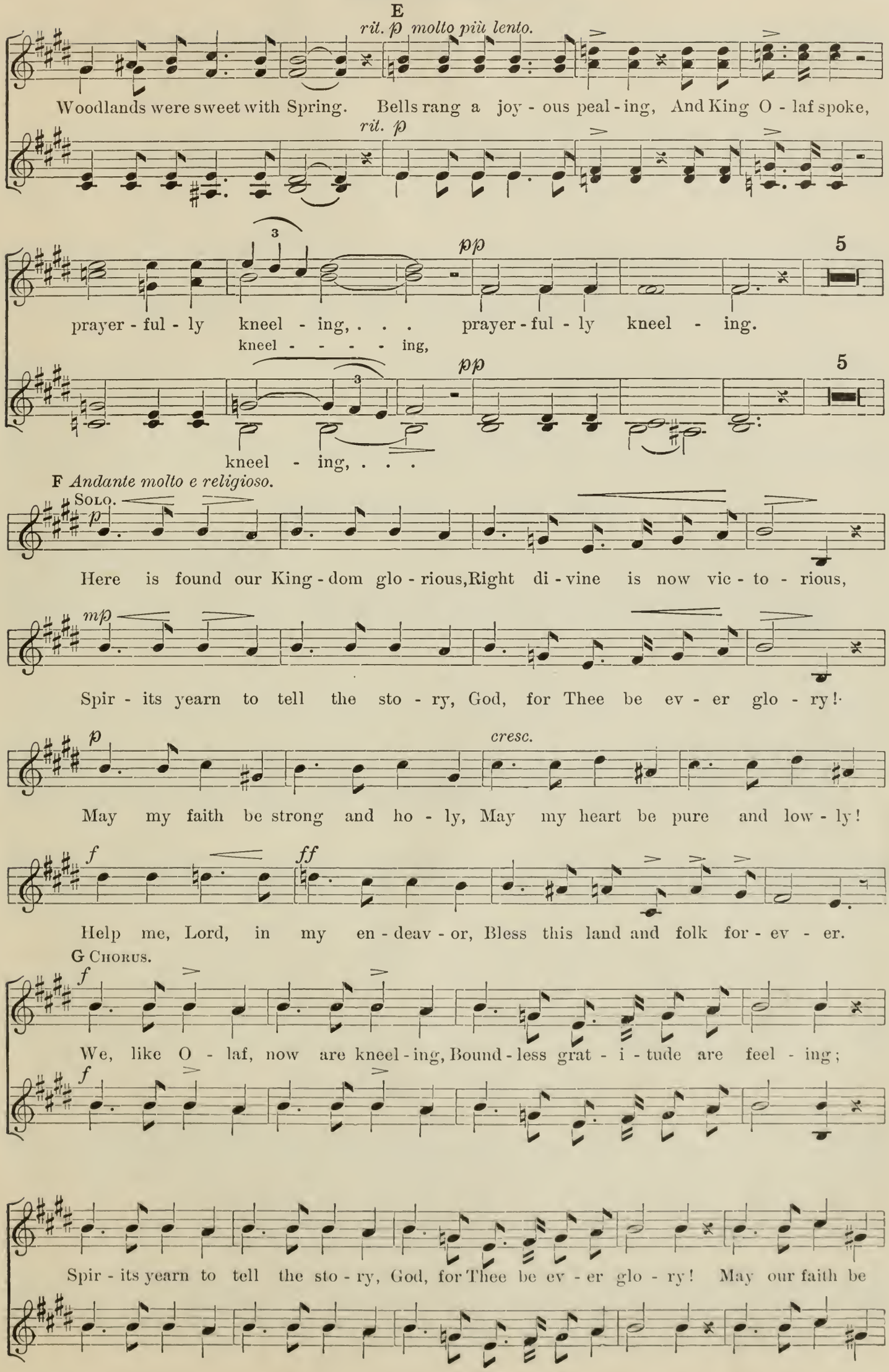
4. O - laf the Vi - king flow - ers saw,

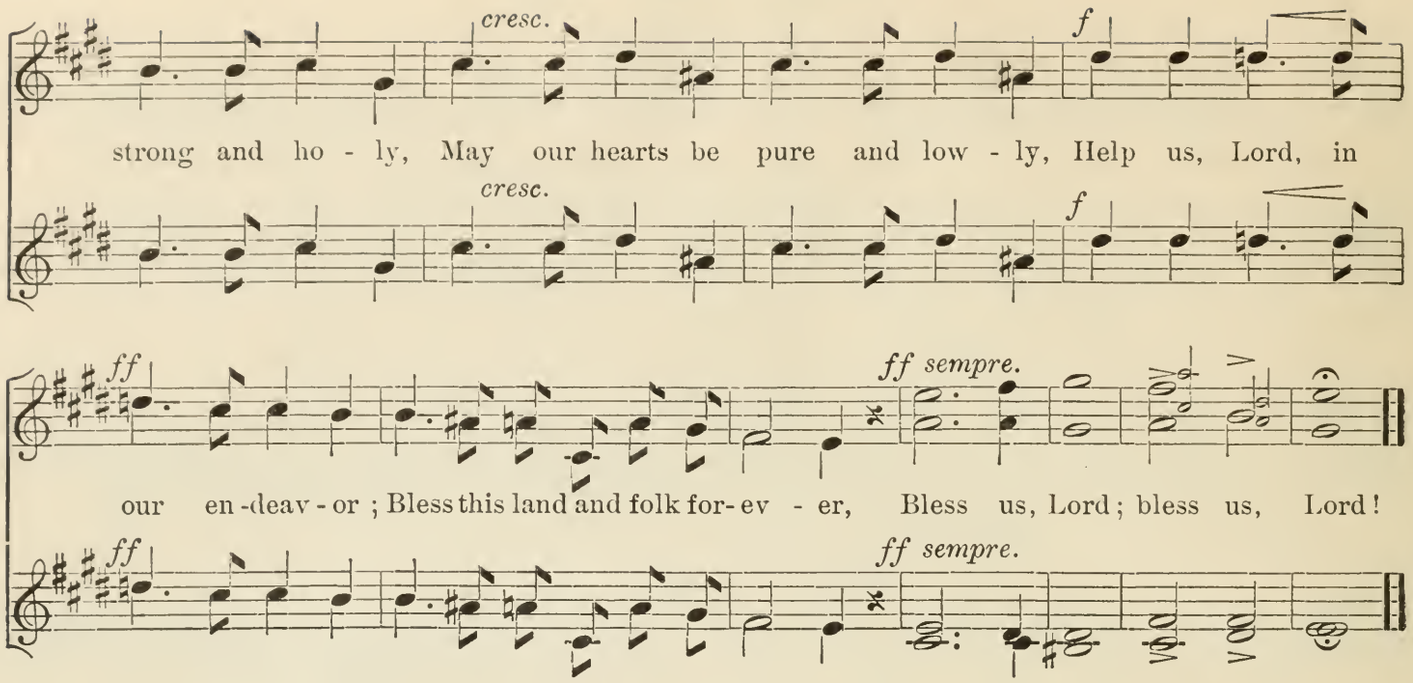
3 18 3 *ff*

*cresc.*

O - laf Try - gva - son the King, Rag - ing tho' were the o - cean bil - lows,

*cresc.*


E
rit. p molto più lento.
Woodlands were sweet with Spring. Bells rang a joy - ous peal - ing, And King O - laf spoke,
rit. p
pp
5
prayer - ful - ly kneel - ing, . . . prayer - ful - ly kneel - ing.
kneel - - - - - ing,
pp
5
kneel - ing, . . .
F Andante molto e religioso.
Solo.
p
Here is found our King - dom glo - rious, Right di - vine is now vic - to - rious,
mp
Spir - its yearn to tell the sto - ry, God, for Thee be ev - er glo - ry!
p
cresc.
May my faith be strong and ho - ly, May my heart be pure and low - ly!
f
ff
Help me, Lord, in my en - deav - or, Bless this land and folk for - ev - er.
G Chorus.
f
We, like O - laf, now are kneel - ing, Bound - less grat - i - tude are feel - ing;
f
Spir - its yearn to tell the sto - ry, God, for Thee be ev - er glo - ry! May our faith be




## HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE.

S. S. A. A.

*Thuringian Folk-song.*
*Arranged by J. Remington.*

122.

*Moderato.*

*mf* Soprano I and II.

1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou on - ly
2. Blue is a flow'r - et . Called the "For - get - me - not," Wear it up -
3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Fal - con nor

*mf* Alto I and II.

A

hast my heart, Dear one, be - lieve. Thou hast this soul of mine,
on thy heart, And think of me! Flow'r - et and hope may die, .
hawk would fear, Speed - ing to thee. When by the fowl - er slain, .

So close - ly bound to thine, No oth - er can I love, Save thee a - lone!
Yet love with us shall stay, That can - not pass a - way, Dear one, be - lieve.
I at thy feet should lie, Thou sad - ly should'st complain, Joy - ful I'd die.

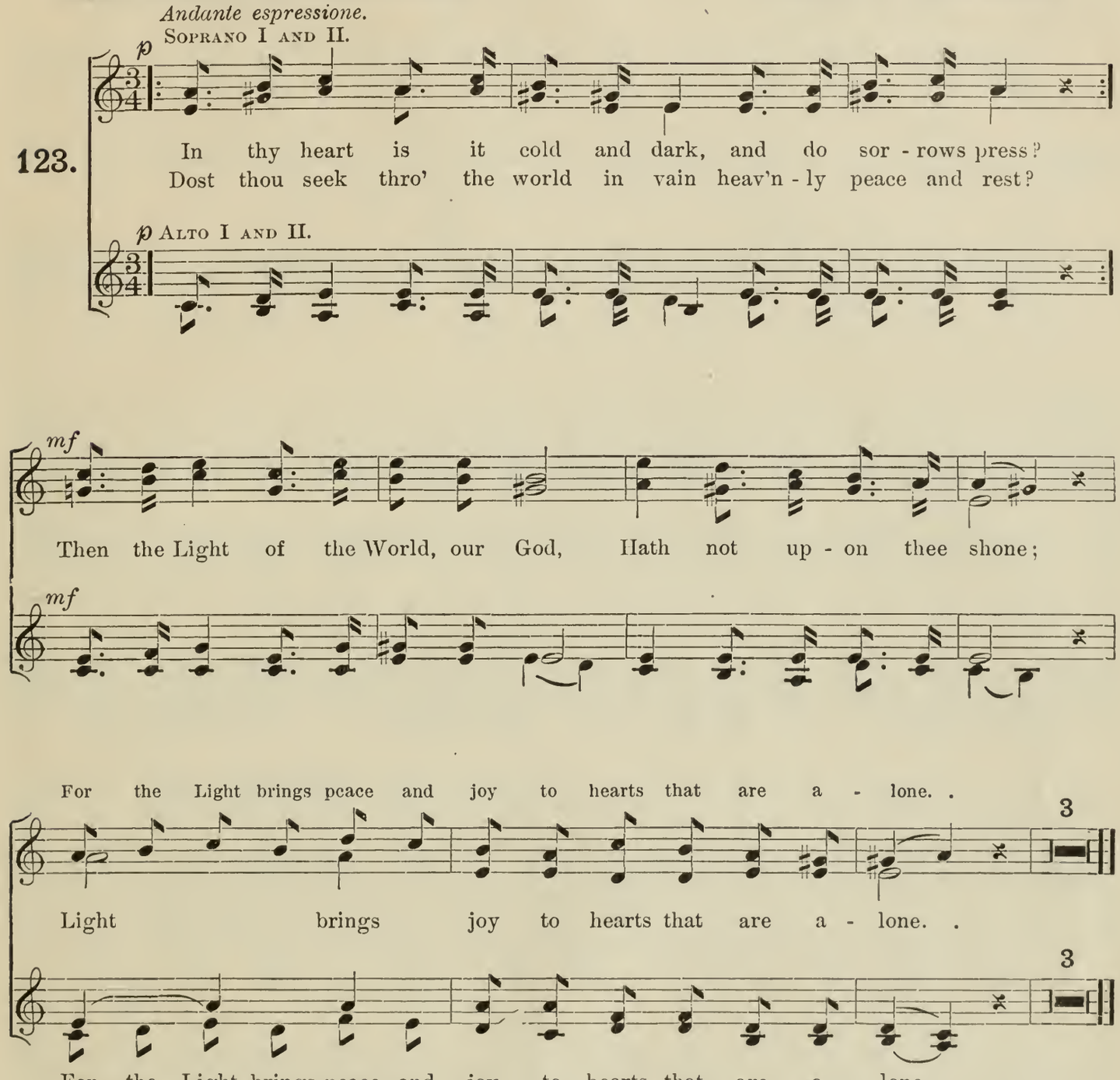
# THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

*Oscar Ahnfeldt.* S. S. A. A. *Swedish Folk-song.*

*English version by M. Teresa Armitage.* *Arranged by Bertha Remick.*

*Andante espressione.*

123.



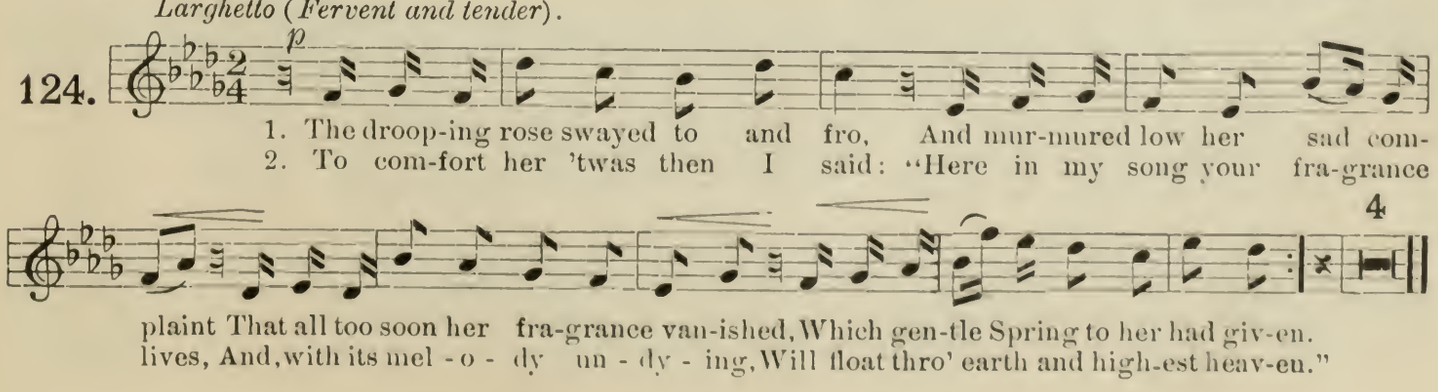

The original title of this folk-song is *Glädjens blomster i jordens mull.* Oscar Ahnfeldt wrote sacred words to it and sang it with great effect at religious gatherings.

# THE ROSE'S COMPLAINT.

*English by Bertha Remick.* *Robert Franz.*

*Larghetto (Fervent and tender).*

124.



# GLORIA PATRI.

(PRAISES TO THEE.)

S. S. A. A.

*English by Louise M. Bray.*

*Palestrina. Arranged by Bertha Remick.*

125.

*Vivo, non troppo allegro.*

SOPRANO I AND II.

1. Prais - es to Thee, O Fa - ther, we bring, prais-es to Thee, O Fa - ther, we bring,
2. Glo - ry to Thee, who reign-eth a - bove, glo - ry to Thee, who reign-eth a - bove,
*Glo - ri - a pa - tri et fi - li - o, glo - ri - a pa - tri et fi - li - o,*

ALTO I AND II.

A

Voic - es and hearts with mel - o - dy ring, voic - es and hearts with mel - o - dy ring,
Glo - ry to Thee, O Thou who art love, glo - ry to Thee, O Thou who art love;
*glo - ri - a pa - tri et fi - li - o, glo - ri - a pa - tri et fi - li - o,*

Praise for bless - ings Thou dost send, . . . .
Peace and love, they rule o'er all, . . . . .
*et spi - ri - tu - i san - cto, . . . . .*

B

Praise for bless-ings which Thou . . dost send, for bless - ings Thou . . . dost send,
Peace and har - mo - ny rule . . o'er all, o'er all, they rule . . . o'er all,
*et spi - ri - tu - i san - - cto, spi - ri - tu - i . . . . san - cto,*

Thou dost send, for bless-ings Thou . . dost send,
rule o'er all, o'er all, they rule . . o'er all,
*san - - cto, et spi - ri - tu - i san - - cto,*

C

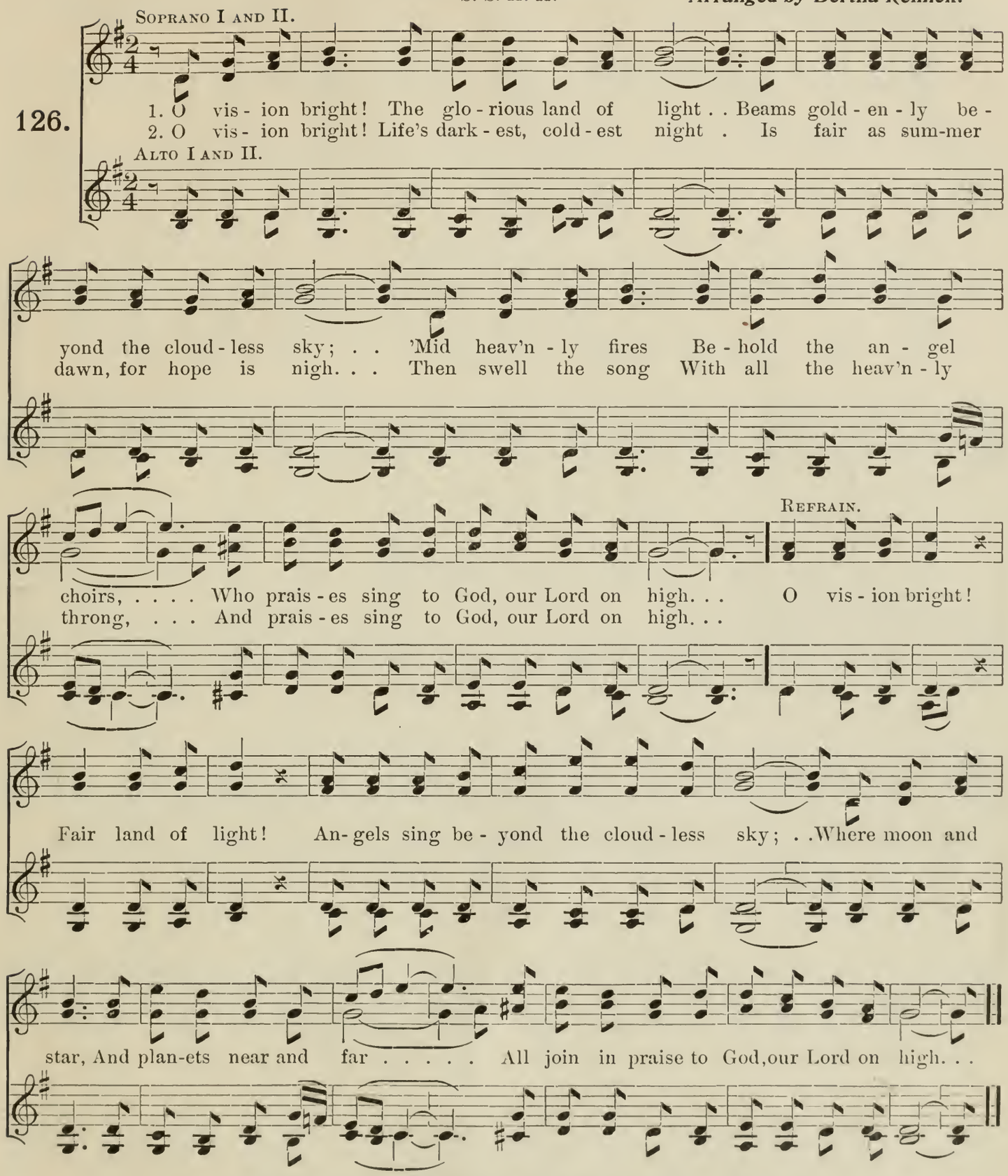
*Sung after 2nd verse.*

Fa - ther, Thou art our lov - ing Friend, Fa - ther, Thou art our lov - ing Friend.
Fa - ther, when on Thy Name we call, Fa - ther, when on Thy Name we call. A - MEN.
*et spi - ri - tu - i san - cto, et spi - ri - tu - i san - cto.*

# O VISION BRIGHT!

S. S. A. A. *Arranged by Bertha Remick.*

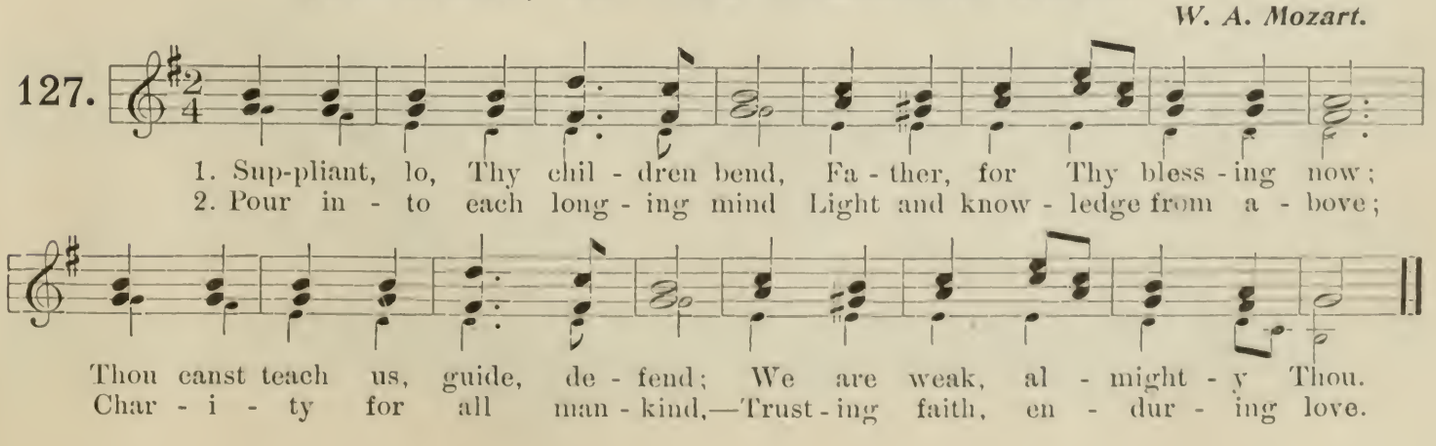
126.




# SUPPLIANT, LO! THY CHILDREN BEND.

*W. A. Mozart.*

127.



# NATIONAL HYMN.

**128.**

*D. C. Roberts, 1876.* S. S. A. A *G. W. Warren, 1892.*

*Con moto.* *f* SOPRANO I AND II.

*Trumpets.* 3

1. God of our fa - thers, whose al - might - y hand
2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the past,
3. From war's a-larms, from dead -ly pes - ti - lence;
4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil-some way,

*f* ALTO I AND II.

A

Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band Of shin - ing worlds in
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast; Be Thou our rul - er,
Be Thy strong arm our ev - er sure de - fence; Thy true re - li - gion
Lead us from night to nev - er - end - ing day; Fill all our lives with

*slargando.* *ff* *After last verse.* *pp*

splen-dor thro' the skies, Our grate - ful songs be -fore Thy throne a - rise.
guard-ian, guide and stay, Thy word our law, Thy paths our cho - sen way.
in our hearts in-crease, Thy boun -teous good -ness nour-ish us in peace.
love and grace di - vine, And glo - ry, laud and praise be ev - er Thine. A - MEN.

*ff slargando.* *pp*

# HEAVENLY FATHER, EVER LEAD US.

**129.**

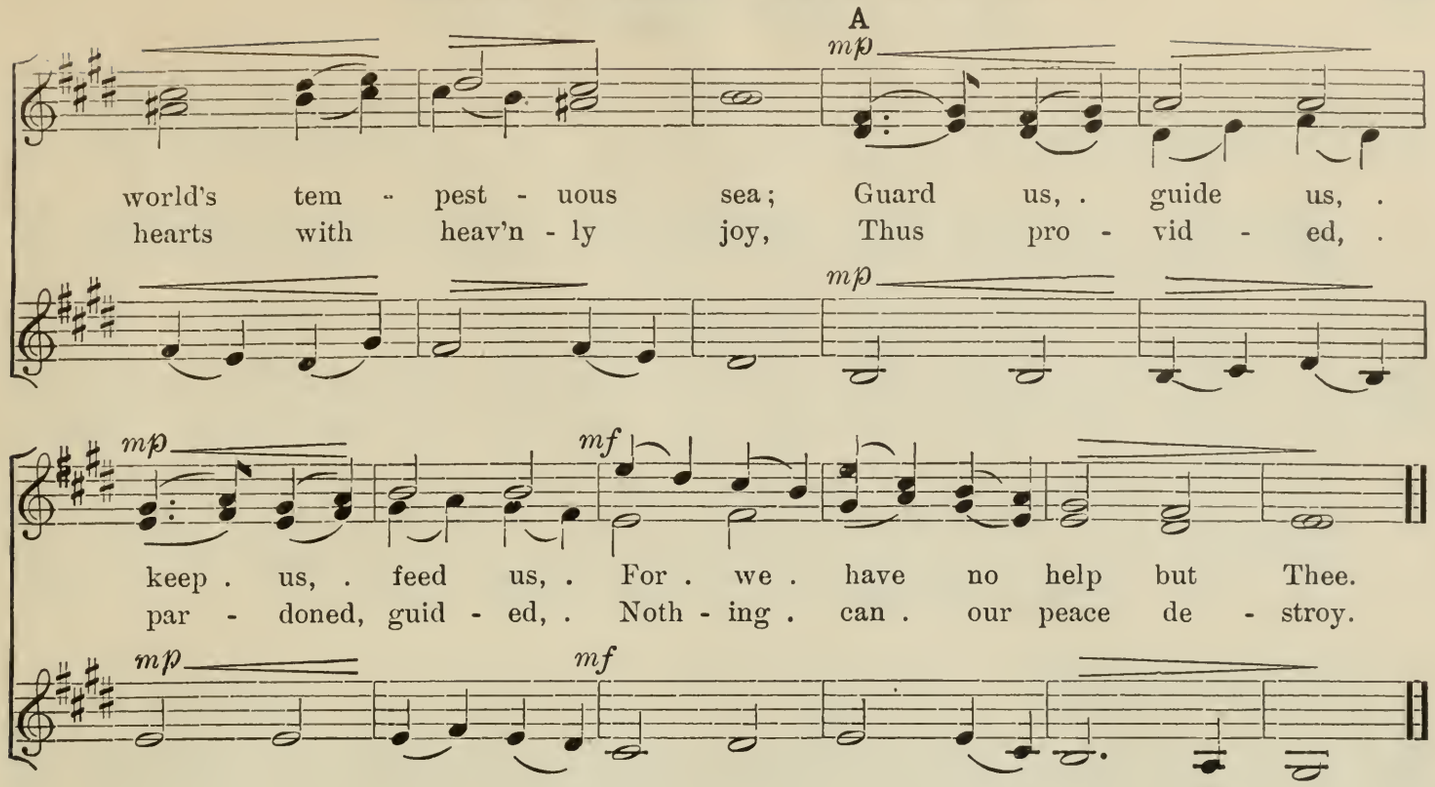
*J. Edmeston.* S. S. A. *Sicilian Air.*

*Edited by J. Remington.*

*Quietly.* SOPRANO I AND II. *mp*

1. Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, . ev - er lead us O'er the
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, . . now de - scend ing, Fill our

ALTO. *mp*

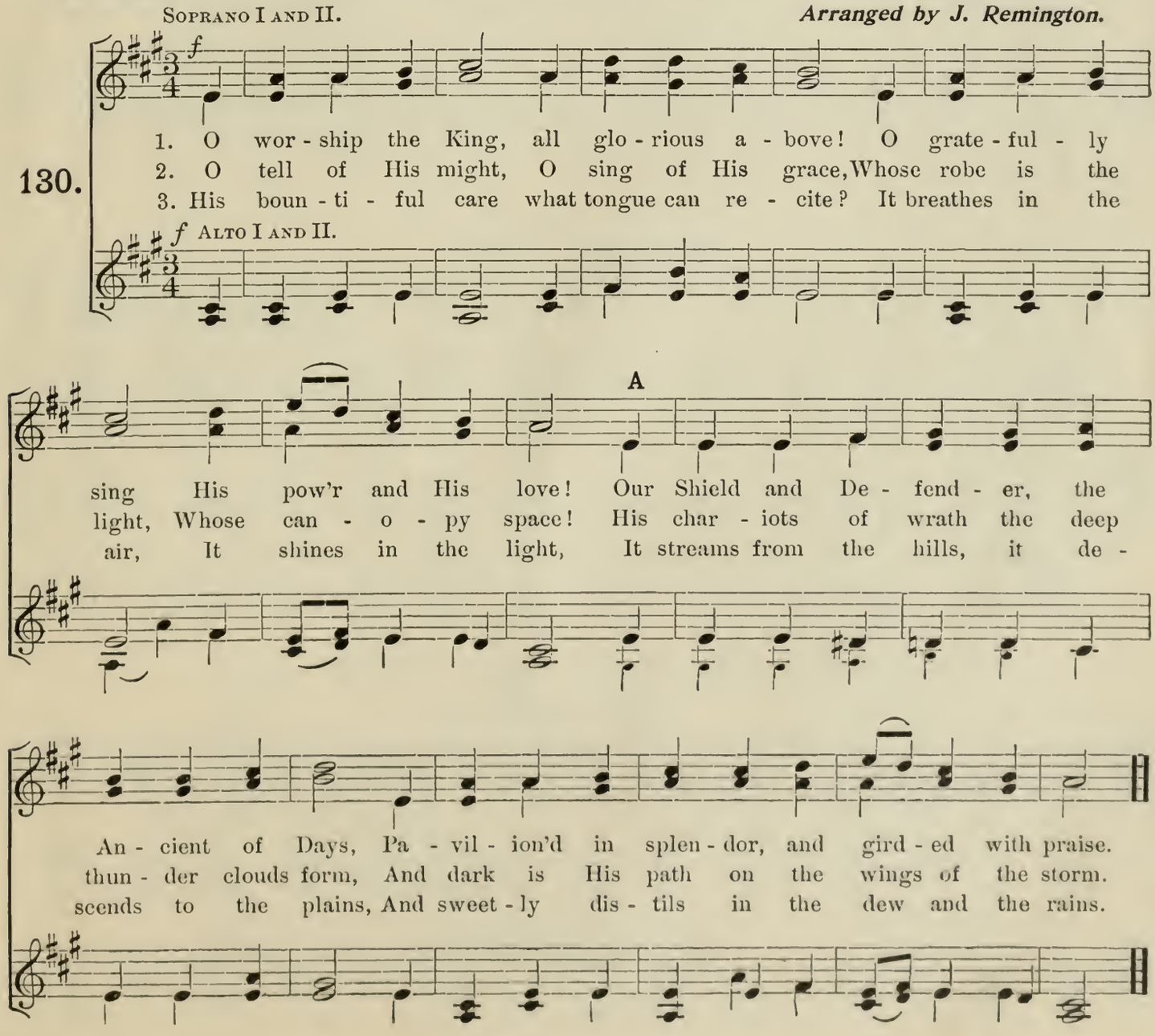



## O WORSHIP THE KING.

*R. Grant.* S. S. A. A. *Franz Josef Haydn.*

*Arranged by J. Remington.*

130.

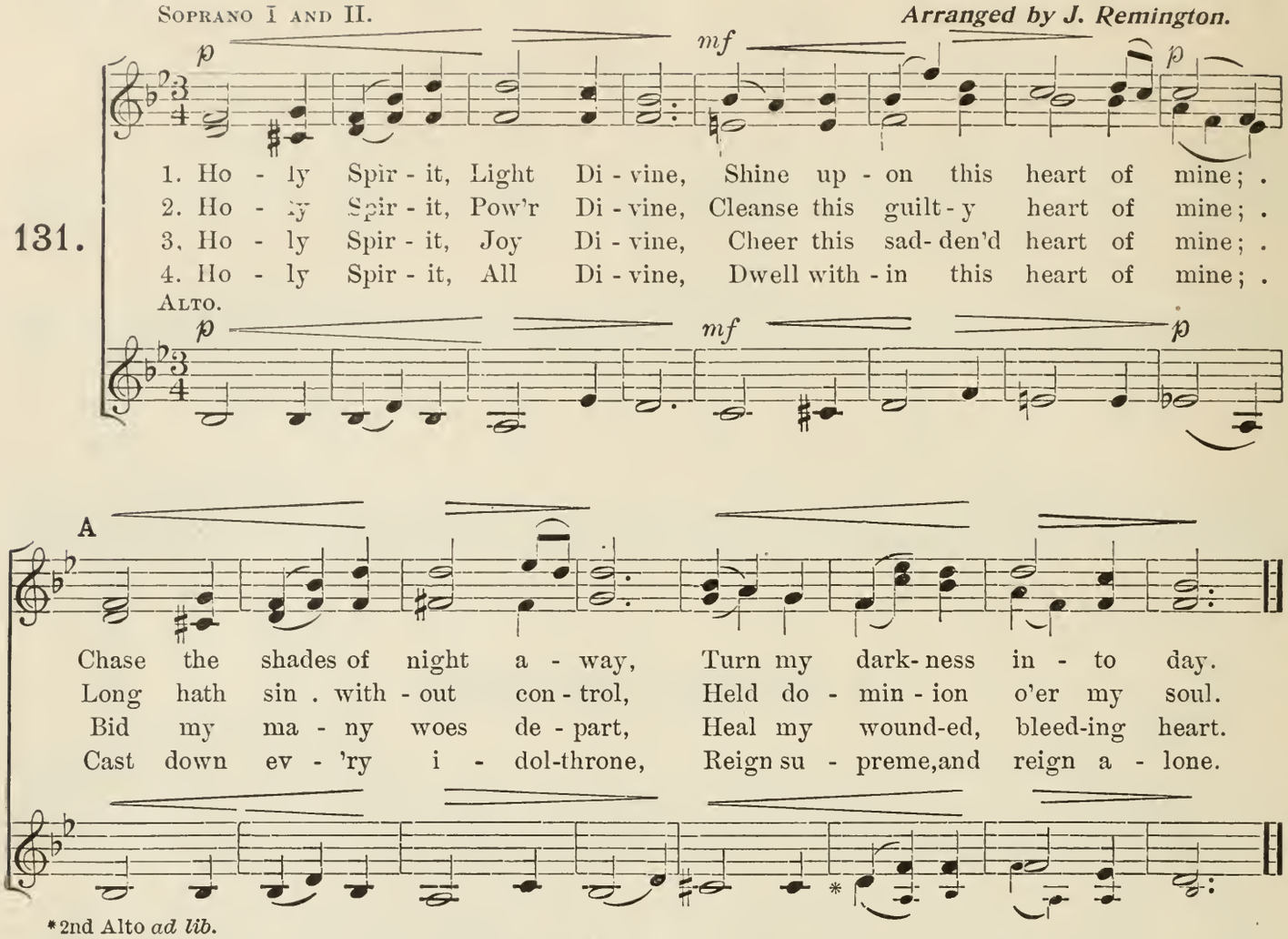


# HOLY SPIRIT, LIGHT DIVINE.

S. S. A.

*A. Reed.* *Louis Moreau Gottschalk.*
*Arranged by J. Remington.*

131.



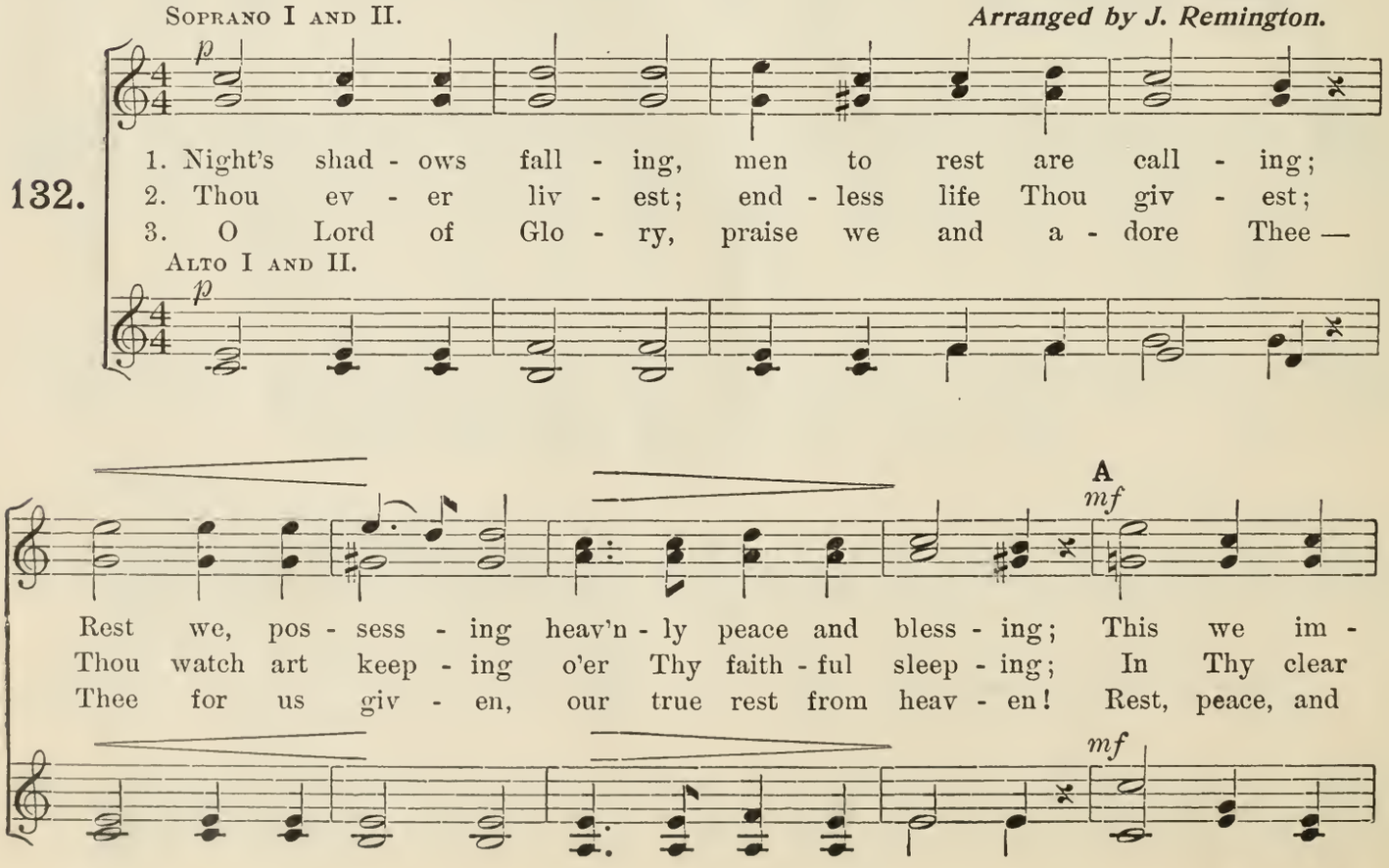

*2nd Alto *ad lib.*

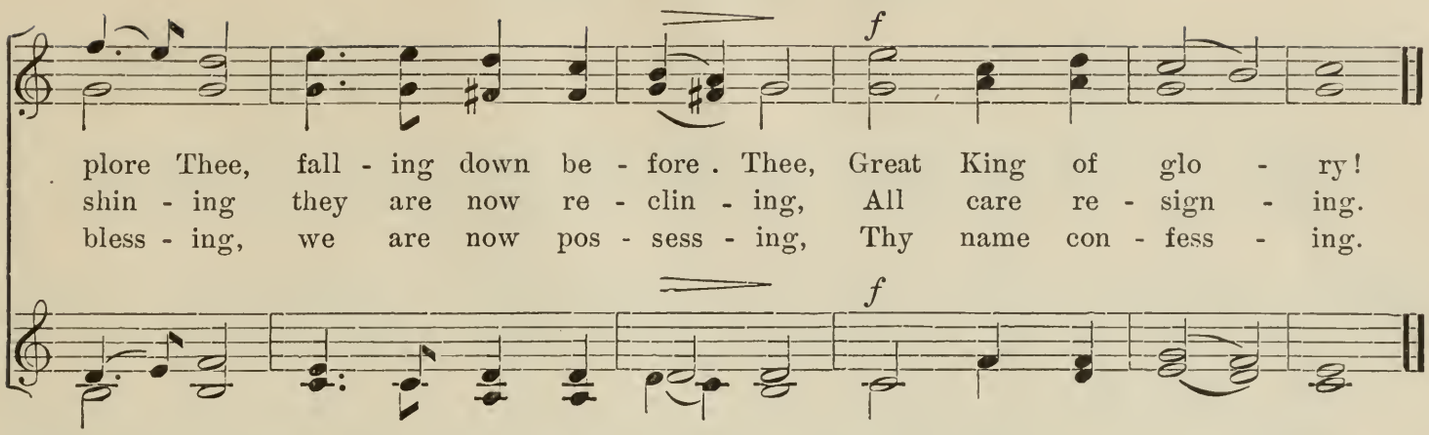
# INTEGER VITAE.

S. S. A. A.

*Friedrich F. Flemming.*
*Arranged by J. Remington.*

132.





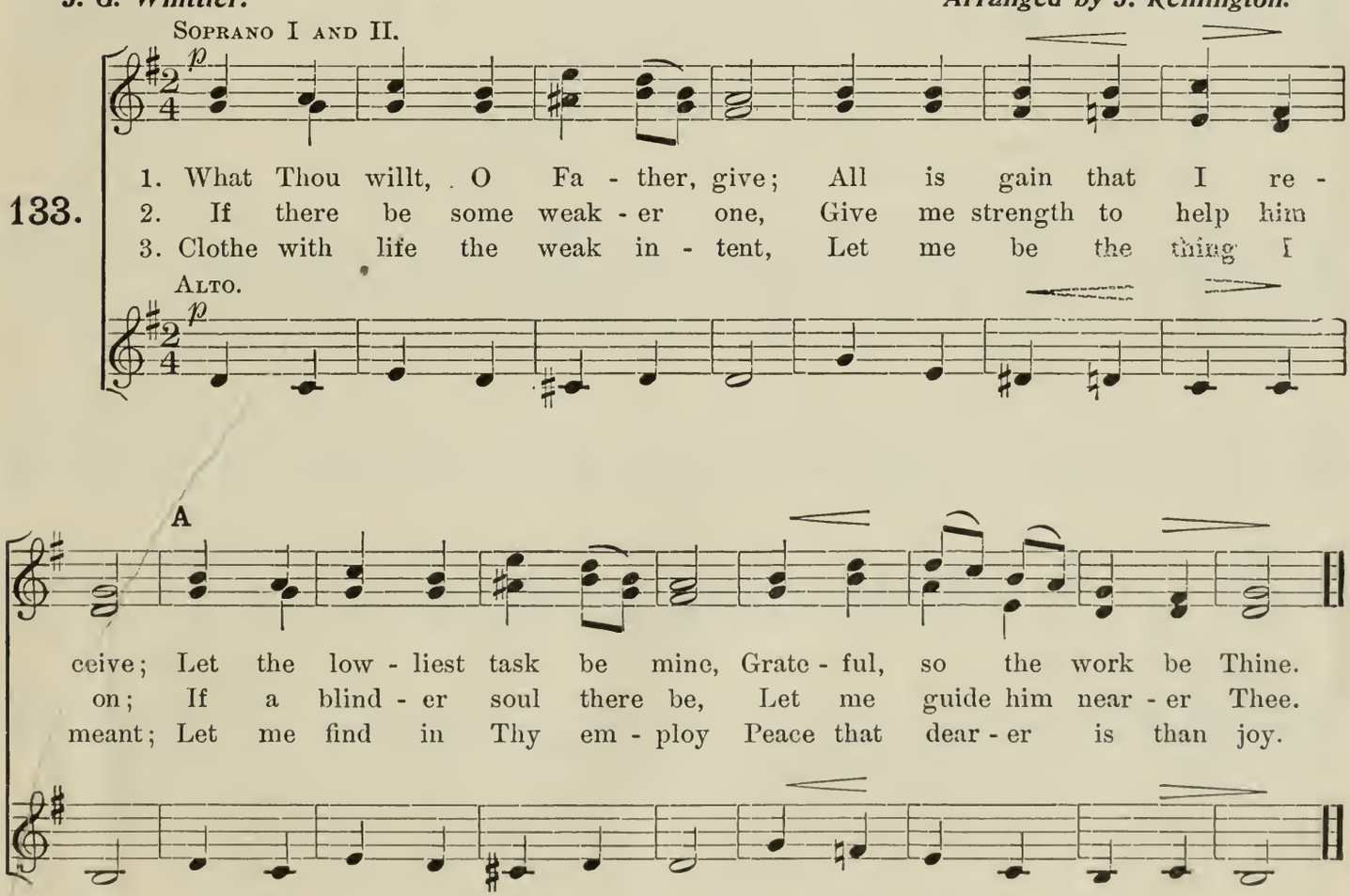

## WHAT THOU WILT, O FATHER, GIVE.

S. S. A.

*J. G. Whittier.*

*Carl Maria von Weber.*
*Arranged by J. Remington.*

133.




## 134. SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

(SEYMOUR.)

*G. W. Doane.*

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee.

2 Thou whose all pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

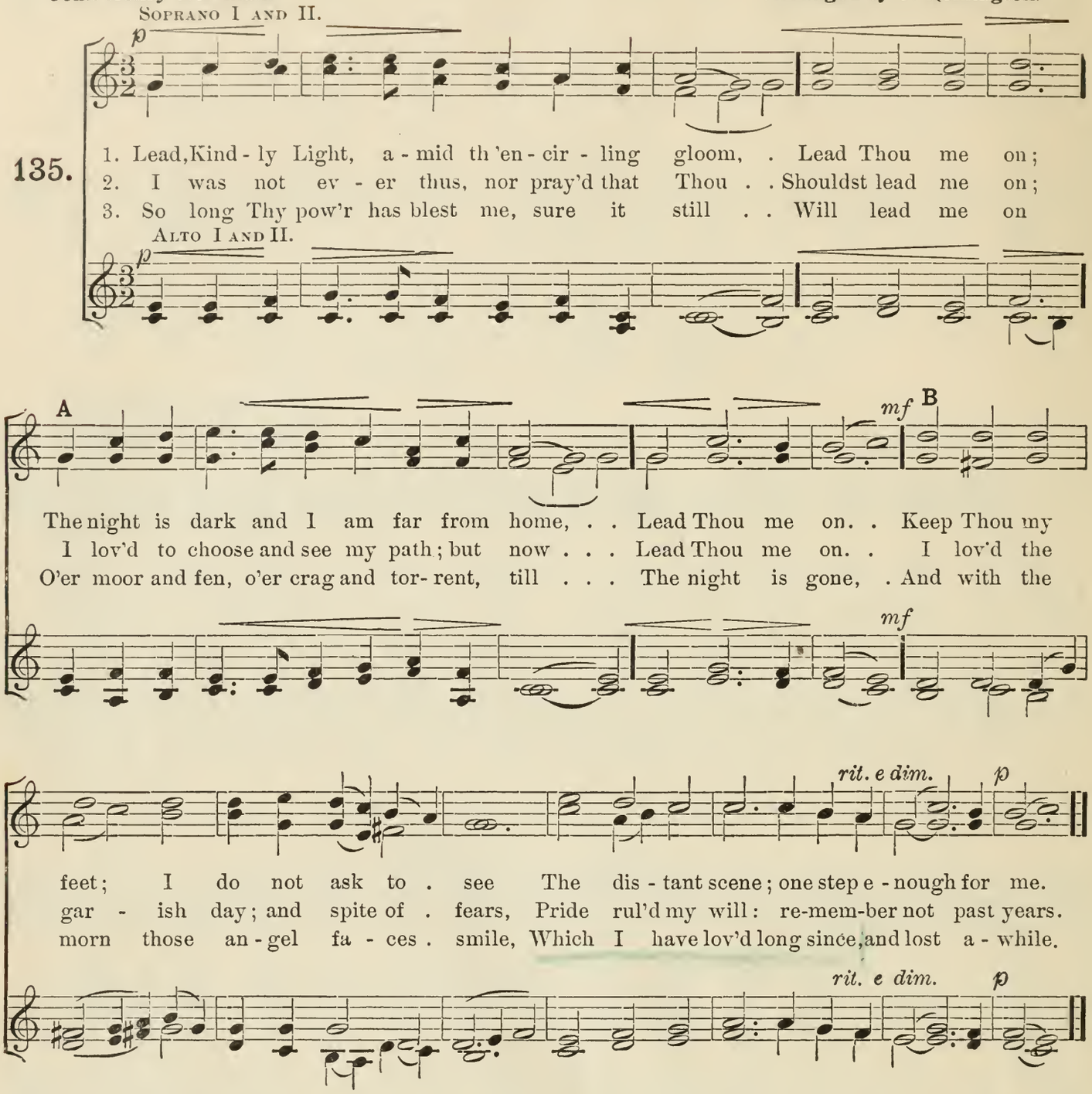
3 Soon for me the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

# LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

S. S. A. A.

*John Henry Newman.* *Rev. J. B. Dykes.*
*Arranged by J. Remington.*

135.



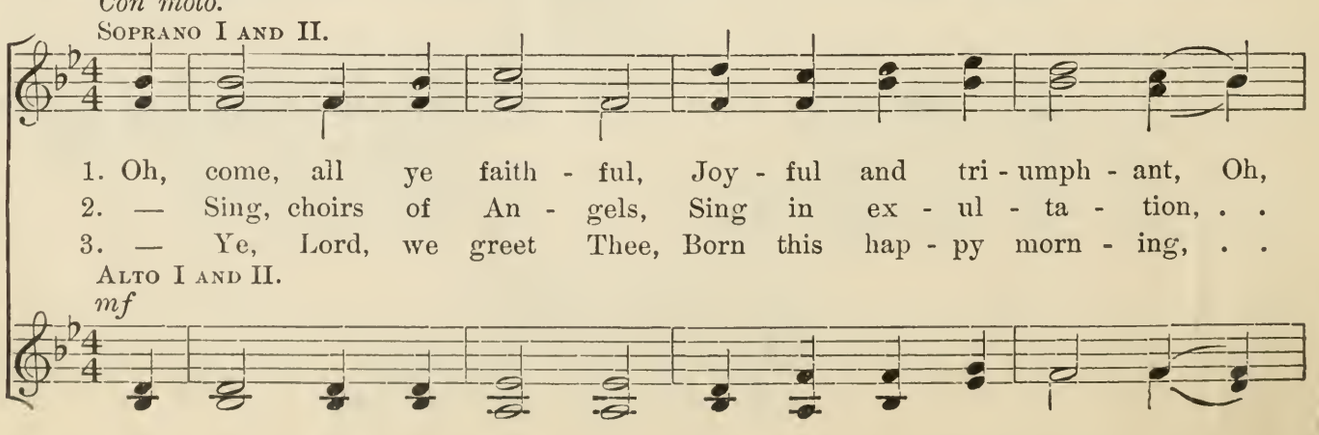

# OH, COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL.

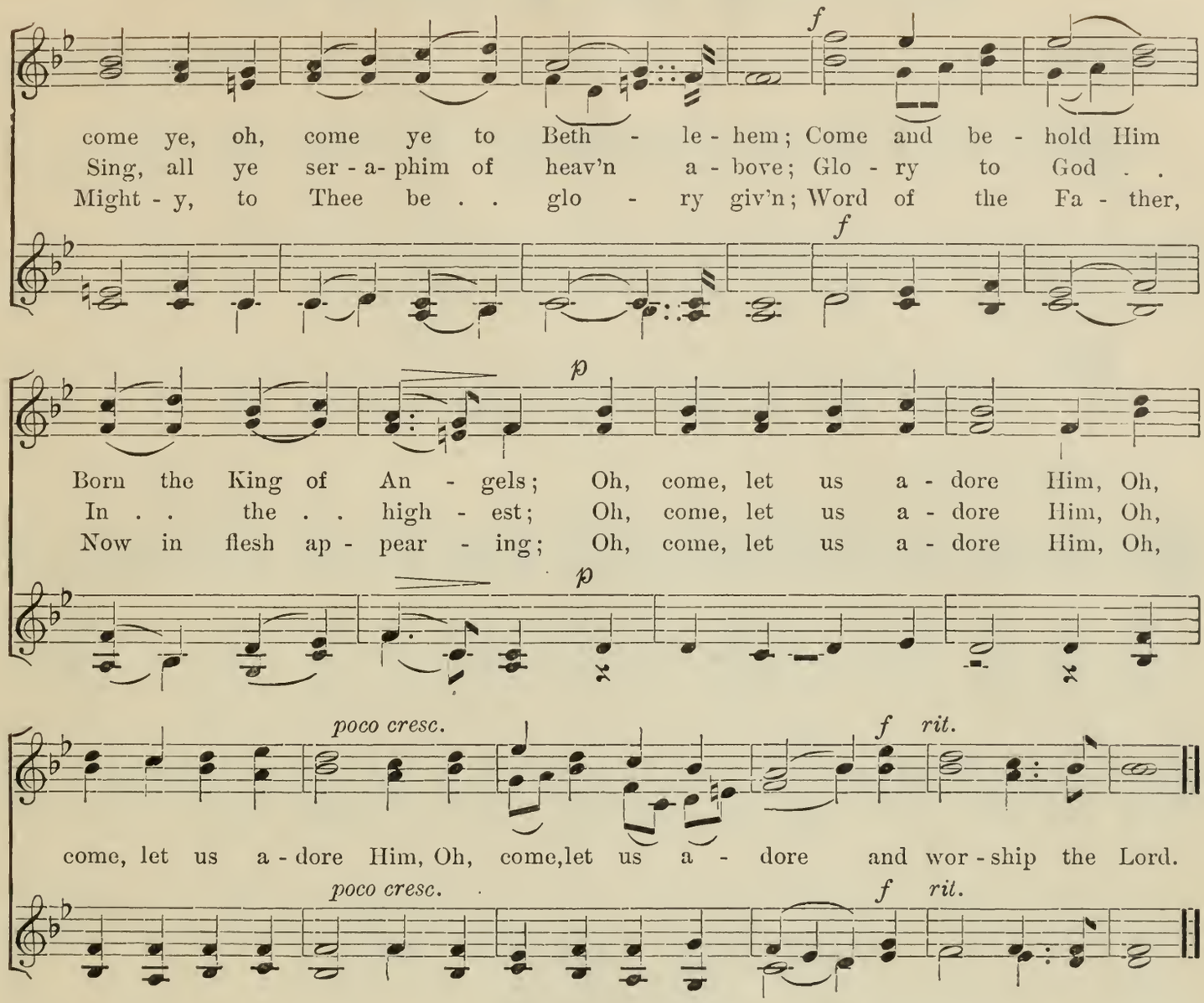
(PORTUGUESE HYMN.)

*Anon. (Latin, 17th Century).* S. S. A. A. *J. Reading.*
*Tran. F. Oakeley.* *Arranged by J. Remington.*

*Con moto.*

136.





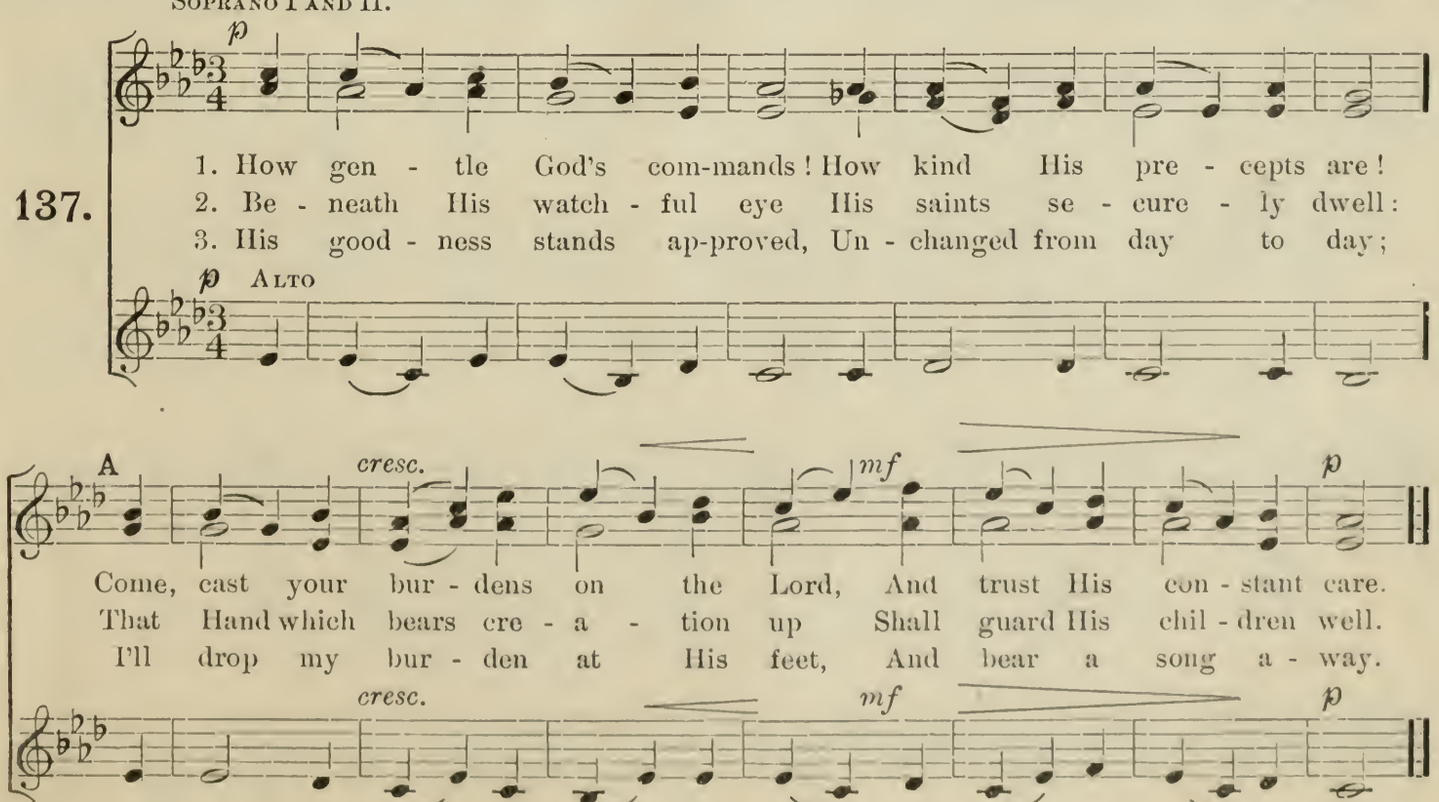

## HOW GENTLE GOD'S COMMANDS.

***P. Doddridge.*** S. S. A. ***Hans G. Nägeli.***

*Moderato con grazia.* ***Adapted by J. Remington.***

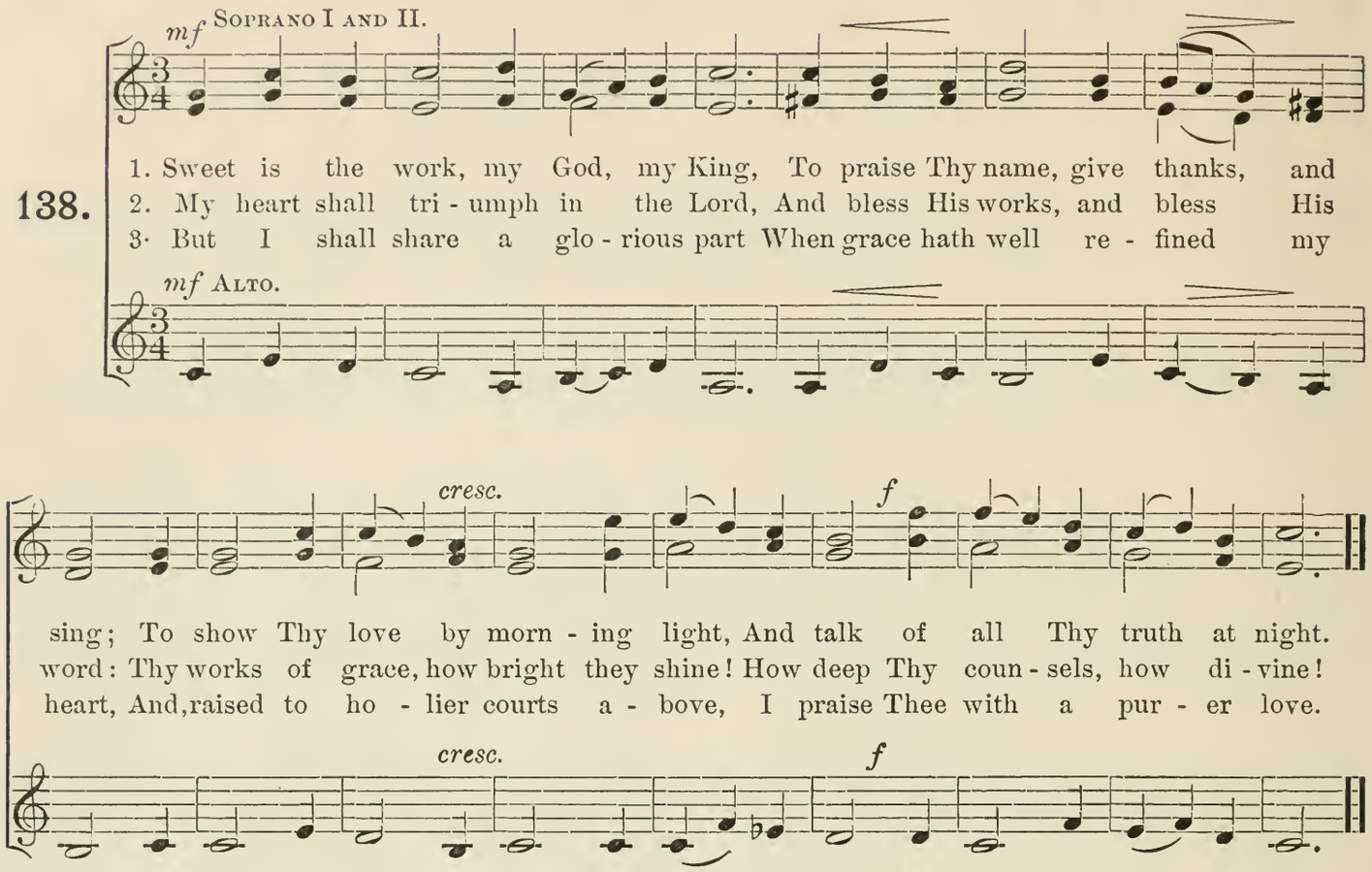
SOPRANO I AND II.

**137.**



## SWEET IS THE WORK, MY GOD, MY KING.

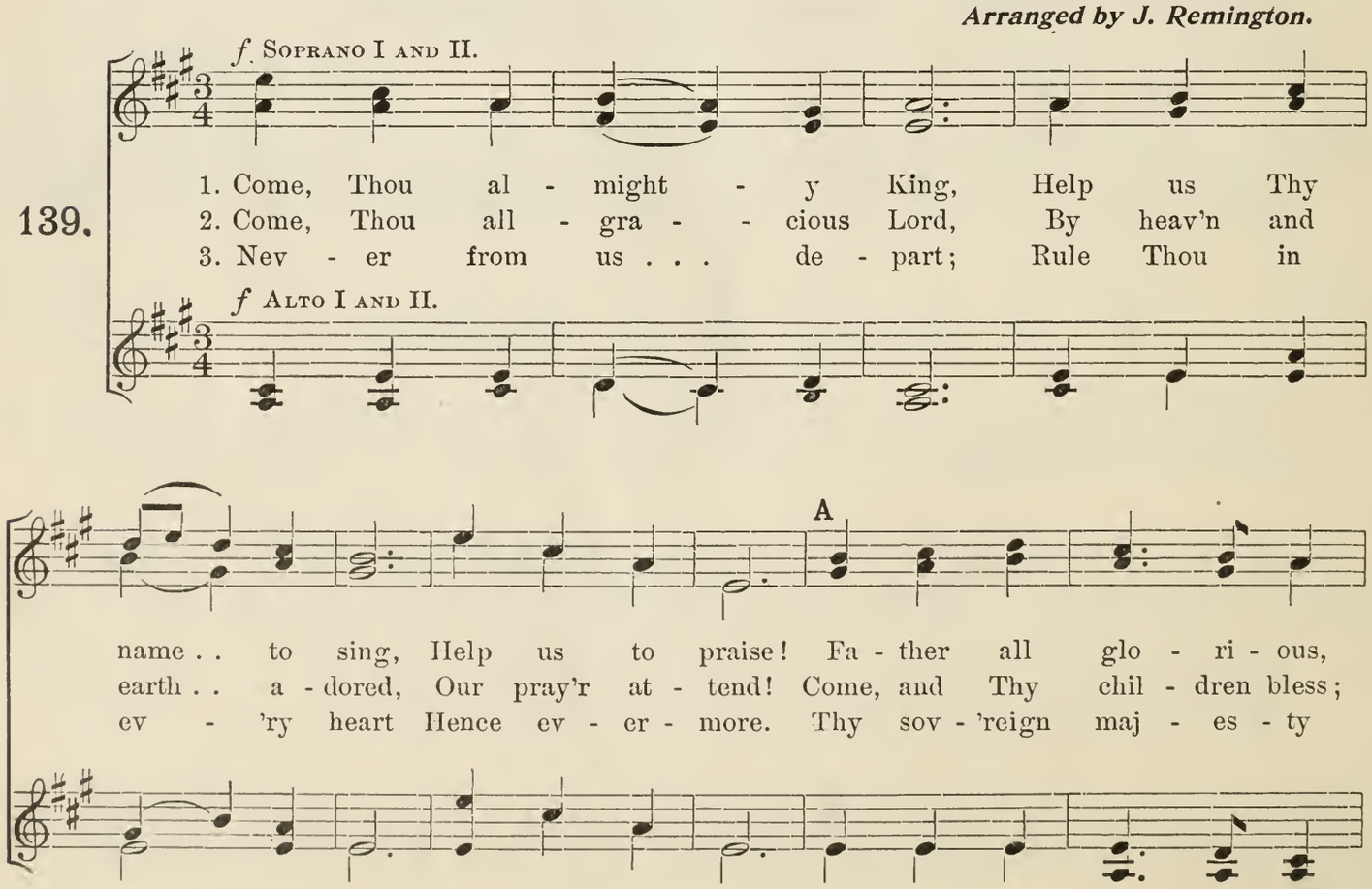
*I. Watts.* S. S. A. *L. van Beethoven.*

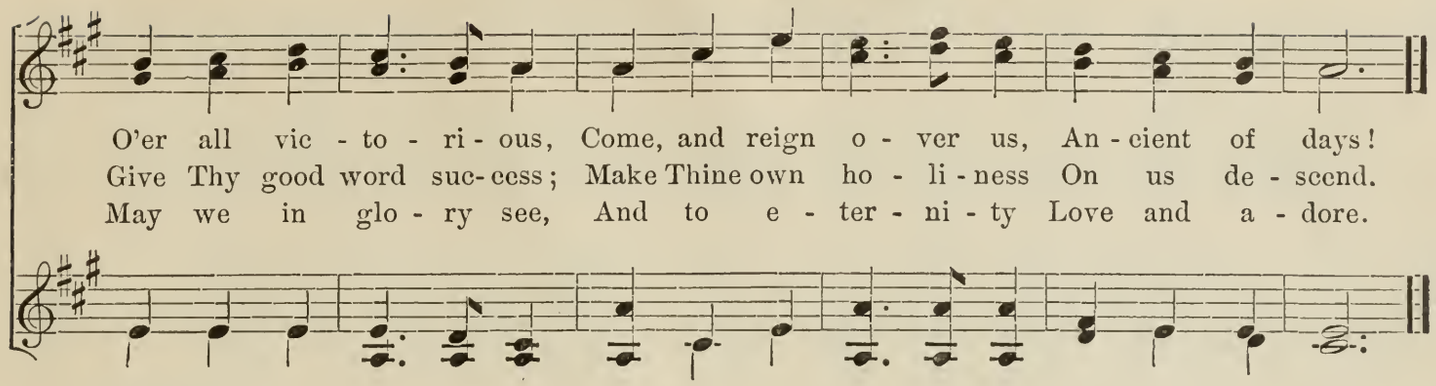



## COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

(ITALIAN HYMN.)

S. S. A. A. *F. Giardini.*
*Arranged by J. Remington.*



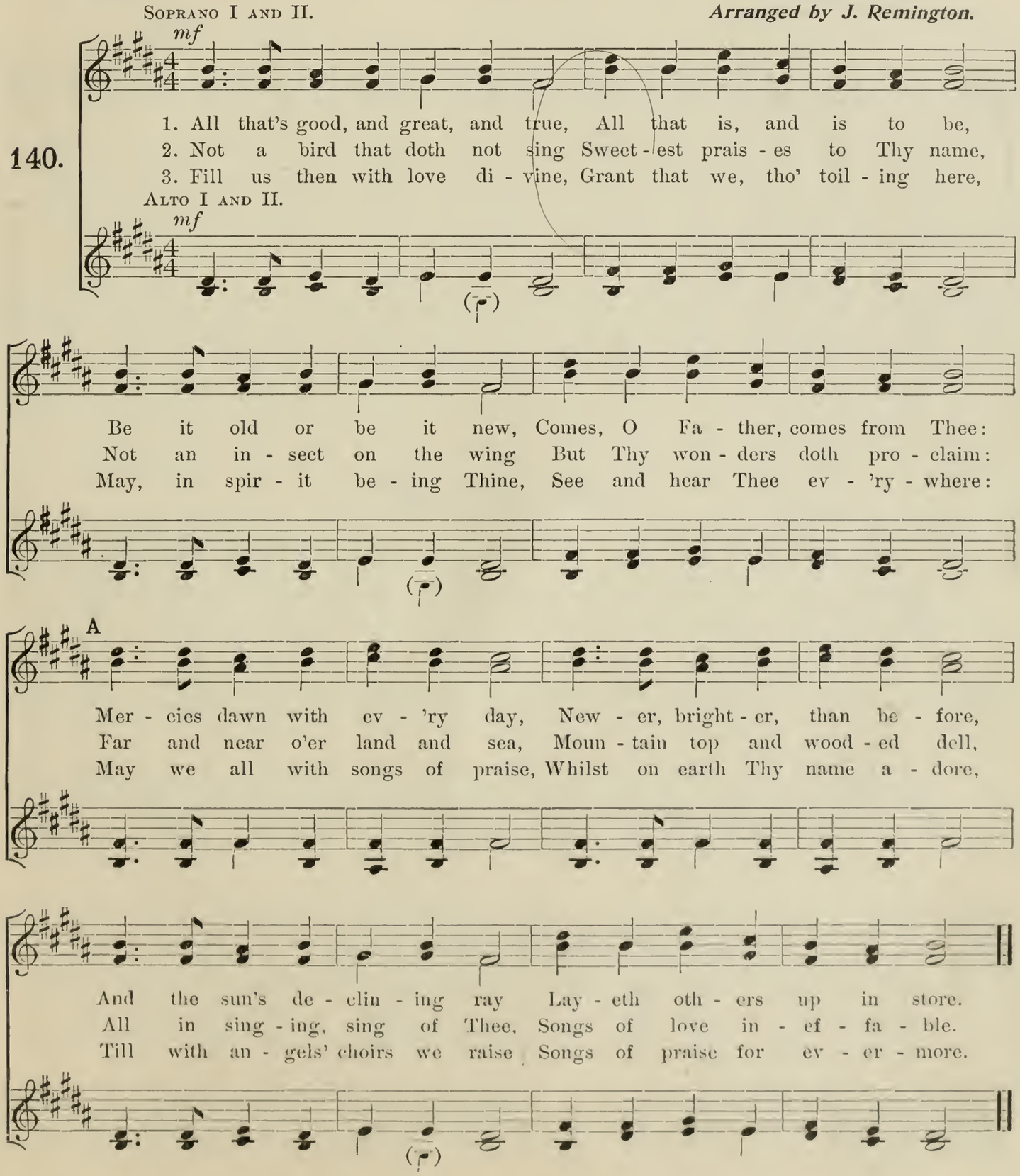



## ALL THAT'S GOOD, AND GREAT, AND TRUE.

*G. Thring.* S. S. A. A. *Spanish Melody.*

*Arranged by J. Remington.*

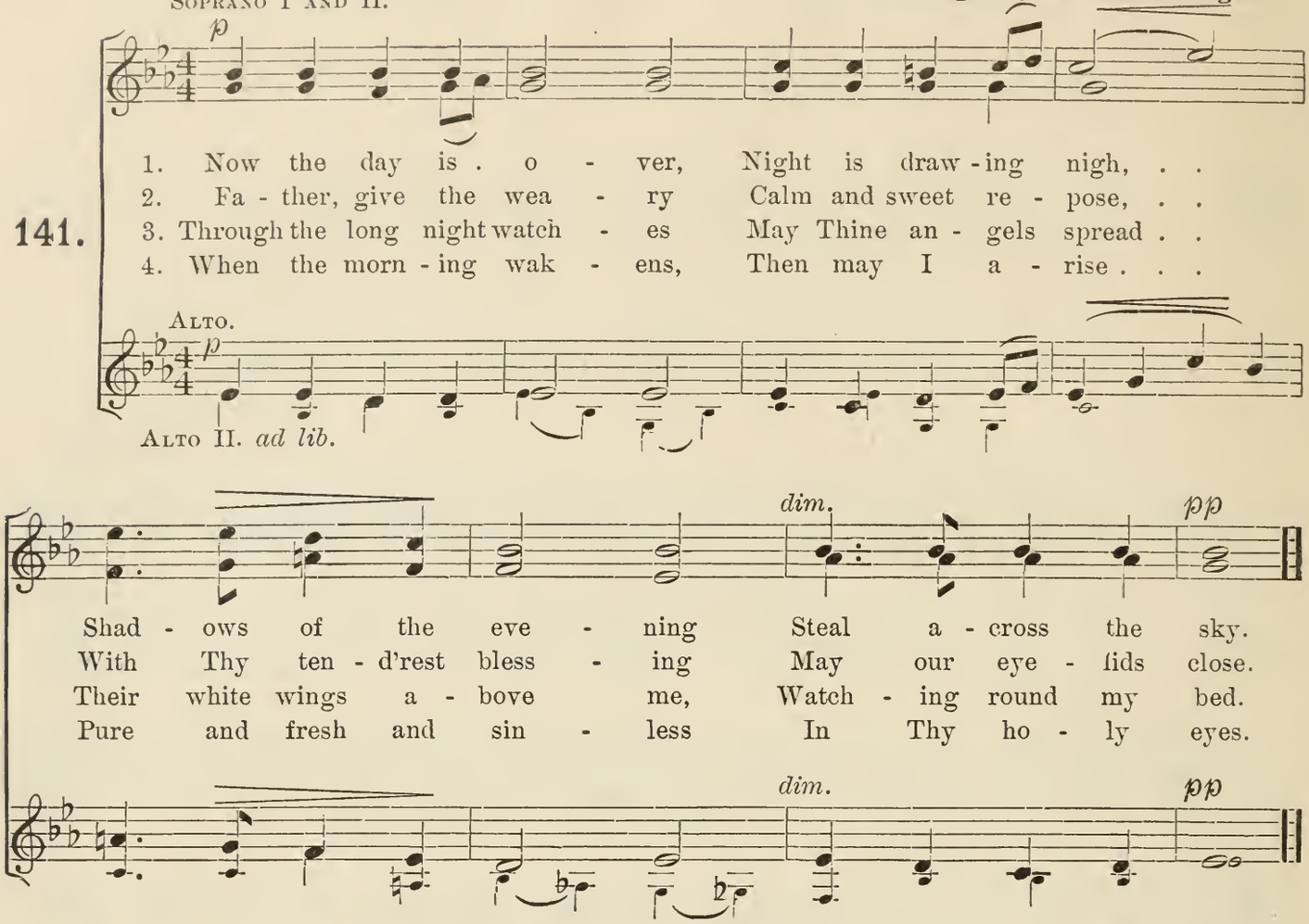
140.



## NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

*S. Baring Gould.* S. S. A. (A. II *ad lib.*) *Joseph Barnby.*
*Arranged by N. Clifford Page.*

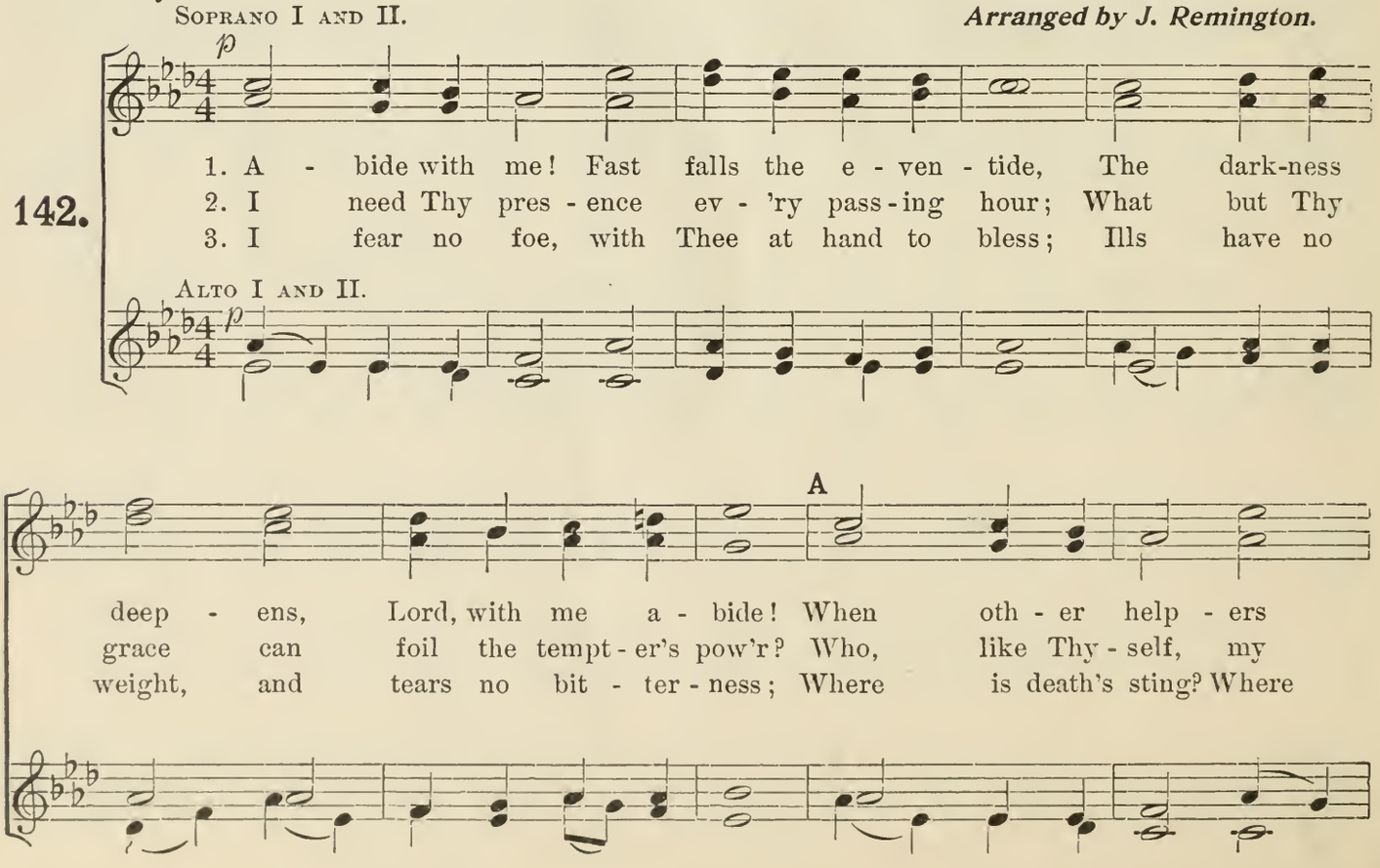
**141.**

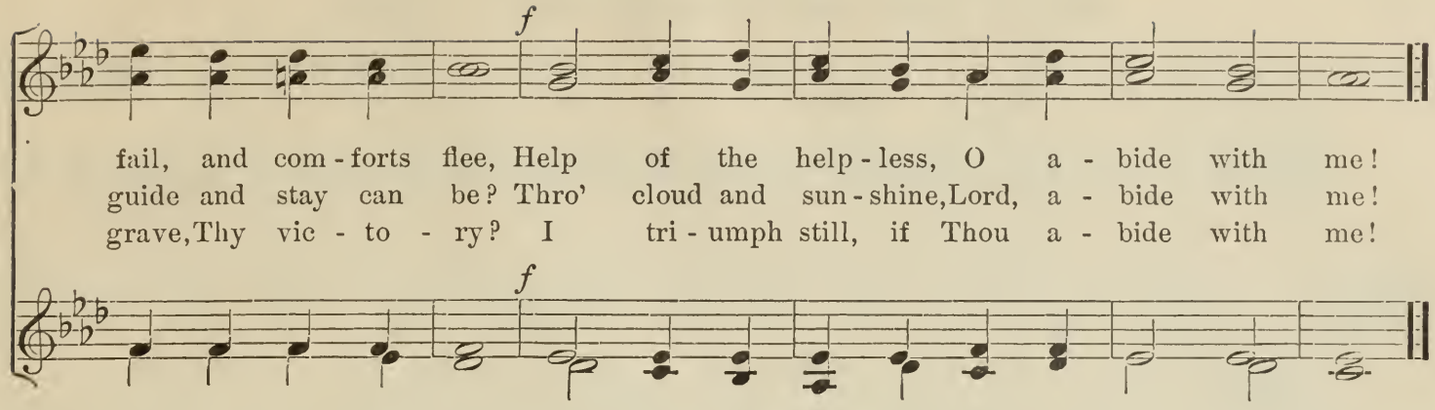



## ABIDE WITH ME!

*H. F. Lyte.* S. S. A. A. *W. H. Monk.*
*Arranged by J. Remington.*

**142.**



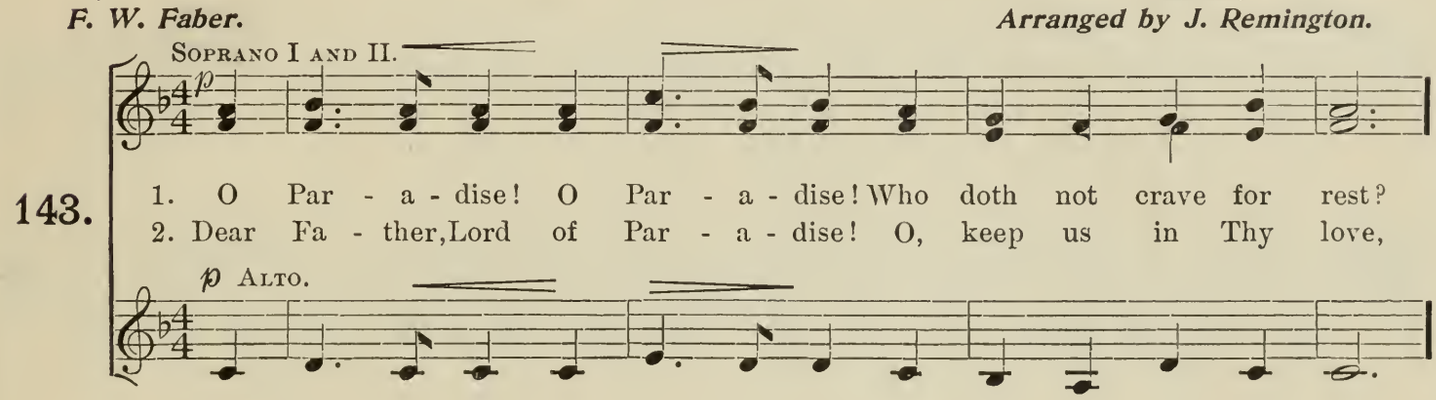


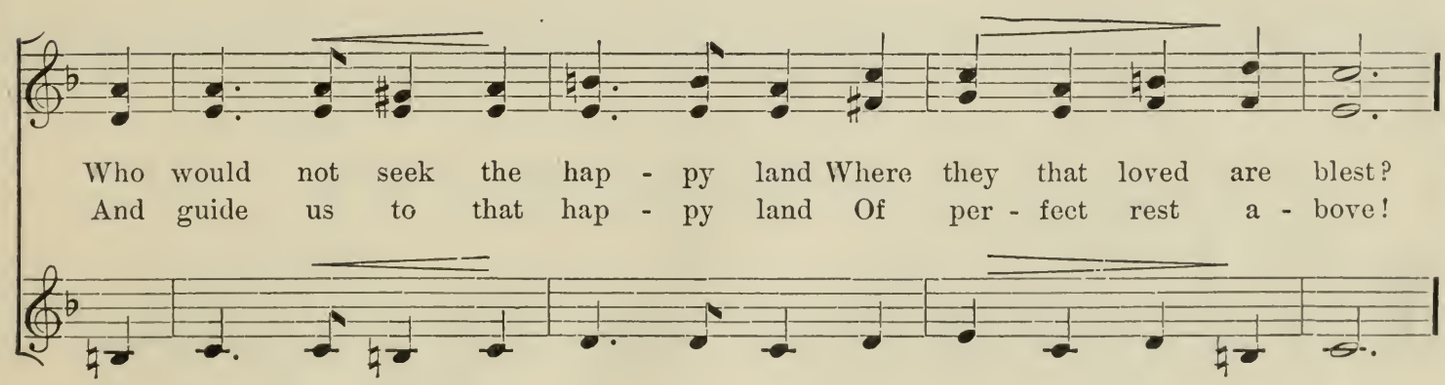

## O PARADISE! O PARADISE!

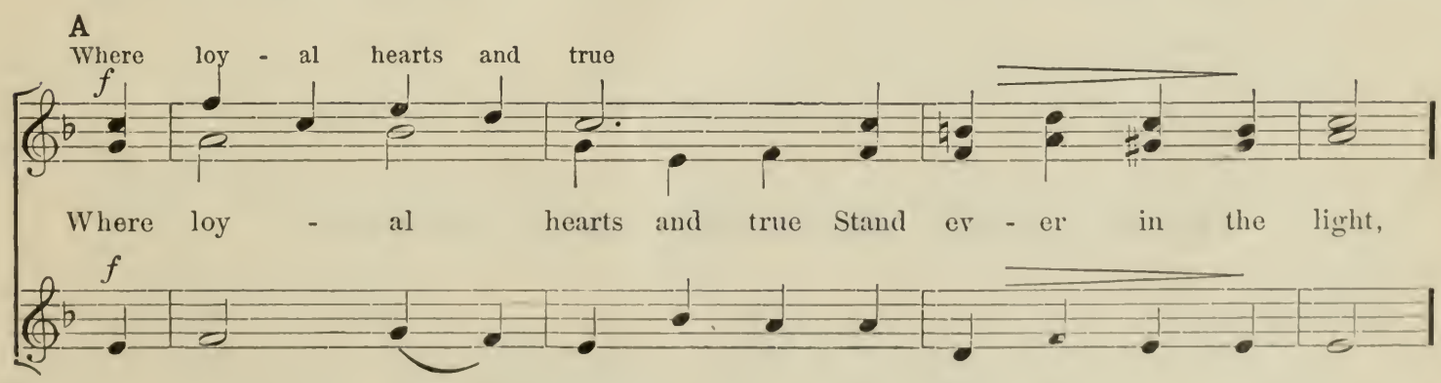
S. S. A.

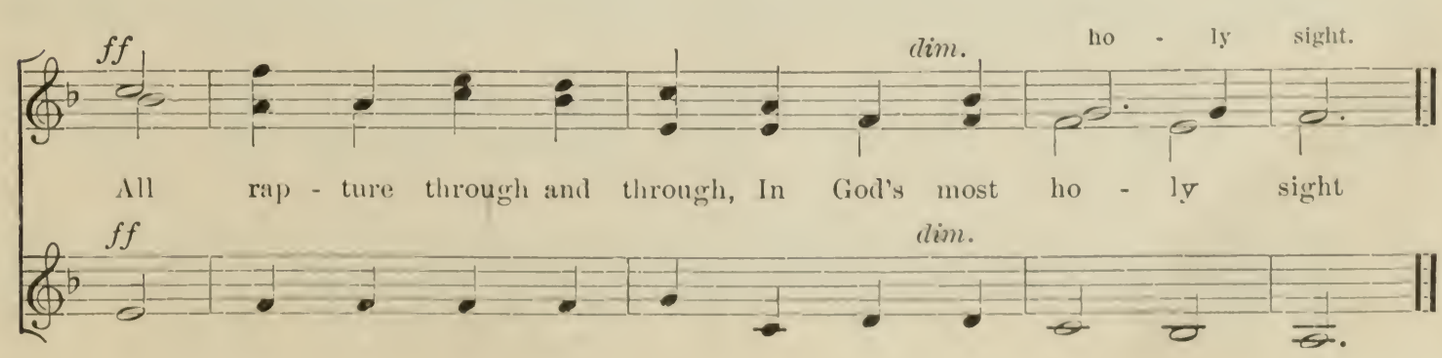
*F. W. Faber.* *J. Barnby.*
*Arranged by J. Remington.*

143.



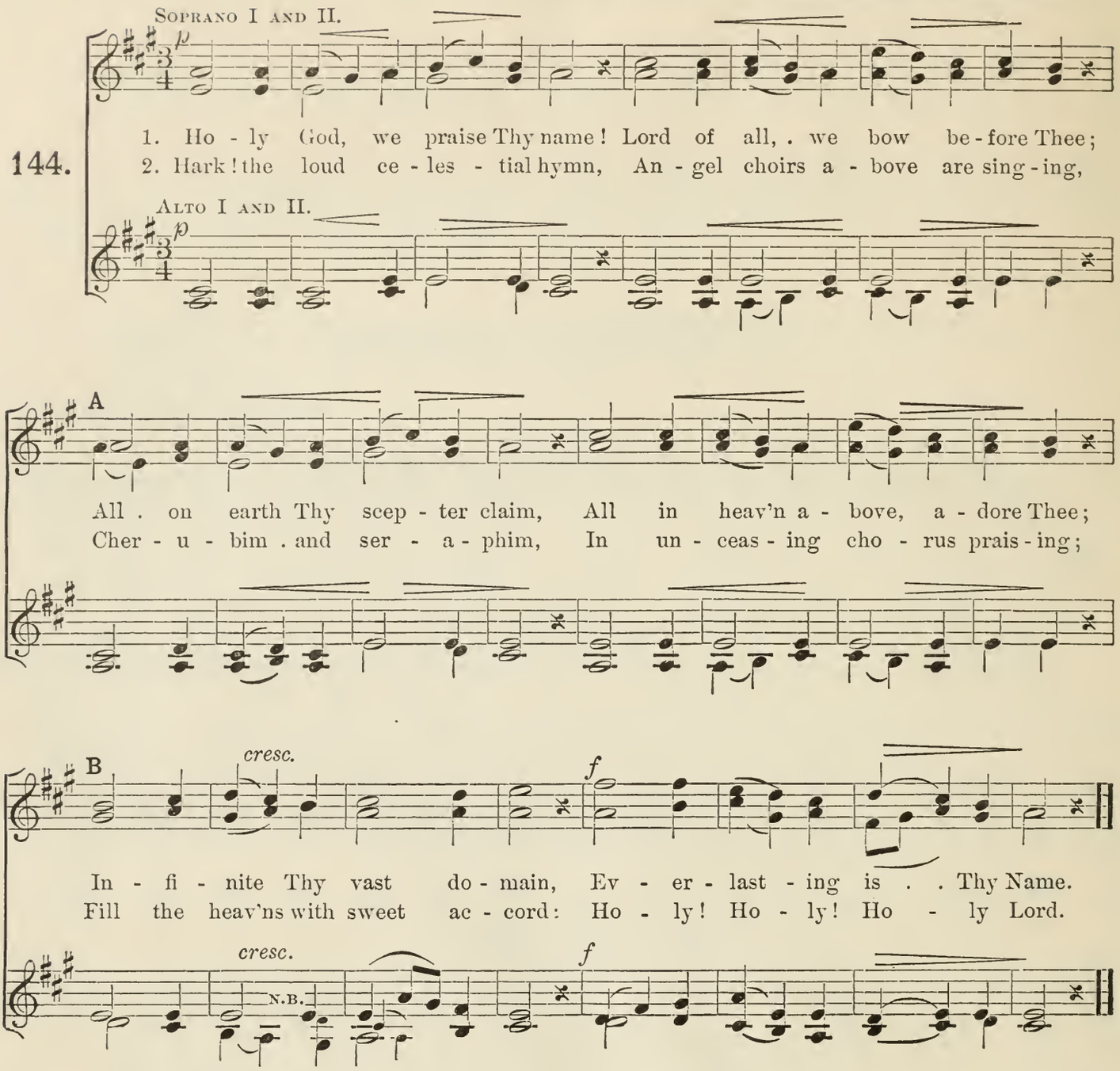



# HOLY GOD, WE PRAISE THY NAME.

S. S. A. A. *Arranged by J. Remington.*

144.



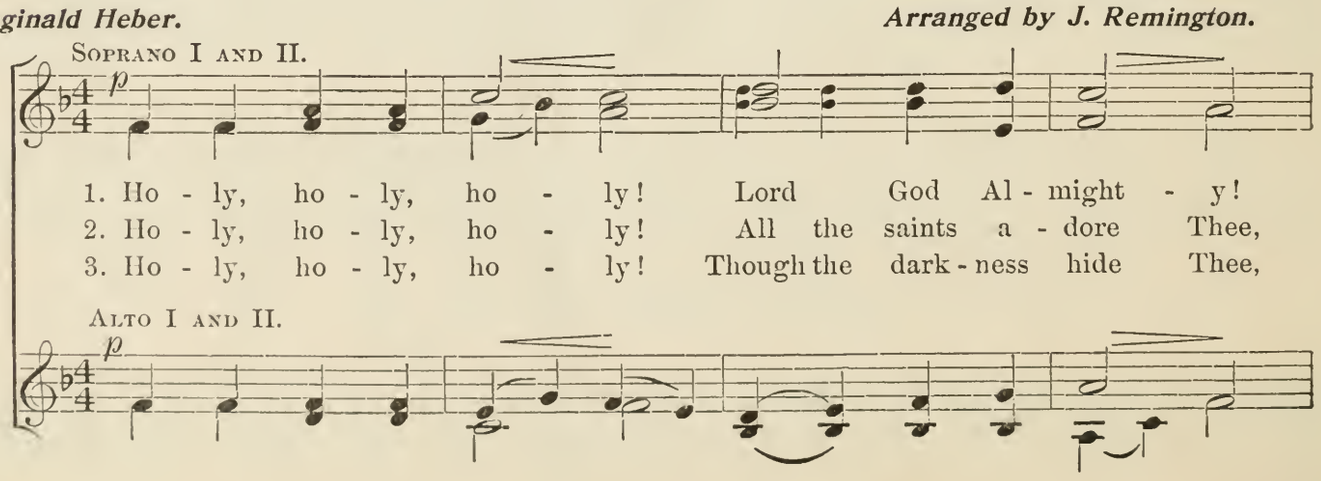

N. B. The small notes may be used by Alto II.

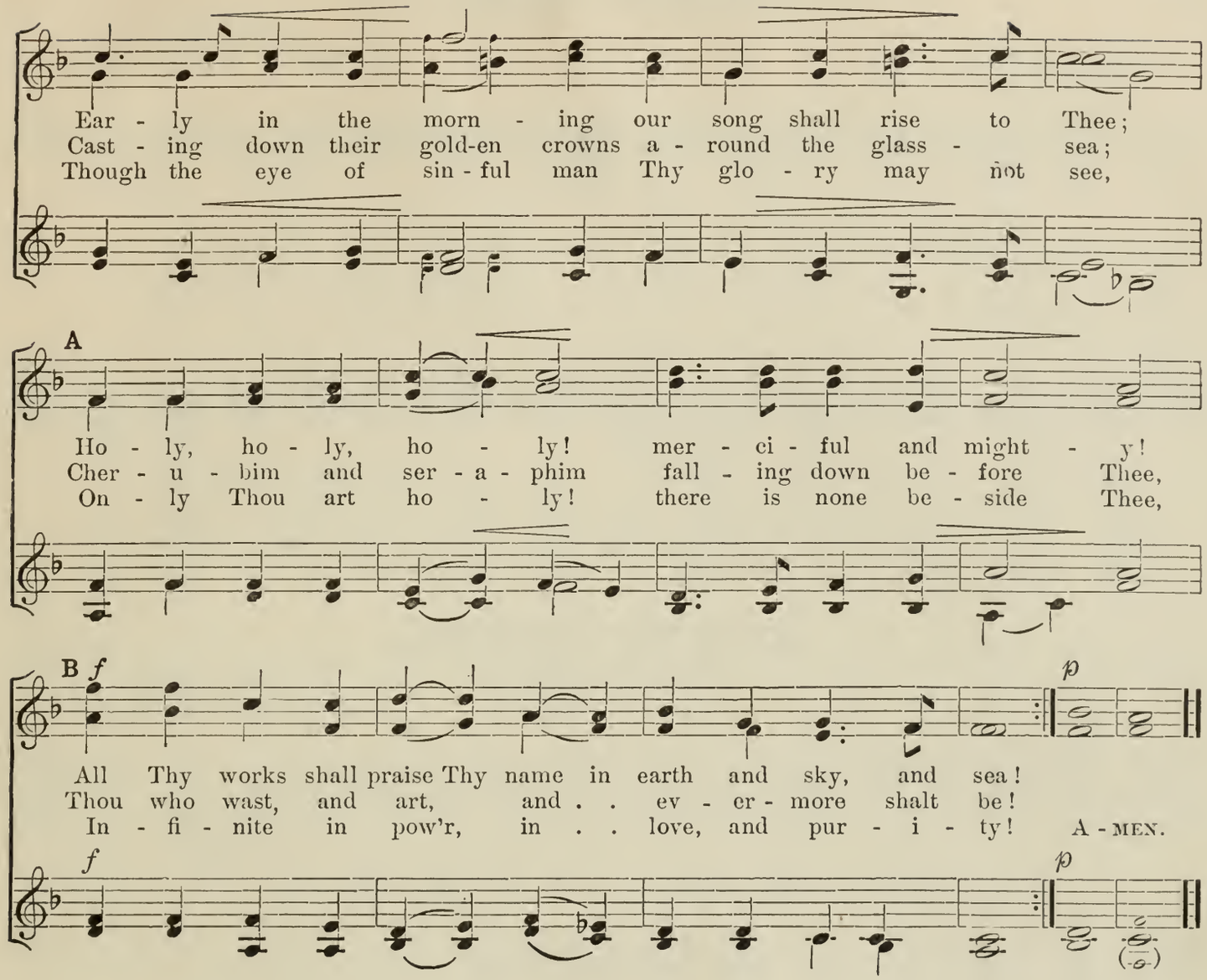
# HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!

S. S. A. A. *Rev. J. B. Dykes.*

*Reginald Heber.* *Arranged by J. Remington.*

145.






## EVENING PRAYER.

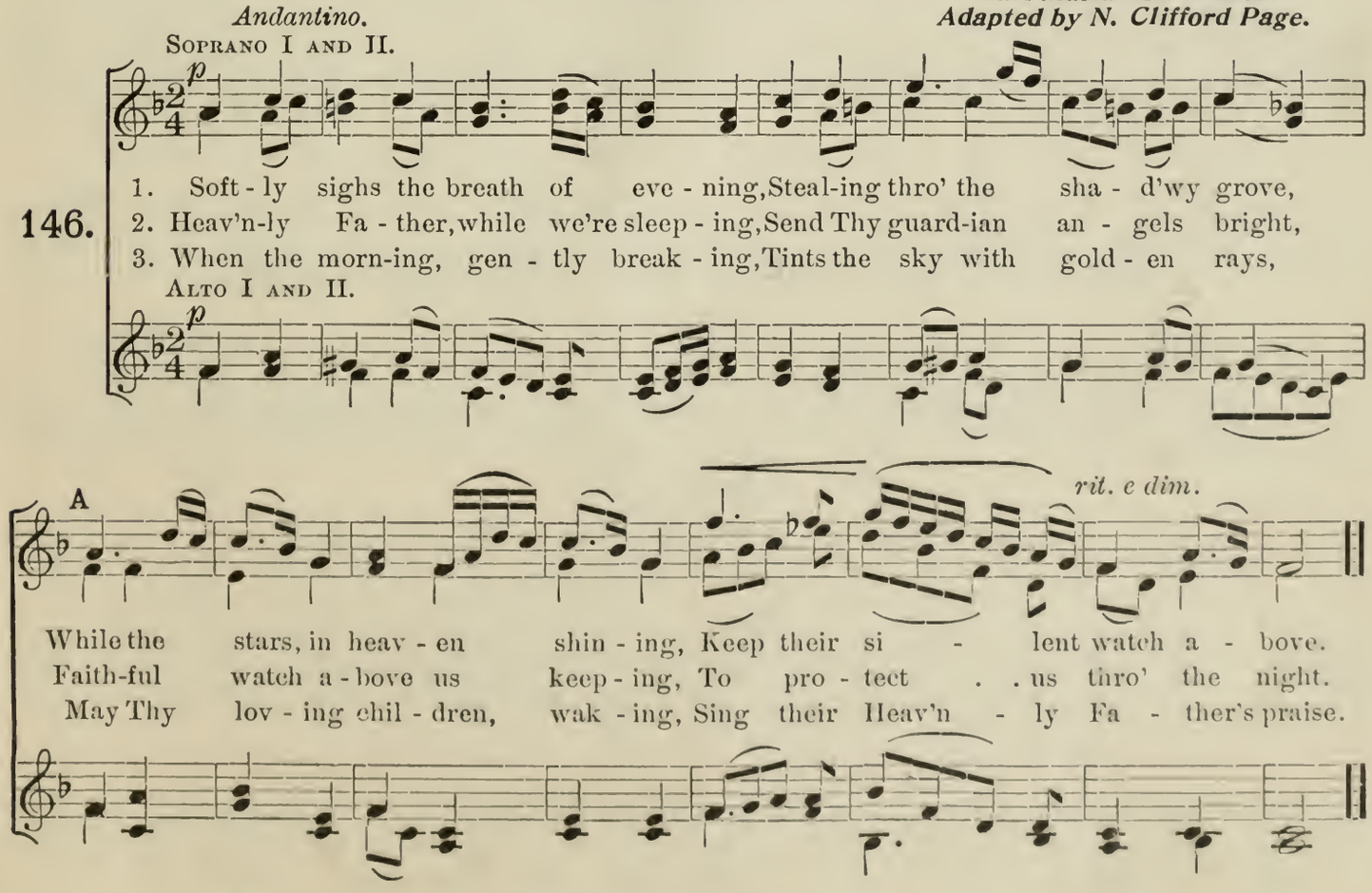
S. S. A. A.

*Carl Maria von Weber.*
*Adapted by N. Clifford Page.*

146.

*Andantino.*

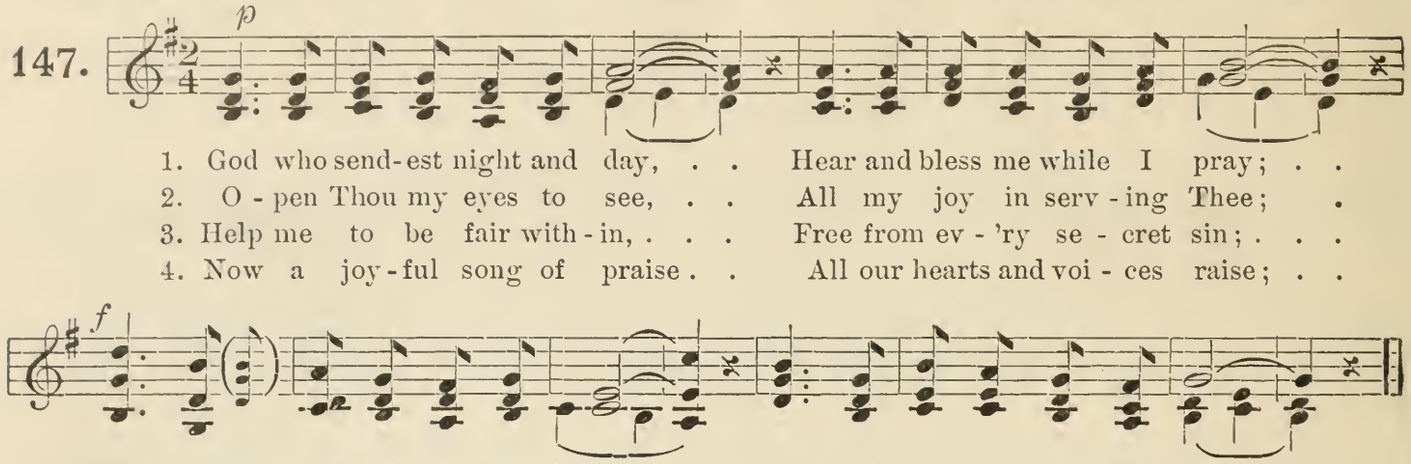
SOPRANO I AND II.



## EVENING PRAYER.

*M. Louise Baum.* S. A. A. *A. Randegger. Arranged by Bertha Remick.*

147.



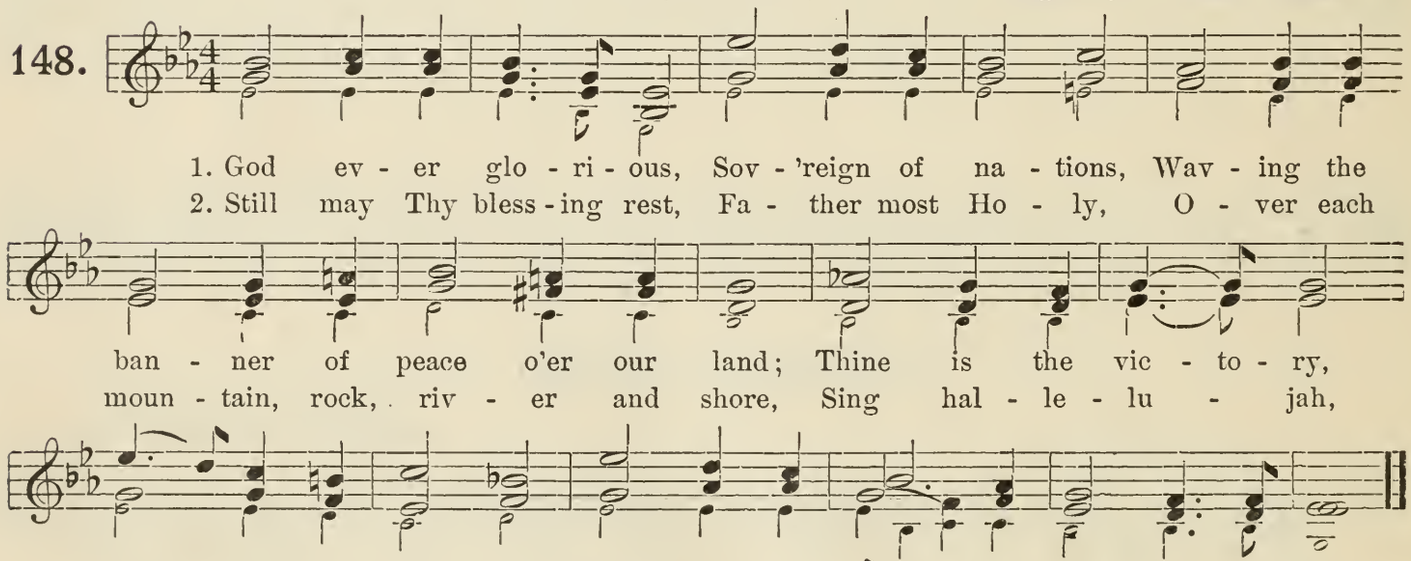
1. God who send-est night and day, . . Hear and bless me while I pray; . .
2. O - pen Thou my eyes to see, . . All my joy in serv - ing Thee; .
3. Help me to be fair with - in, . . . Free from ev - 'ry se - cret sin; . . .
4. Now a joy - ful song of praise . . All our hearts and voi - ces raise; . .

Thou art love and Thou a - lone, . . On - ly Thou canst guard Thine own. . .
Be my heart's fra - ter - nal love, . . Kin - dled still by Thine a - bove. . .
Make me pa - tient, true and pure, . . And of Thy dear pres- ence sure. . .
All my bless-ings come from Thee, . . Oh, how good Thou art to me! . .

## GOD EVER GLORIOUS.

(RUSSIAN HYMN.) *Alexis T. Lwoff.*
S. A. (A. 2 *ad lib.*) *Arranged by Bertha Remick.*

148.



1. God ev - er glo - ri - ous, Sov - 'reign of na - tions, Wav - ing the
2. Still may Thy bless - ing rest, Fa - ther most Ho - ly, O - ver each

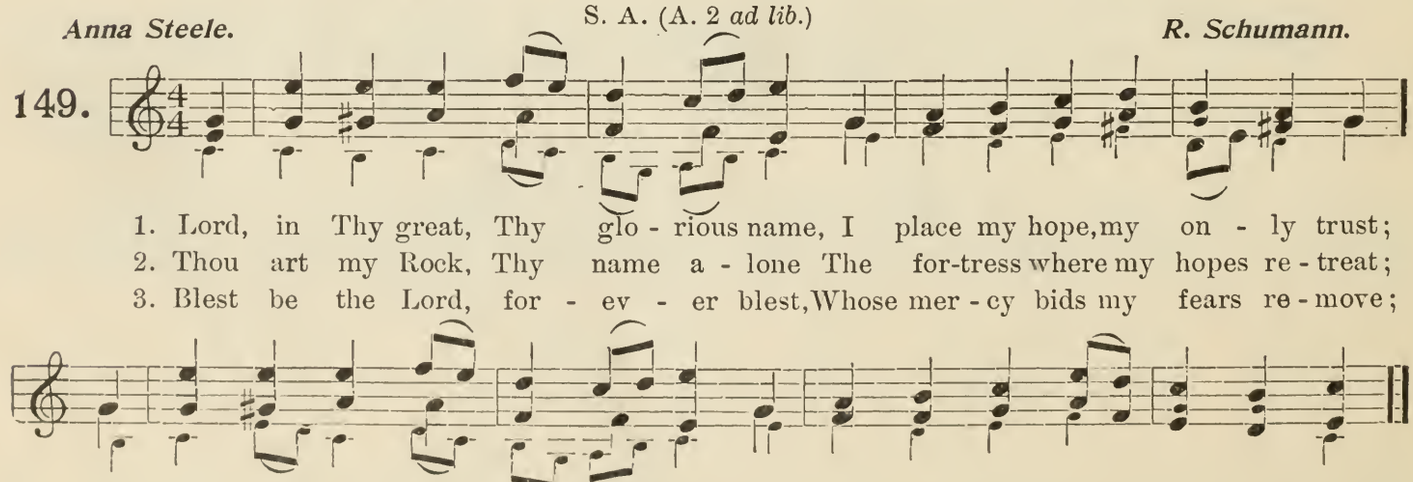
ban - ner of peace o'er our land; Thine is the vic - to - ry,
moun - tain, rock, riv - er and shore, Sing hal - le - lu - jah,

Thine the sal - va - tion, Strong to de - liv - er, Own we Thy hand.
Shout in ho - san - nas, God keep our coun - try Free ev - er - more.

## LORD, IN THY GREAT, THY GLORIOUS NAME.

*Anna Steele.* S. A. (A. 2 *ad lib.*) *R. Schumann.*

149.

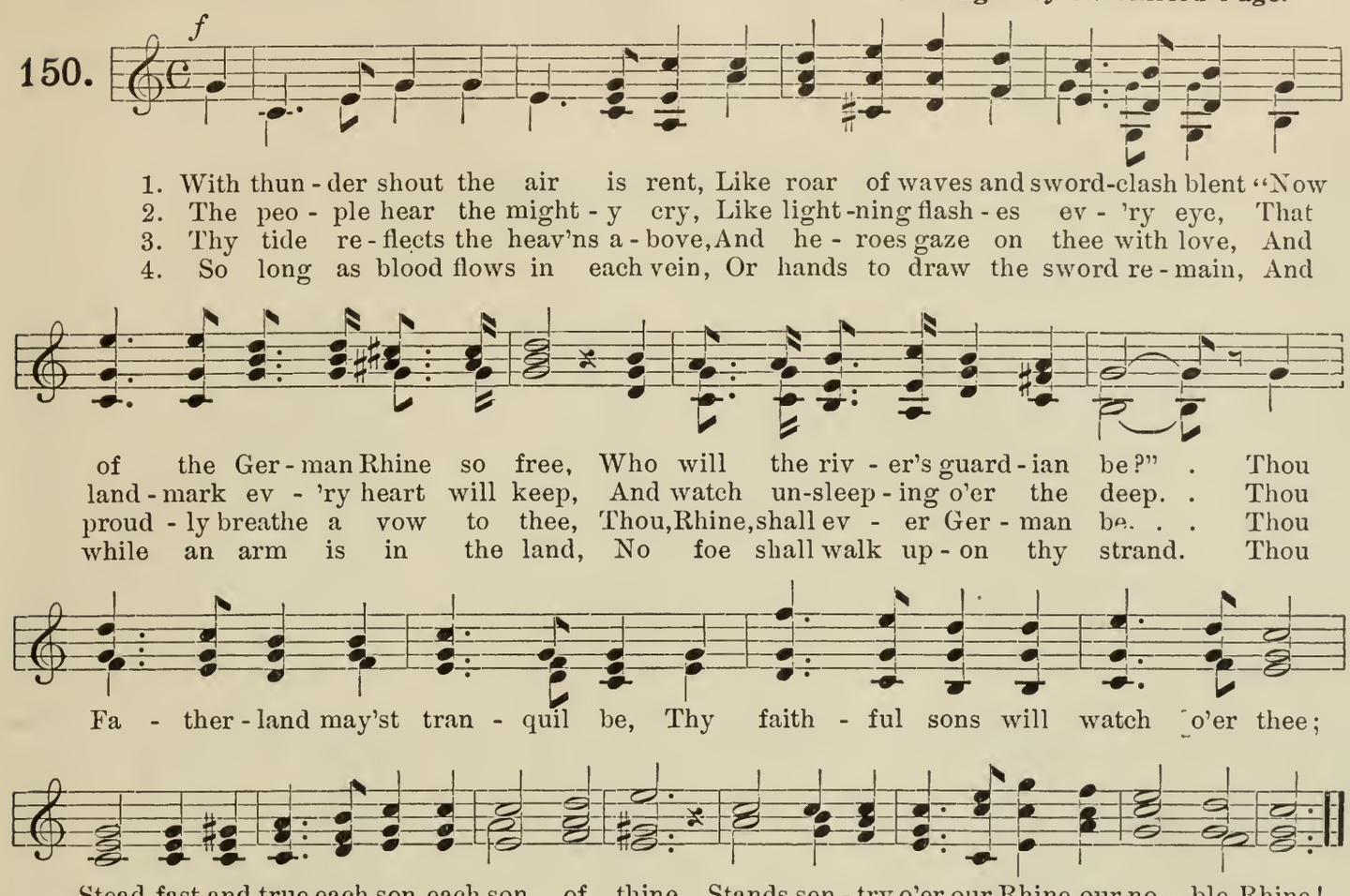


1. Lord, in Thy great, Thy glo - rious name, I place my hope, my on - ly trust;
2. Thou art my Rock, Thy name a - lone The for-tress where my hopes re - treat;
3. Blest be the Lord, for - ev - er blest, Whose mer - cy bids my fears re - move;

Save me from sor - row, guilt and shame, Thou ev - er gra - cious, ev - er just.
Oh, make Thy pow'r and mer - cy known; To safe - ty guide my wan - d'ring feet.
The sa - cred walls which guard my rest Are His al - might - y pow'r and love.

# THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

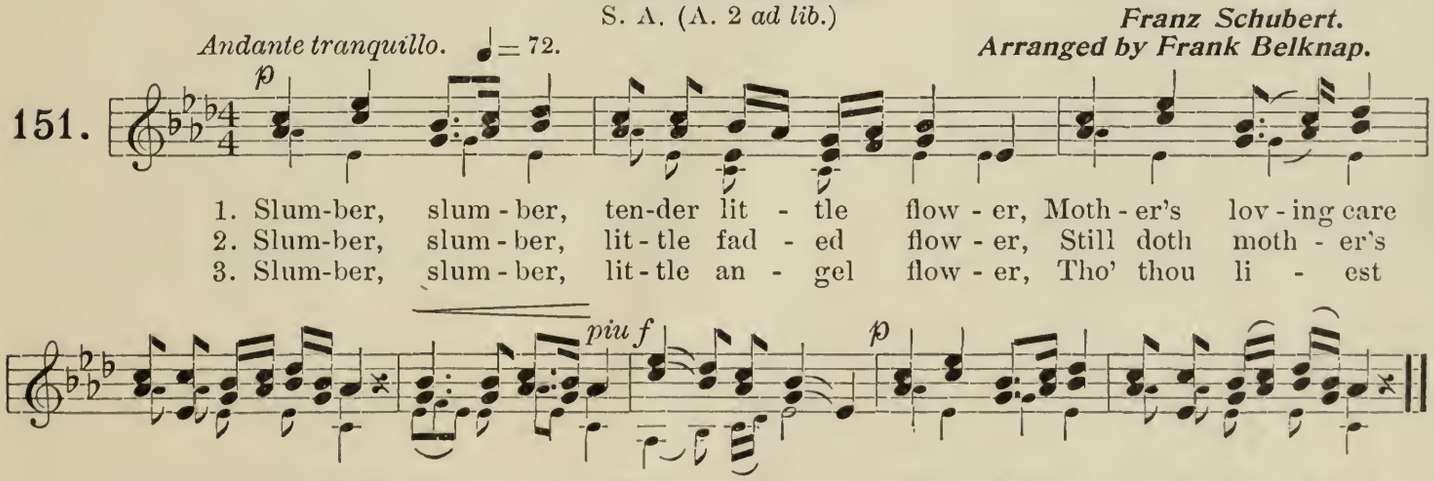
*Max Schneckenburger.* S. S. A. *Carl Wilhelm.*
*Arranged by N. Clifford Page.*




# CRADLE SONG.

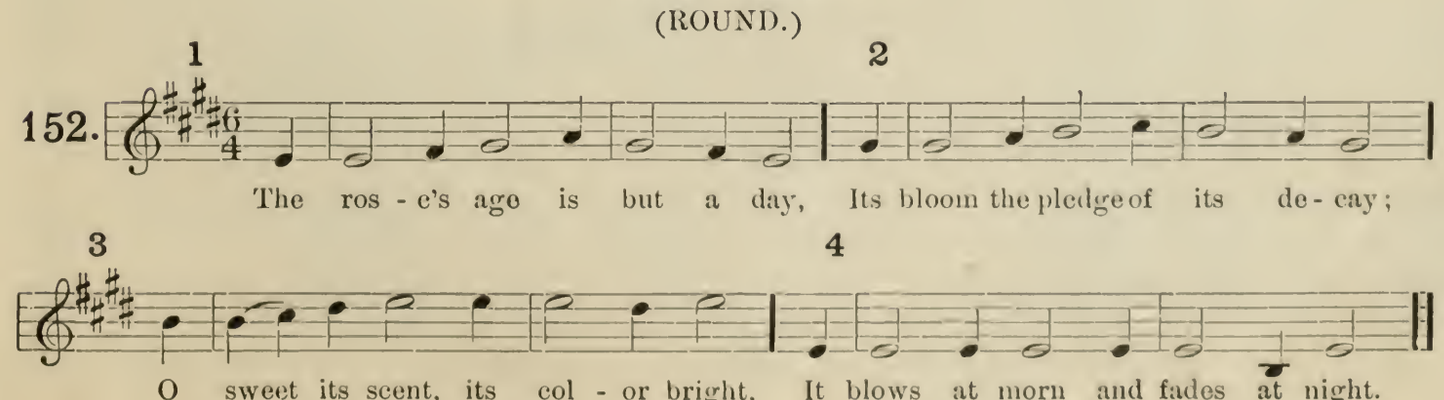
S. A. (A. 2 *ad lib.*)

*Franz Schubert.*
*Arranged by Frank Belknap.*




# THE ROSE.

(ROUND.)



# INDEX BY TITLE


| Title | Arrangement | Composer | Page |
|---|---|---|---|
| Abide with Me | *S.S.A.A.* | W. H. Monk | 164 |
| Afar in the Wood | *S.S.A.* | H. Kjerulf | 44 |
| All that's Good, and Great, and True | *S.S.A.A.* | Spanish Melody | 163 |
| All Through the Night | *S.S.A.* | David Owen | 51 |
| Almighty Lord | *S.S.A.* | Mascagni | 140 |
| Amaryllis (*Air du Roi Louis XIII*) | *S.S.A.* | Henry Ghys | 34 |
| America | *S.S.A.A.* | H. Carey | 145 |
| An Irish Lullaby | *U.* | N. Clifford Page | 2 |
| Annie Laurie | *S.S.A.* | Lady Scott | 65 |
| Arise to the Good and True (*Old French Noël*) | *S.S.A.A.* | Old French | 146 |
| Arne's Song | *U.* | P. A. Heise | 4 |
| Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms | *U.* | English Air | 4 |
| Bell Doth Toll, The (Round) | *Three Part* | English | 90 |
| Bell is Ringing, The (Round) | *Three Part* | English | 43 |
| Bendemeer's Stream | *S.S.A.A.* | Old Irish | 144 |
| Boat to Cross the Ferry, A (Round) | *Three Part* | English | 95 |
| Braid the Raven Hair | *S.A.* | A. Sullivan | 28 |
| By Peaceful Hearth (from "*Die Meistersinger*") | *S.A.* | R. Wagner | 17 |
| Calm is the Night | *S.S.A.* | C. Bohm | 38 |
| Canoe Song (*Ciribiribin*) | *S.A.* | A. Pestalozza | 24 |
| Cavalry Song ("*Charge of the Huzzars*") | *S.S.A.* | F. Spindler | 40 |
| Chalet Girl's Sunday | *U.* | Ole Bull | 2 |
| Come, Happy Spring (*Caro mio ben*) | *S.S.A.* | T. Giordani | 48 |
| Come, Thou Almighty King (*Italian Hymn*) | *S.S.A.A.* | F. Giardini | 162 |
| Cradle Song | *S.S.A.* | A. Arensky | 46 |
| Cradle Song | *S.S.* (*A. ad lib.*) | F. Schubert | 169 |
| Cradles, The (*Les Berceaux*) | *U.* | Gabriel Fauré | 7 |
| Cuckoo, You Sing so Clear | *S.A.* | German Melody | 31 |
| Daisies, The | *S.A.A.* | Catalan Folk-Song | 73 |
| Darkey Lullaby (*Humoreske*) | *S.S.A.* | A. Dvorák | 52 |
| Dixie | *S.A.* | Dan Emmett | 33 |
| Do You Know that Fair Land? (from "*Mignon*") | *S.S.A.* | A. Thomas | 56 |
| Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes | *S.S.A.* | Old English | 47 |
| Elsa (from "*Lohengrin*") | *S.S.A.* | R. Wagner | 58 |
| Evening Prayer | *S.S.A.A.* | C. M. von Weber | 167 |
| Evening Prayer | *S.S.A.* | Randegger | 168 |
| Fairy Dance, The (*L'Ingenou*) | *S.S.A.* | L. Arditi | 110 |
| Fallin' o' the Rain, The | *U.S.* or *S.A.A.* | Carl Engel | 50 |
| Fleecy Clouds (*Minuet in G*) | *S.A.* | L. van Beethoven | 23 |
| Flow Gently, Sweet Afton | *S.A.* | J. E. Spilman | 25 |
| Forget Me Not | *U.* | J. S. Bach | 15 |
| Gipsy Song (from "*Carmen*") | *U.* | G. Bizet | 6 |
| Gloria Patri (Praises to Thee) | *S.S.A.A.* | Palestrina | 154 |
| Glory to Isis (from "*Aïda*") | *S.S.A.* | G. Verdi | 62 |
| Gobble Duet (from "*La Mascotte*") | *S.A.* | E. Audran | 20 |

| Title | Arrangement | Composer | Page |
|---|---|---|---|
| Goblet of Youth (from "*Giroflé-Girofla*") | *S.A.* | C. Lecocq | 18 |
| God Ever Glorious | *Three Part* | A. T. Lwoff | 168 |
| God of All Nature ("*Andante Cantabile*" *5th Symphony*) | *S.A.A.* | Tschaikowsky | 134 |
| Good Night (Round) | *Three Part* | English | 79 |
| Guardian Angels | *S.S.A.* | R. Schumann | 75 |
| Habanera (from "*Carmen*") | *S.A.* (*A.* 2 *ad lib.*) | G. Bizet | 126 |
| Happy Childhood (from "*Le Nozze di Figaro*") | *S.S.A.* | W. A. Mozart | 45 |
| Haste Thee, Nymph (Round) | *Three Part* | F. Arnold | 57 |
| Heavenly Father, Ever Lead Us | *S.S.A.* | Sicilian Air | 156 |
| Holy God, We Praise Thy Name | *S.S.A.A.* | Unknown | 166 |
| Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty | *S.S.A.A.* | Rev. J. B. Dykes | 166 |
| Holy is His Name (Largo from "*Xerxes*") | *S.S.A.* | G. F. Händel | 37 |
| Holy Spirit, Light Divine | *S.S.A.* | L. M. Gottschalk | 158 |
| How Can I Leave Thee | *S.S.A.A.* | Thuringian Folk-Song | 152 |
| How Gentle God's Commands | *S.S.A.* | H. G. Nageli | 161 |
| Hunter and the Lion, The | *S.S.A.* | Old French Melody | 68 |
| Hymn to Music | *U.* | César Franck | 1 |
| Indian Song | *U.* | Dakota Tribe | 117 |
| In His Little Cradle | *S.A.* | César Franck | 32 |
| Integer Vitæ | *S.S.A.A.* | F. F. Flemming | 158 |
| In the Boat | *S.S.A.* | E. Grieg | 115 |
| In the Time of Roses | *S.S.A.A.* | Luise Reichardt | 143 |
| Italian Hymn | *S.S.A.A.* | F. Giardini | 162 |
| It is Summer (Round) | *Four Part* | J. Stainer | 149 |
| It was a Dream | *S.S.A.* | E. Lassen | 95 |
| Keys of Heaven, The | *U.* | Old English | 5 |
| Lamb, The | *S.A.S.* | G. W. Chadwick | 109 |
| Land of Light | *S.S.A.* | Richard Strauss | 132 |
| Largo, The (see "*Holy is His Name*") | *S.S.A.* | G. F. Händel | 37 |
| Lass with the Delicate Air, The | *U.* | Michael Arne | 3 |
| Last Night | *S.S.A.* | H. Kjerulf | 91 |
| Lead, Kindly Light | *S.S.A.A.* | Rev. J. B. Dykes | 160 |
| Lend Me Your Aid (from "*Queen of Sheba*") | *S.S.A.* | C. Gounod | 66 |
| Light of the World, The | *S.S.A.A.* | Swedish Melody | 153 |
| Like as a Father (Canon) | *Three Part* | L. Cherubini | 61 |
| Long, Long Ago | *S.S.A.* | T. H. Bayly | 69 |
| Loreley, The | *S.A.* | F. Silcher | 19 |
| Lord, in Thy Great, Thy Glorious Name | *S.S.A.* | Schumann | 168 |
| Lost Chord, The | *S.S.A.* | A. Sullivan | 141 |
| Love Divine | *S.S.A.A.* | F. Silcher | 142 |
| Lovely Spring | *S.S.A.* | W. Coenen | 124 |
| Love's Old Sweet Song | *S.S.A.* | J. L. Molloy | 72 |
| Lullaby | *S.S.A.* | J. Brahms | 76 |
| Lullaby | *S.S.A.* | B. Godard | 86 |
| Margaret's Cradle Song | *U.* | E. Grieg | 10 |
| Marie | *U.* | R. Franz | 10 |
| May Dance ("*Estudiantina*") | *S.S.A.* | P. Lacome | 104 |
| Meditation | *S.S.A.* | Bach-Gounod | 136 |
| Moon and the Children, The | *S.A.* | F. Abt | 21 |
| Moonlit Meadows ("*Love's Dream After the Ball*") | *S.S.A.* | A. Czibulka | 80 |
| Morning Praise (from "*Orpheus and Eurydice*") | *S.S.A.* | C. W. von Gluck | 83 |
| Morning Song ("*Open Thy Blue Eyes*") | *S.S.A.* | J. Massenet | 60 |
| Mosquito's Serenade | *U.* | H. W. Loomis | 15 |
| Murmuring Zephyrs | *S.S.A.* | A. Jensen | 107 |
| My Love's an Arbutus | *U.* | Old Irish | 13 |
| My Old Kentucky Home | *S.S.A.* | S. C. Foster | 92 |
| National Hymn | *S.S.A.A.* | G. W. Warren | 156 |
| Norwegian Maiden's Lament | *U.* | J. Halvorsen | 11 |
| Now the Day is Over | *S.S.A.* (*A.* 2 *ad lib*) | J. Barnby | 164 |

| Title | Arrangement | Composer | Page |
|---|---|---|---|
| O'er the Summer Tide (from "*Lakme*") | *S.A.* | L. Delibes | 30 |
| Oh, Come All Ye Faithful | *S.S.A.A.* | J. Reading | 160 |
| Olaf Trygvason | *S.S.A.A.* | E. Grieg | 150 |
| Old Black Joe | *S.S.A.* | S. C. Foster | 85 |
| Old Folks at Home | *S.S.A.* | S. C. Foster | 74 |
| On Wings of Music | *S.A.* | F. Mendelssohn | 22 |
| O Paradise, O Paradise | *S.S.A.* | J. Barnby | 165 |
| O Thou, My Native Land | *S.S.A.* | Hugo Wolf | 103 |
| O Vision Bright | | W. Mourey | 155 |
| O Worship the King | *S.S.A.A.* | F. J. Haydn | 157 |
| Penitential Hymn | *U.* | Ancient Hebrew Melody | 16 |
| Pilgrim's Chorus (from "*Tannhauser*") | *S.S.A.* | R. Wagner | 113 |
| Prayer (with Recitative) (from "*Otello*") | *S.S.A.* | G. Verdi | 93 |
| Romance | *U.* | A. C. Debussy | 9 |
| Rose, The (Round) | *Four Part* | English | 169 |
| Rose's Complaint, The | *U.* | R. Franz | 153 |
| Russian Hymn | | A. T. Lwoff | 168 |
| Rustic Wedding (*La Cinquantaine*) | *S.S.A.* | Gabriel-Marie | 77 |
| Sanctus (from "*St. Cecilia*" *Mass.*) | *S.S.A.* | C. Gounod | 130 |
| Serenade | *S.S.A.* | G. Pierné | 87 |
| Serenade (*La Serenata*) | *U.* | F. P. Tosti | 14 |
| She is so Innocent (from "*La Fille de Madame Angot*") | *U.* | C. Lecocq | 14 |
| Sleep, Holy Child (*Old French Noël*) | *S.S.A.* | Old French | 49 |
| Sleep, Noble Hearts (*Consolation*) | *S.S.A.* | F. Mendelssohn | 100 |
| Soft-footed Snow | *U.* | S. Lie | 11 |
| Softly My Heart Unfolds (from "*Samson and Delilah*") | *S.S.A.* | C. St. Saëns | 128 |
| Softly Now the Light of Day | *S.S.A.* | C. M. von Weber | 159 |
| Song of the Mill-stream | *S.S.A.* | Stephen Adams | 116 |
| Song of the Rhine-nymphs (from *Götterdämmerung*") | *S.S.A.* | R. Wagner | 70 |
| Song of the Volga Boatmen | *U.* | Russian Melody | 13 |
| Spring (Round) | *Three Part* | J. Stainer | 99 |
| Spring-tide | *U.* | Reinhold Becker | 8 |
| Starlight (from "*Clover*") | *S.S.A.A.* | F. von Suppé | 148 |
| Star-Spangled Banner, The | *U.* | J. S. Smith | 16 |
| Summer is a-coming in (Round) | *Four Part* | Ancient English | 55 |
| Suppliant, Lo! Thy Children Bend | *S.S.A.* | W. A. Mozart | 155 |
| Sweet Day is Softly Dying | *S.S.A.* | Old French Melody | 102 |
| Sweet is the Work, My God, My King | *S.S.A.* | L. van Beethoven | 162 |
| Thine Eyes so Blue and Tender | *S.S.A.* | E. Lassen | 120 |
| Three Blind Mice (Round) | *Three Part* | English | 101 |
| Tripping Hither, Tripping Thither (from "*Iolanthe*") | *S.A.* | A. Sullivan | 27 |
| Venetian Boat Song | *S.A.* | J. Blumenthal | 26 |
| Violet, The | *S.S.A.* | H. G. Nageli | 39 |
| Violet and the Rose ("*The Daily Question*") | *S.S.A.* | Meyer-Helmund | 97 |
| Watch on the Rhine, The | *S.S.A.* | C. Wilhelm | 169 |
| Welcome, Pretty Primrose | *S.S.A.* | C. Pinsuti | 122 |
| We'll Touch the Strings to Music ("*Mandolinata*") | *S.S.A.* | E. Paladilhe | 118 |
| What Thou wilt, O Father, Give | *S.S.A.* | C. M. von Weber | 159 |
| When Dawning Springtime (Neapolitan Serenade) | *S.A.* | E. di Capua | 31 |
| Who is Silvia | *S.S.A.* | F. Schubert | 96 |
| Wynken, Blynken and Nod | *U.* | H. K. Hadley | 12 |

[illegible] 154
[illegible] 142
[illegible] 140
[illegible] 136

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